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WESTERN AMERICANA

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The Stock Yard Inn

AT THE SIGN OF THE STOCK YARD INN

THE SAME BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF
HOW CERTAIN GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF
THE PAST HAVE BEEN COMMEMORATED
AND CLEVERLY LINKED WITH THE PRESENT;
TOGETHER WITH SUNDRY RECOLLECTIONS INSPIRED BY THE PORTRAITS
AT THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

By ALVIN HOWARD SANDERS, D. AGR., LL. D.
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AUTHOR OF "SHORTHORN CATTLE"
AND "THE STORY OF THE HEREFORDS"

Stock
Yard
Inn

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To the members of the
SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB
and kindred spirits of
every land, this volume
is dedicated by
THE AUTHOR

I

THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

To those who are interested directly or indirectly in the Nation's greatest industry the Saddle and Sirloin Club has, from its very inception, appealed with compelling force. To those who are familiar with the history of modern husbandry and with the development of the leading types of improved domestic animals found in Great Britain and America, the Club is simply fascinating. To those who find in its quiet precincts a restful place of refuge in the heart of a more or less forbidding environment it is a source of endless satisfaction. In all directions round about there is naught but drear monotony and commonplace, a wilderness of bricks and yards and passageways, and over all there hangs persistently the pall of smoke emitted by the craters of ceaseless and colossal commercial activities.

To those who glory in the triumphs of the master minds of the animal breeding world it is a joy forever. Members and guests alike feel instinctively the touch of its refining atmosphere. Even those who know nothing of the history of the Club and have no acquaintance with the names or deeds commemorated by the portraits hanging upon its walls cannot fail to sense at once the presence of a psychologic influence distinctly inspiring in its character and operation.

Thousands hurry by it day by day, yet know it not. Many enjoy its creature comforts, but few there be who catch its real significance. The vast majority of those who pass its portals know merely this: it serves as a convenient rendezvous for all those whose interests center within the busiest square mile of territory in all this world; a place where men contest fiercely and continuously for the prizes of successful competition; where power meets power and the race is only to the strong.

You may be amazed at the overwhelming demonstrations of modern industrial efficiency seen in Packingtown. You may note that the Exposition Building's northern wall forms one side of the peaceful courtyard of the beautiful Stock Yard Inn. You may stop for luncheon at the Club, and may manifest a languid interest in its pictures. Some may be able to grasp the true relationship of all these things, one with the other; but unless you have some familiarity with the story, unless your memory can take you back to a day when there was no Inn, no International Show, no Club, and above all unless one has at least a speaking acquaintance with the more notable SADDLE AND SIRLOIN portraits, one will miss entirely that which means so much to a rapidly-passing generation.

You who have heard day after day and night after night the applause of splendid audiences as the final proofs of man's mastery of the mysteries of animal procreation and development have been presented in the great amphitheatre; you who have adjourned from the ringside to the taproom of the Inn, or sought the cozy corners of the Club to discuss the wonders of the shows; you who toil daily within the Yards—may appreciate fully the privileges you enjoy, and again you may not.

I stood one day before the pictures of TOM BOOTH and ROBERT ALEXANDER recalling visions bright and vistas fair of Warlaby and Woodburn. Some strangers passed that way, apparently pleased and interested. Obviously, however, they could not see the pictures I was contemplating. In another room I stopped. Linwood and Oaklawn were pulling at my heartstrings. Triumphs and tragedies unforgettable were passing in review on every hand, all unseen by those who were wandering aimlessly through the galleries. That night an impulse seized me. Was it possible to communicate to others even a faint reflection of the treasures of this place of dreams? Was it within the power of anyone to convey to the members of this unique organization and their many guests, any adequate explanation of the reason why we find there so much to admire and even reverence? Could words be found that might serve even in slight degree to give outward expression to what is inwardly felt by many of those who frequent lovingly the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB? And my fancy at the moment took this turn:

Stranger within our gates, whoe'er thou art,
Within these silent walls ye may commune
With lofty spirits of a mighty past,
Rich in achievements wrought in fruitful fields
And benefactions rendered human kind.

Here have we builded us an inner shrine
Wherein the wrangling of the busy market place
Obtrudeth not; whereto, in quiet hours we come
To cast aside each selfish sordid thought
And pledge ourselves to high ideals anew.

So now, dear reader, if you would follow me in an effort at sketching broadly some of the stories that cluster around the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB, I bid ye summon to your aid at once that intangible attribute of the human intellect, that essence of the soul perhaps—by whatever name it may be called—that lifts man high above the level of the brute creation: the power that can irradiate with living light dim places and dumb walls or hang a halo round the apparently commonplace. It comes not quickly at one's beck and call. Indeed, by some it is invoked in vain. With most of us, however, it is susceptible of successful cultivation. It is the subtle product of an abiding love for the higher and more elevating things of life, and finds fruition only in a knowledge of them. It comes, of course, in fullest measure to those favored of the gods who habitually seek and find "sermons in stones and good in everything."

II

AN INTERNATIONAL TRIUMPH

All day long the cumulative work of generations of men had been on exhibition. Valued at well beyond the million mark, the latest creations of the art of arts had been admired and studied by a seething mass of humanity, to which city and country alike had generously contributed. With the lure of living, breathing, physical perfection strong in all their hearts, they had followed with unflagging enthusiasm the endless competitions and parades. Never had such appreciation been manifested in such a presentation. Never had the display of models been so splendid. Old countrymen familiar with the English Royal, the Scottish National and London's Smithfield frankly expressed amazement at the degree of perfection, the quality and fidelity to type displayed.

Ambassadors of foreign powers diplomatically discussed the results achieved in America as contrasted with those obtained abroad. The Secretary of Agriculture exchanged felicitations with the official representatives of neighboring nations. Governors of many states rejoiced in the visible evidences of the rural riches of our Western Commonwealths. Wall Street men rubbed elbows with magnates of the western range, or talked of Clydes and Shropshires. Everybody

WHERE THE BATTLES ARE FOUGHT

met or wanted to meet the English judge who had crossed the seas to apportion championship rosettes. Guests from the Orient and the Argentine concealed not their surprise and keen delight at the superb character and overwhelming extent of the exhibits.

Presidents of universities, directors of agricultural experiment stations, landlords and tenants, feeders, farmers, students, packers, commission merchants, buyers and salesmen of high and low degree, men, and women too, from widely separated sections of our country, followed with an interest unrestrained the hard-fought battles of the ring. Rival college delegations shouted loud defiance back and forth across the field until all were hoarse. The thrill of combat was in the blood. The enthusiasm was electric. The very air was charged. But at length the strenuous day was done.

Massively magnificent and splendidly impressive incarnations of animate power in heavy harness thundered out of the great arena to the crash of brass and drums and the plaudits of the multitude. The assembled thousands rose en masse, and cheer upon cheer resounded throughout the amphitheatre. The last act of a stirring, realistic drama had been successfully staged. The throngs were quickly swallowed up in the crowded city street, and presently the brilliant scene had faded like the insubstantial pageant of a dream.

At the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB a half hour later the big events of a satisfying day were being discussed by loitering groups of men engrossed in the interpretation of the real significance of these tremendous demonstrations. The International Live Stock Exposition, greatest of all competitions of its kind the world has ever seen, had gripped the nation. From gilded coigns of vantage on the walls choice spirits of another age looked down in mute approval; and thereby hangs this tale.

III

THE GRASP OF A FRIENDLY HAND

Contrary to general understanding the establishment of the International Live Stock Exposition was not the first move made by the present management of the Chicago Union Stock Yards in the interest of progressive animal husbandry in the Midwest states. The comparatively inferior character of the bulk of the cattle receipts at central markets quickly attracted attention. The one effective blow to be struck at this obvious weakness in cornbelt production was the elimination of the scrub or native sire, and the substitution of purebreds.

Arthur G. Leonard is nothing if not direct in his instincts and methods. He had easily diagnosed the disease, and the remedy to be applied was indicated so plainly that anybody could write the prescription. With characteristic celerity he had soon evolved a comprehensive plan for distributing well-bred bulls on terms that would insure their being placed at once in service in various farming communities. The idea was of course similar to that upon which James J. Hill has acted in Great Northern territory. Prominent railway managers were approached and interested in the project. This was before the era when baiting the transportation companies became such a popular and expensive national pastime, and the lines were able at that date to extend a cut rate for the handling of these missionary bulls. Before the plan was matured, however, its sponsor became convinced that while his remedy for the deplorable condition existing—the scarcity of good cattle—was the only one, he was in error as to who should apply it. It did not take long to convert him to the proposition that the breeders of the country were ready, willing, anxious and able to furnish these bulls direct to all customers at living prices; that anything like a broad distribution at the expense largely of the Union Stock Yard Company, and the transportation lines, would really be cutting the ground out from under the feet of the very persons who most of all needed the strong arm of a powerful ally in the fight they were making for more and better cattle on the farms. And so the bull business was forthwith abandoned for reasons which in this case appeared to be wholly sound.

"Where there is a will there is a way." The disposition to do something was present all right. It was merely a question of the form the energy would assume, and the country had not long to wait. "The show's the thing." That was the answer. And lo! the International Live Stock Exposition!

We must acknowledge at the outset our deep indebtedness to Great Britain for a majority of the most valuable varieties of improved domestic animals that have proved so useful and profitable in the development of our live stock industries; and in this same connection concede the fact that to Britain's historic colonial possession, our neighbor of the north, the Dominion of Canada, we are beholden for much that has been helpful and inspiring to our own people, both in the matter of men and materials in the upbuilding of our herds, studs and flocks. To Ontario especially we have turned time and again when seeking to call our own farmers to the colors of animal breeding as practiced so successfully for so many generations by our Scotch and English cousins. In that province have been implanted and preserved by men of British ancestry that same abiding faith in, and fondness for, good horses, sheep and cattle that have made England the birthplace and nursery of so much that the world enjoys in the way of highly developed animal life.

Our Canadian brethren have for a great many years maintained at the Ontario capital one of the best managed agricultural exhibitions on either continent. It is admirably conducted, is patronized and stoutly supported by the best men in Dominion and

Provincial business and official life, and is an educational institution of highest value, famous for its "get together" luncheons and banquets at which a spirit of mutual good will and public enterprise is fostered with extraordinary annual success. It was while in attendance at one of these Toronto shows some years ago that a group of men including ROBERT B. OGILVIE, WILLIAM E. SKINNER, MORTIMER LEVERING and G. HOWARD DAVISON conceived the idea of creating a great national show at Chicago, to be managed by and for the stock-breeding and producing interests of North America, and underwritten financially by the Stock Yard Company. The scheme was laid before Mr. LEONARD, who recognized at once the splendid vista opened. Here was the ideal method of putting the great resources and potential facilities of the Stock Yard property behind the live stock industry in a practical and superlatively effective manner.

JOHN A. SPOOR, at that time President of the company, is an able and conservative man. His company was in the stock yard business first of all; but he was in full sympathy with everything that promised to promote American live stock interests, so long as it did not interfere with the just measure of his official responsibility to those whose investments were intrusted directly to his charge. He had implicit confidence in the good faith and judgment of his manager, Mr. LEONARD. The big undertaking in short received his tentative approval, and later his unequivocal and hearty commendation.

The initial convention called to commit the breeding interests of the country to the support of the projected International assembled in the hall of the Live Stock Exchange in November, 1899. The writer of these notes can bear personal testimony to the enthusiasm that prevailed upon that memorable occasion, because the most agreeable duty of serving that meeting in the capacity of Chairman fell to our lot; and later—since this now perforce takes on more or less of the character of personal recollections with an unavoidable tinge of autobiography—we had the privilege of presiding for the first ten years of the show's existence at the meetings of its Board of Directors. Looking back at this distance I cannot refrain from paying high compliment to the unselfish devotion of the men who originally planned the rules, regulations and classifications of this great national institution, and at great personal sacrifice attended the meetings and superintended the launching of so great an enterprise. In the course of some thirty years of identification with the interests centered in this show, the writer has sustained various official relations with many representative men; but retrospection far extended brings to mind no pleasanter associations than those connected with the upbuilding of the International Live Stock Exposition.

Let not those who view the show now after a lapse of fifteen years imagine that it blossomed into full flower in a night. Quite the contrary. Temporary and decidedly cramped accommodations for both man and beast were at first all that could be offered. But the disposition to help was there, and slowly but surely it won for itself liberal treatment at the hands of the Stock Yard Company and increasing patronage from the public.

It was only a question of time when a great permanent building would be erected primarily for the benefit of the International. This of course involved the occupancy of a large tract of enormously valuable real estate and the erection of a huge fireproof structure specially adapted to exhibition purposes. Once more Mr. Spoor was approached with the proposition to risk a large sum of money in a collateral enterprise, and again he demonstrated his faith in the soundness of Mr. Leonard's judgment, and in the future of animal husbandry. He was already carrying the heavy financial responsibility directly entailed by these annual shows. Not only had prizes and all running expenses to be met, but there was ever hanging over head the matter of possible and unknown liabilities in the event of accident or some untoward disaster supervening.

All that was suggested by President SPOOR was that those chiefly concerned in the establishment of the big show on a permanent footing come forward with a guarantee fund of $50,000 to be subscribed by life members of a breeders' organization to be known as the International Live Stock Exposition Association; the fund to be placed on deposit, and both principal and interest allowed to accumulate until such time as its use in whole or in part might be determined in some manner mutually satisfactory. This amount was promptly subscribed and paid in, the contract for the big structure on Halsted Street was let, and in 1905 the "house-warming" was duly celebrated. The contributors to the fund which thus insured the permanency of the International deserve to be held in grateful remembrance. Those who came forward in this manner at that time demonstrated their interest in substantial fashion, and they should not be forgotten by those who are now profiting, nor by those who will hereafter benefit by their act. Needless to add, it was not the $50,000 itself that the Stock Yard Company desired, but rather the establishment of an underlying personal stake in the success of the undertaking and the assurance of continued active support which the raising of the fund at that crisis represented.

William E. Skinner, who served so successfully during many trying years as General Manager of the show, came to the States from Canada early enough in life to imbibe from his adopted country a good share of that optimism and largeness of vision that seems given to many who have been caught in the whirlwind progress of these United States towards unparalleled material accomplishments. Moreover, he hauled up in the boundless booming West, where familiarity for many years with the towering Rockies and the uncharted range instilled into his alert and retentive mind vivid conceptions of heights and depths and breadths immeasurable. He brought to the work of helping the International upon its feet not only the oxygen of the western plains and prairies, but a personal acquaintance with the stockmen of the trans-Mississippi country as wide as it was cordial and intimate. Put **Skinner** off at any station west of Omaha, and he would probably call by his first name the first man he met, be he hack-driver, cow-puncher, ranch or railway superintendent, range owner, governor, congressman or a Senator of the United States, and the familiarity instead of being resented would bring the hearty greetings of good-fellowship growing out of mutual experiences or aspirations.

As manager of the International, Mr. SKINNER gained the confidence of those whose support was most essential to success. While his paths in more recent years have run in other directions, he will ever be credited by those who worked at his side in the old International days as one of the most potent of all factors in the evolution of the greatest of all modern live stock shows.

However, this is not to be a history of the International. That institution, worthy as it is of a volume in itself, is but one of several outward evidences of the forward movement of the recent past in our live stock progress. The show is a material evidence of great forces effectively wielded in a practical direction. Behind the conception of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB and the erection of the Inn, is a recognition of the power of sentiment in its relation to work-a-day business affairs that is as unusual as it is intrinsically valuable, and it is to this, more particularly, that we would now address ourselves.

IV

THE LIGHTING OF A TORCH

The initial successes of the International brought forward many problems pressing for solution. Among others this: How were the men who must be relied upon to make the Exposition, and how were the distinguished guests which such an institution was beginning to attract from all over the world, to be properly entertained and welcomed? The antiquated hostlery, the Transit House, dingy and out of date, was impossible in that connection. Still it was there. It had served for a full generation, and must still be utilized. Then came the beginning of a solution.

It all happened one afternoon in June, 1903. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Ogilvie and the writer of these rambling notes were passengers aboard a Chicago & Northwestern Railway train bound for the most beautiful of our inland capitals—the city of Madison, Wis. To be more explicit, we were on our way to pay a visit to the agricultural college of the great university, which from its semi-Venetian throne of beauty dominates a panorama of surpassing loveliness. Dean Henry was to be our host, and as the train raced northward through pastures green and fertile fields, we fell a-talking on a subject ever near the heart of each—the development of a higher type of animal husbandry in the United States.

The International Show, it was agreed, would serve as a rallying point for all who were interested in the flesh-making breeds, and it had already been proved that the draft, coaching and saddle types of horses could be made a big feature of the exhibition. OGILVIE was the especial advocate of those interests in the earlier conferences, and it must be confessed that at first he fought almost single-handed for their recognition. His acquaintance with the stock-breeding interests of Great Britain and America was extensive, dating back to the daring days when men of dauntless courage and boundless enthusiasm bid up to $40,000 for single specimens of a rare old bovine tribe. He had personally known all the leading luminaries of the American pedigree stock-breeding world, and had himself bred and exhibited successfully for a series of years Clydesdale horses of a type refined far beyond the average of their day. One needs but mention the name MacQueen to conjure up in the minds of the old guard of American showmen one of the chief ornaments of the draft horse competitions of a generation past, and one of the most noted breeding horses of his time, not to mention rare brood mares and flash fillies always set before the judges in perfect bloom —and always the recipients of high honors at the hands of discriminating committees on awards.

A Canadian by birth, and for many years engaged in merchandising in Chicago and Madison, OGILVIE had all his life been a constant attendant at the best Dominion and American shows and sales, and in his time he has probably been familiar with more of the important American collections of purebred cattle, horses, sheep and swine than any man now living. At Blairgowrie Farm he was able for some years to gratify his ambitions and indulge his fondness for Scotland's famous horse of heavy draft, and upon closing out all his Wisconsin interests his services became available in connection with the management of the International, with the Horse Department of which he has ever since been actively identified; and to his untiring efforts and ripe experience is primarily due the triumphant success of that section of the big show. It is but a simple statement of fact to say that at the beginning his department was looked upon by all, save himself, as a more or less questionable side issue—a feature to be tolerated perhaps, but which promised little. If confounding one's contemporaries and colleagues affords real satisfaction, Mr. OGILVIE must, in the light of what has since transpired, now be enjoying solid mental comfort as he views the splendid proportions into which this department of the International has developed.

ROBERT OGILVIE is one of those who understand perfectly the weary years of work that lie behind the production of an outstanding animal of any type, no matter in what class it may be presented. He is one of those who glory in the accomplishments of the great constructive breeders of the past. Like all of the "initiated" he walks in spirit with BAKEWELL, the COLLINGS, old TOM BOOTH, BATES, TORR, and the laird of Ury. He kens MCCOMBIE too of Tillyfour and the Keillor WATSONS. The CRUICKSHANKS, JONAS WEBB and TOMKINS are among the heroes he has canonized.

Proper "making-up" for show he recognizes at a glance, whether among Shorthorn bulls, the Hereford calves or "humlie" bullocks. The best of shepherds are keenly alive to the fact that he also has an eye for a proper woolly type or a "leg o' mutton" rightly filled. Few can tell you more of Percherons, Shires, Belgians, Hackneys, Suffolks, Shetlands—all are to him alike familiar friends; and when the Clydesdale clans foregather, the sons of the shaggy, misty Northland, those who were born and reared where the heather grows and blooms, can recall no more of the brilliant history of their favorites nor retail recollections of old days, great men and shows or epoch-making sires with finer grace or larger wealth of fit vocabulary! In these excursions into the lives and work of the masters who have founded and carried forward our modern breeds, as a raconteur of incidents and "accidents by flood and field" in the realm of animal breeding, it must be said that since the death of the lamented RICHARD GIBSON—peace be to dear old "Dick"!—ROBERT OGILVIE stands alone.

But we are still aboard that train for Madison. Mr. LEONARD had already carried out another important enterprise in behalf of American stock-breeding; no more nor less than the erection of a building at the Yards in which various national pedigree registry associations should find a home, rent free, and a convention hall for members' meetings. We talked of this enthusiastically for a time, and then came the grand idea! A club room? Yes, but what sort? Primarily, of course, a place for the daily comfort of those in business at the Yards, but why not extend the proposition in such way as to make it a real haven of rest, a boon and blessing beyond compare, to those who shall come from far and near to see the great show, or participate in the conventions, banquets and other functions by which the newly-established crowning event of the year in American stock-breeding circles would surely be, in due course of time, annually attended? The old hotel had no adequate accommodations of the sort required. To that all readily enough agreed. And as we journeyed on, a vision was unfolded. There was painted in fancy the beneficent ends to be subserved in a thousand different ways by the club of our dreams! An institution with incalculable possibilities! The potential center of inspirations to be felt to the very outermost edges of a great periphery! And presently all that was lacking was its name! Before Madison was reached that point was settled once for all. To men who knew and reveled in the works of DIXON—"The Druid" of happy memory, whose apt titles and unrivaled volumes on British country life are still the delight of all appreciative men—the matter of a name for such a club as that in mind presented no problem whatsoever. That was the least of the impediments. The decision was unanimous.

And so the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB—projected under a title now universally recognized as distinctive, significant, and in extraordinary degree appropriate—was born.

V

DREAMS COME TRUE

The International had now been fairly started upon its spectacular career. The Pedigree Record Building had been completed and advantage taken of its hospitable accommodations by a number of the important national registry associations. Best of all, the Club had been organized upon a permanent basis and given a home substantially and comfortably furnished.

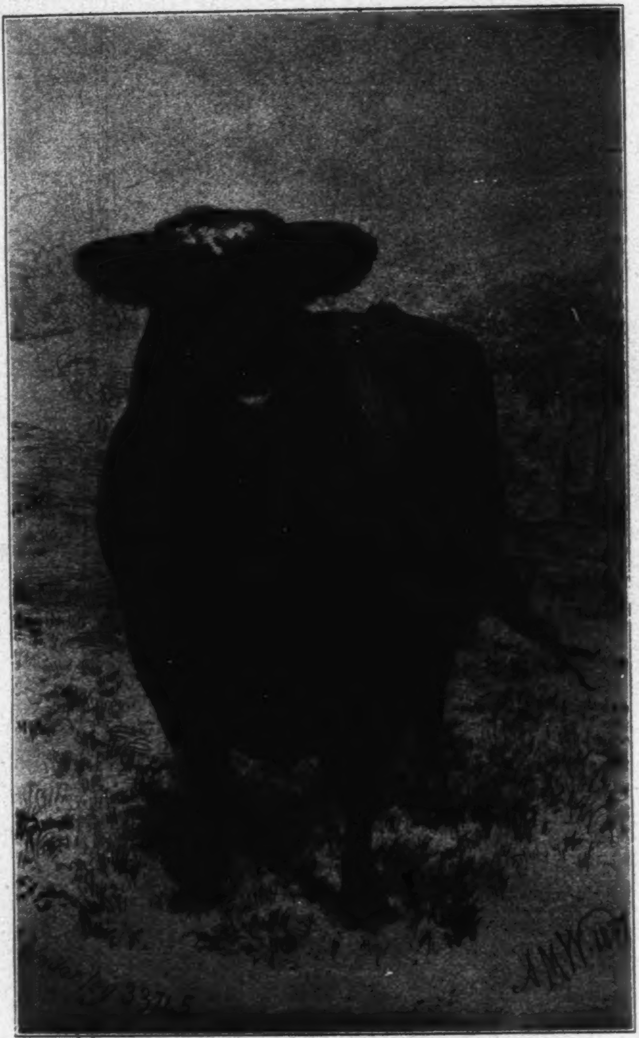
Splendid encouragement had now been extended by the JOHN A. SPOOR management to the producing industries. True, some effort had been made by the preceding administration at the Yards to lend a helping hand, but not so lavishly. The late JOHN B. SHERMAN was for years General Manager of the Company. His splendidly executed bust—a particularly faithful piece of modeling by CARLO ROMANELLI—may be seen in the Club library. While not commonly credited with doing much for the encouragement of stock-breeding, Mr. SHERMAN, nevertheless, had been a contributor to the old fat stock shows of the early days—along with P. D. ARMOUR and other Stock Yard magnates—and at considerable expense to his company, although with little profit to the cattle business, purchased a number of the most famous of the bullocks sent into the first Lake Front shows, and maintained them in charge of that good old-time feeder, JAMES THOMPSON, as a sort of side-show at the Yards, returning them year by year to the old Exposition Building at weights calculated to astonish cub reporters and lay folk generally. A steer called "Nels Morris" was sent downtown in 1880 at a weight of 3,125 pounds, and was carried over and returned in 1881, still weighing 2,900 pounds. He might have competed over a hundred years ago with "The Durham Ox" or "The White Heifer that Traveled," but certainly served no useful purpose in 1880.

Recognition should also be made in this connection of the effort made by ELMER WASHBURN during the closing years of the old regime in the direction of a closer rapprochement with the patrons of the Yards. While the National Cattle Growers' Association of that period was endeavoring to secure legislation at Washington for the better protection of our herds and flocks from the threatened ravages of contagious pleuro-pneumonia and other devastating animal plagues, Mr. WASHBURN—who was manager of the Yards for several years—not only gave liberally of his time but money to the support of the movement, serving as a member of its executive committee.

DeWitt Smith of Sangamon Co., Ill., then, as now, a man of commanding presence, influence and character, was President of this Association at the time, and John Clay Treasurer. The writer was then a young man looking particularly after cattle matters for the newly-born "Breeder's Gazette." This was in 1885. A new Secretary for the Association was wanted. DeWitt Smith alone, I think, of all the members of a committee charged with making a selection, thought he knew me fairly well at that time, and assumed the responsibility—all unbeknown to myself—of having me elected to that position. I always had an idea that John Clay was not specially enthusiastic over the incident at the moment; but he was fond of Smith—as well as of DeWitt's brother, the major, a well-known character in northwestern ranching circles in the early days—and stood, therefore, for the action taken. This proved, I may say in passing, the beginning of a personal friendship which I am happy to say has not to this day been impaired. Clay was, as a matter of fact, the vital force of this old-time National organization, raising single-handed all of the funds with which Smith, Major Towers, Tom Sturgis, Judge Carey and their colleagues waged the long fight which was really the beginning of the upbuilding of the National

Department of Agriculture and its most important appanage, the Bureau of Animal Industry.

The writer bears cheerful testimony to the efficient assistance rendered this important public service at a critical juncture by Mr. WASHBURN. Not only that, but when the bank addition to the Live Stock Exchange was planned, provision was made in its construction for a conspicuous recognition of the breeder, the feeder and the ranchman. This took the form of ornamenting the bank entrance with panelled figures in bas-relief of the late JOHN D. GILLETT—founder of our once great live cattle export trade, a typical western cowboy—and the outline of a well-bred bull. The latter is an attempted reproduction of the head and front of the Bates Duchess Shorthorn bull Duke of Underley (33745), bred by EARL BECTIVE, and one of the greatest sires of his day in Britain. The writer supplied—at Mr. WASHBURN's request—a copy of the English etching by A. M. WILLIAMS from which this was made, and accompanied that famous architect, the late DANIEL H. BURNHAM, on several visits to the Northwestern Terra Cotta Works, where the figures were all executed, in an effort at perfecting the original modeling in the clay. Revolution in the executive control of the great property was im-



WILLIAMS' ETCHING OF THE DUKE OF UNDERLEY pending, however, and Mr. WASHBURN's period of service terminated before he had full opportunity to develop further plans for aiding the stockmen of the country in the work of expanding production and improving the quality of American meats.

Practically valuable and useful as the International competitions and the bringing together of record associations have proved, future generations will accord the present management of the Yards even higher praise for the foundation and progressive evolution of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. Originally planned simply as a place where visitors and business men about the Yards might meet in comfort, it has developed a mission which, properly worked out, will lift it far beyond the level of any similar organization in existence.

From the beginning it has appealed, both in name and in its possibilities, to a coterie of men who realized its advantageous relationship to North American live stock husbandry. Foremost among these will always be mentioned Mr. SPOOR and Mr. LEONARD. However, ROBERT OGILVIE is, after all, the one who has labored most faithfully and most unselfishly for its development along broad national, or rather, international, lines. Ex-United States Senator WILLIAM A. HARRIS and MORTIMER LEVERING—both now deceased—contributed much to the creation of the Club's distinctive atmosphere, and found special pleasure in its promise as a Pantheon.

VI

THE TROPHIES OF MILTIADES

The SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB is not yet old in years, as time is commonly measured, but it has already stored up riches in the way of treasured associations. Books and periodicals, prints and etchings, are found in almost every club; but one momentous day in SADDLE AND SIRLOIN history a fine oil portrait of Prof. W. A. HENRY, then Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, was hung upon the walls of the newly-organized institution at the Yards. An idea had been born in the brain of ROBERT OGILVIE. It has not yet come to full maturity. In fact, it has only just opened up a prospect of a future still but dimly discerned even by those who appreciate most the little that has already been accomplished. There are a few who rise not at all to the real conception. There are some who are even inclined as yet to scoff; but there will come a day when these unbelievers, like their ancient prototypes, will remain to pray devoutly within the temple.

A truth which is recognized by all intelligent men was well enunciated by the founder of the American Republic: "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful and the noblest employment of man." A second proposition is that the creation, development and perpetuation of beautiful and practical forms of animal life is the particular branch of agriculture calling for the exercise of the highest order of human intellect and skill. The SADDLE AND SIRLOIN corollary is that those who have attained distinction in this field cannot be too highly exalted; that their names, their faces, their works should be preserved and handed down as precious heirlooms from one generation to another as an inspiration to all who seek to follow in their footsteps. Nothing is more certain than that familiarity with the high accomplishments of those who have gone before serves as the best of all stimulants to those who are studying to equip themselves for this world's work in similar fields. Now, as in the days of old, the ambitious hear the call that stirred the Athenian youth: "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!"

STUART's speaking likeness of the great Dean of deans hung long in splendid isolation. Oil portraits smell of money, as well as varnish. They are not always to be had for the asking. But men who met each December to discuss, over a sirloin or a saddle, the breeding and performances of the International champions, were ever recalling the glories of the past, and zest was added to their discourse by the presence of living masters of the art of arts from far and near. If it were Richard Gibson in the chair you would be apt to hear something of Dunmore or Tom Booth—or mayhap Sheldon and the Duchesses. If Senator Harris joined the circle, he might hark back to Warfield, the elder Renicks or to Robert Alexander—or if Linwood's palmy days were mentioned, something entertaining would surely be forthcoming as to Kinellar and the Golden Drops or the good old Quaker Scot of Sittyton. Both these men were fond of the history of modern cattle-breeding; both had helped to make it. Both loved to tell how great results had been attained by others. Both are gone forever from our sight, but the spirits of both still live within the Club and help to sanctify it in the hearts of those who were once privileged to feel the charm of their inspiring comradeship. In another corner Montgomery of Netherhall might be holding Clydesdale court; and early in the International's career James Peter of Berkeley came to judge and grace the scene, bringing across the sea the story, old yet ever new, of Lord Fitzhardinge and Connaught. From these and other men of similiar type fell words of wisdom. From out their stores of knowledge those of less experience gathered that which whetted interest in their own endeavors.

From such an atmosphere as this it was easy to evolve a plan of doing homage to the great men of the olden days. However, the large collection of portraits of men, living as well as dead, now to be seen upon the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN walls was not the work of a day, nor of a night. Neither, in its present form, does it reflect in all its details the underlying thought of those who first conceived it. There are doubtless pictures there that should not remain permanently in such a company; on the other hand, there are a great number missing that should be there. Which is but another way of saying that the gallery as it now exists is as yet incomplete, and not at all beyond criticism. It would be strange indeed if it were. But, however faulty it may be in some details, whatever may be said as to the manner in which the project has thus far been carried out, there can be no difference of opinion among thoughtful men as to the worth of the plan itself, or as to the educational, historical and inspirational value of the portraits, as a whole, already in position.

It is not the purpose of this little volume to discuss in turn each of the subjects of all the portraits now entering into the composition of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN gallery. Some day a BOSWELL, with nothing else in this world to do, who might do justice to them all, may develop in our midst. Let us hope so. A book could be written around the careers of many of these individuals. In fact, such biographies in certain cases already exist. I know I could not exhaust my theme within the limits of one ordinary octavo in several illustrious instances. But we must for the present at least confine ourselves to general discussion.

The first substantial impetus came when ROBERT OGILVIE sent forward his valuable paintings of CHARLES and ROBERT COLLING, THOMAS BOOTH and "Nestor" WETHERELL, all done by STUART in his palmy days at Madison for Mr. OGILVIE's own library. Their appearance awakened at once a responsive chord in the breasts of other appreciative students of the history of animal breeding, prominent among those so influenced being the late HENRY F. BROWN of Minneapolis, Minn., a one-time upper Mississippi lumber king, who on a modestly-equipped farm on the banks of Minnehaha Creek maintained throughout all the vicissitudes of a long and active business career a good herd of purebred cattle. Late in life, and while still in the throes of financial embarrassment, Mr. BROWN learned that large areas of his cut-over and supposedly worthless northern timber lands were underlaid with valuable deposits of iron ore, and the discovery placed him again in his wonted comfortable position. While in attendance at the International Show he saw the OGILVIE pictures, and then and there absorbed the big idea of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. Soon afterward he volunteered to pay for the painting of a considerable number of the portraits of old-time Shorthorn cattle breeders, to be permanently retained as his contribution to the collection then in embryo. This revealed a vein of sentiment in HENRY BROWN's make-up that surprised not a few of his acquaintances; but among those who knew him intimately—rather than by hearsay—it was a characteristic action.

In the meantime OGILVIE had entered into an arrangement with STUART—whose HENRY portrait was the nucleus of the collection—to come to Chicago and execute certain pictures already ordered. STUART was a Scotchman who had spent most of his life in America, and at Madison had gained a reputation as a portrait artist by his studies of some of the leading dignitaries of the State of Wisconsin, including governors, judges of the Supreme Court, United States senators and other personages of national or local fame. He was set to work upon Mr. Brown's order, and from old, and in most cases more or less unsatisfactory, photographs or other old-time originals, succeeded in working out pictures of Robert Bakewell, Thomas Bates, T. C. Booth, Jonas Webb, William Torr, Barclay of Ury, Amos Cruickshank, Robert Aitchison Alexander and others now to be seen in the Club collection. All of those named hang in the private dining-room now known to those who follow the Club's fortunes as "the inner shrine."

It was Robert Ogilvie and Henry Brown, therefore, who gave the gallery its most valuable and most impressive group. In the baronial hall, the Club corridors and lounging rooms may now be seen portraits of many individuals who have left marks more or less important upon American stock-breeding. Some of these are of men still living; all, however, persons who have in some way rendered service presumably entitling them to this consideration. The living have, however, first of all to die, and have their works subjected to the acid test of time, before their portraits can have permanent residence assured or be considered by those who follow after in connection with the matter of admission to place among the "immortals" in any future extension of the Sanctum Sanctorum, which we are now to enter.

VII

A SANCTUM SANCTORUM

Paul Potter could paint a bull, but he never bred one. Rosa Bonheur gave the world "The Horse Fair," but her models were creations of The Perche. It is one thing to draw well, and deftly blend pigments on the canvas. To produce a national or an international champion is quite another. The composition of a great picture calls for genius. Something more than that is demanded in the assembling and fusing of the materials that enter into the making of a breed. Fabulous sums have been paid by connoisseurs for masterful examples of the art preservative. Now and then rich rewards have come to those who produce originals.

For the most part, however, we have taken as a matter of course, and have accepted or appropriated without special thought or credit, the marvels of the animal-breeding world. We are in daily enjoyment of the fruits of the labors of great groups of men who were possessed of rare constructive gifts; but we scarcely know their names, much less have we any familiarity with their personalities or their labors. We know that without good live stock our grasses, grains and forage generally would cumber uselessly the earth; that the soil itself would suffer by the absence of the golden hoofs. We are aware that we are the best fed people in the world, but few of us know or care particularly to hear about how we came by these generous supplies. The fat of the land is delivered daily at our doors, and yet we grumble. As for expressing gratitude to the great producers and providers, nothing is usually farther from our thoughts. We do not mean to be ungrateful, but despite the fact that we need cattle vastly more than cannon, we build our monuments to HINDENBERGS, not to herdsmen. The sensational, the dramatic, gets the limelight always. The most illustrious exponents of the unobtrusive useful arts are rarely in the public eye or print, and so it comes to pass that many of the greatest benefactors of the race go to their reward for the most part unhonored and unsung.

Although the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB does not yet fully comprehend its own great potential power, it is doing something to remind the country of these wholesome truths. It could do more, and let us hope that in the years to come it will give still further assurances to those of the present and the future who may render outstanding service along these lines, that their work and the influence of their example shall not be allowed to perish. Already its ideals are bearing fruit.

The Kansas youth who receives his education at the Agricultural College at Manhattan sees throughout his entire course of study an heroic bust in bronze of the farmer-statesman of Linwood, designed and largely paid for by SADDLE AND SIRLOIN influences. The faculty of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois, moved by the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN spirit, has founded a "Hall of Fame" that will endure indefinitely and receive an annual addition. The American Guernsey Cattle Club, desiring to honor one of America's foremost expounders of the gospel of good blood and good management in the field in which that body holds so distinguished a position, presents his portrait to the Club, whereupon a movement is promptly projected for the erection of a monument to the great editor at the capital of his adopted state. In brief, the leaven which shall finally leaven the whole lump is already doing its beneficent work. But the real advance lies still ahead.

When the great agricultural states shall erect shafts like that of NELSON in Trafalgar Square to the pioneers in their development; when some great soul shall some day give the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN

CLUB a million-dollar memorial home, filled with rare mementos, paintings, bronzes and marbles of men and International champions, then and not till then shall we know that animal breeding, the art supreme, has in truth come into her own. Meantime, let us thank the gods that we already have one secluded nook where those whose lives are devoted to the study of the higher evolution of animal life may sit at the feet of great achievement and hearken to the plashing of inspiring fountains.

It is just a little place, this sanctuary of which I speak, and its windows afford only the customary city view of myriad roofs and chimney pots. If you look closely you may get the outlines of the NELSON MORRIS golden calf; but even if you do you will not find many who can tell you anything about it. Besides, we are in a room called yesterday, so let us draw the shades upon today.

I often enter this "holy of holies" of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB alone just to renew old acquaintance with those who there preside. When you know them you will like them, for I can assure you they are not only an altogether worthy, but a most companionable lot. You will get the twinkle in the eye of THOMAS BATES before you have been long with the keenest-witted member of the company, and you will also learn that the grim visage worn by good old AMOS CRUICKSHANK is but the mask of a kindly soul reflecting nothing more than the granite of his Aberdeenshire hills. And if you had spent a good part of a lifetime delving into their secrets, you would find that it is the invisible in that little room, rather than the visible, that fires the soul of one who enters understandingly.

To my mind, this little room is superbly suggestive and symbolical. It is not simply the one good old Yorkshire squire I see when I gaze upon the kindly face of THOMAS BOOTH, but all his race and kin. And what a power for good they were in the world of rural progress! It is not alone the laird of Ury that fascinates me as I look at that extraordinary physiognomy, but through him I recognize the mighty impulse Scotland gave to the cause of better farming. It is not merely WILLIAM TORR to whom we pay our homage as we contemplate those features once so familiar to all the countryside around Aylesby Manor, but rather do we recognize in him an outstanding type of the trained tenant farmers of Great Britain—men who have laid under obligation the agriculture of all the temperate zones of earth.

Let it be said, once for all, and at the very threshold of our story, that while as a matter of fact these rare pictures are studies of individuals who in their day were largely identified with the origin and upbuilding of one particular breed that has attained a world-wide vogue, the Club wishes it distinctly understood that it exalts them only in the sense of their being truly typical of the entire class to which honor is intended to be paid. It is as types, therefore, that they are in the larger sense to be considered. At all times it should be borne in mind that these particular worthies had peers and colleagues by the score, each of whom wrought in his own way with varied valued materials, and your true Saddle and Sirloiner only bewails the fact that the entire great aggregation is not all here assembled. The time will come, let us hope, when the galaxy will be extended to its full and splendid limit.

VIII

ALADDIN'S LAMP

Let us call first of all upon ROBERT BAKEWELL, patriarch of all the generations of animal breeders since his time; the man who first found a short cut to live-stock improvement. He flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. We do not know as much of his life as would be the case had his contemporaries realized at the time the magnitude of his discoveries, or appreciated the far-reaching influence of his work. We know this, however, that flying squarely in the face of all preconceived notions governing the production of farm animals, he was the first of the world's great animal breeders, of which there is record, to demonstrate the power of the principle of the concentration of blood elements as the readiest and most effective method of establishing and fixing desired characteristics.

The scene of his labors was at Dishley, Leicestershire, and his great success was made with the long-wooled Leicester sheep and Longhorn cattle, the latter then a widely distributed type in all the midland counties. His work is said to have been conducted at first with more or less secrecy so far as the public was concerned. Aware of the general prejudice existing at the time against close breeding, he probably did not care to call down criticism while still experimenting. Some have intimated that in the case of his "improved Leicesters" he was actuated by a desire to conceal one of the real sources of the betterment attained. One story ran to the effect that he had used in his earlier experiments an extraordinary black-faced "tup," which no visitor was ever permitted to see, and the occasional appearance of blackish lambs among the descendants of the Dishley sheep long years later was cited as an illustration of the power of atavism or reversion to an original type even after the lapse of many generations.

Naturally progress was more rapid with the Leicesters than the Longhorns, and it was not long before the flockmasters of the entire kingdom were taking notice of the marvels being wrought. One celebrated ram, Two Pounder, is said to have earned £800 in a single season! The improvement of the Longhorns followed, and the Dishley "breed" became the prevailing popular type in all the neighboring districts. He is said to have maintained somewhat of a "museum," or as Dixon calls it, a "business room," in which there were preserved both skeletons and "pickled carcasses" illustrating interesting results attained. Among these latter trophies of the Longhorns were some joints that were prized relics of Old Comely, that died at the good old age of twenty-six, with fully four inches of outside fat upon his sirloin. The herd was distinguished above all others for its depth of flesh, and BAKEWELL did not for a moment doubt that he had evolved a type which would "represent the roast beef of old England forever and aye." At a sale in Oxfordshire in 1791 several of these Longhorn bulls fetched above 200 guineas each, and at PAGET's sale two years later a bull of FOWLER's BAKEWELL stock brought, for those days, the great sum of 400 guineas. KING GEORGE III became interested, and honored the wizard with a royal inquiry as to his "new discovery in stock breeding."

To understand the full import of BAKEWELL's work it is necessary to know that his great successes antedated the creation of all the leading breeds of the present day. He had hit upon the secret of how to accentuate specific points and insure their perpetuation. That was the one great central fact developed by his work—the principle that proved the forerunner of universal improvement in all the various Island types. He little dreamed that through its application to other materials his wonderful Leicesters and Longhorns would in time be put in total eclipse. The livestock kingdom of his day was one great conglomeration of local types and nondescripts. The "improved Shorthorn" was as yet only incubating along the banks of the River Tees. In the abutting counties of York and Durham were many different sorts known by various names, all of which were soon to be successfully unified by the cement of inbreeding applied so persistently by the Shorthorn fathers after a contemplation of BAKEWELL's handiwork. Over in Herefordshire at this same time were equally varied assortments of cattle soon to be brought together by a resort to the same magic power in the hands of BENJAMIN TOMKINS, his contemporaries and successors. At a later date ELLMAN fairly made the Southdown sheep from BAKEWELL precedents. And so we might go up and down almost the entire line of the modern breeds and sub-varieties, and find in almost every instance that the first great results have been obtained primarily through the mating of near kin in accordance with the Bakewellian law. While his name has not been given to any of the types that owe their origin directly to his demonstrations, over in France they have created a beautiful breed of sheep, by a judicious blending of Leicester and fine-wool blood, which they call the

Dishley Merino, in recognition of the great lawgiver's English home.

Is there objection anywhere as to the peculiar appropriateness of canonizing first of all in our SADDLE AND SIRLOIN sanctum sanctorum this man who in truth blazed the way for the great breed-builders of the succeeding generations?

KETTON HALL—HOME OF CHARLES COLLING

IX

DURHAM DIVINITIES

Those two old warriors yonder in knee breeches, high-cut waistcoats and stocks are commonly accredited with being the most active of all the originators of the one distinctively national British breed of cattle—the Shorthorn. The Herefords, the Devons, the Angus, the Galloways, the Ayrshires, the Sussex, the Norfolks and the Highlanders are also purely British products; but the "red, white and roan" is the one type of the entire lot that has found favor in nearly every part of the United Kingdom and Ireland, whereas most of the others are still bred mainly in the particular districts in which they were originated. This comment is made merely as a statement of historical fact relating to distribution in the British Islands only. As is generally known, certain of the others have gained world-wide fame in vastly broader fields than is afforded by all the acreage of England, Scotland and the Emerald Isle combined.

These two are probably discussing their favorite subject: ways and means of eliminating certain of the obvious faults of the old Teeswater and Holderness stock, and improving on both. They are known to fame as CHARLES and ROBERT COLLING.

The former farmed at Ketton Hall, and the latter on the farm of Barmpton, both in the valley of the River Tees, some three miles distant from the city of Darlington in the county of Durham. Cattle of the breed which they were largely instrumental in creating are still referred to in many parts of the United States as "Durhams," although that name was rarely employed in the land of its nativity.

CHARLES COLLING paid a visit to BAKEWELL in 1783, and spent considerable time in a study of the results obtained. Evidently he was convinced, but at the same time he wisely deferred the actual application of the Dishley system until he became possessed of materials that suited his purpose. In 1784 he had bought the Stanwick Duchess cow, to be referred to further on; but it was not until 1789 that he obtained from MAYNARD of Eryholme a roan cow, always referred to in her later years as "the beautiful Lady Maynard," and with her began the actual work of bringing order out of local cattle-breeding chaos.

A human-interest story this of how modern stock-breeding got, in this purchase, its first great impetus. Picture a fair September morn. The master of Ketton Hall about to start on a neighborly visit to his friend MAYNARD, whose eight bullocks sent forward annually to the March market in Darlington were always the object of much attention as they stood on the pavement opposite "The King's Head." The men had much in common. Both loved good cattle, and this fondness for animals met in their households steadfast sympathy. Mrs. COLLING was as interested in the farm and in the big red, white or roan matrons of the fields and their lusty babies as was her lord and master. She knew the animals by name, and was much among them. In fact, tradition says that she was no mean judge herself. And so we see her with her husband as the Tees is crossed at Croft on this historic call at Eryholme. As they approach, Miss MAYNARD is discovered milking a rare roan cow, then seven years old. After the customary greetings the inspection of the herd begins. Both Mr. and Mrs. COLLING had observed the foaming contents of the generous pail Miss MAYNARD had been busy filling as they were arriving. And so Durham presently fell to dickering with York, and the mother of the modern Shorthorn was headed toward her extraordinary destiny! At Ketton out of compliment to the mistress of Eryholme the name of this bovine Eve was changed to Lady Maynard. An admiring countryside subsequently added to this the sobriquet "the beautiful," by which designation she still lives in agricultural history.

One of her daughters was mated with a bull that had been produced by another daughter, the progeny being a bull calf called—in commemoration of the old cow's precedence at Eryholme—Favorite, with which was at once commenced at Ketton a most extraordinary course of concentration. For years this bull was used almost indiscriminately upon his own offspring, often to the third and in one or two instances to the fifth and sixth generations, and with results that astounded all England and aroused even distant America. The get of Favorite were not only the most noted cattle of their day in all Britain, but his immediate descendants constituted a large percentage of the entire foundation stock upon which existing Shorthorn herd book records stand. He was even bred back to his own dam, the produce being a heifer, Young Phoenix; and to still further test the power of Bakewell's scheme in dealing with such plastic clay this heifer was then bred to her own sire, the issue of that doubly-incestuous union being the bull Comet (155), the pride of his time and the first beast of the cattle kind to sell for $5,000! Mr. Fowler had once refused a thousand guineas for a Bakewell

ERYHOLME—WHERE JOHN MAYNARD LIVED

Longhorn bull and three cows, but such a sum for a bull alone soon set all England talking of a rising power.

It must of course be borne in mind that the animals subjected to this severe strain had been specially chosen originally for their scale and constitution. Great size was a leading tenet with the farmers along the Tees, and they had, up to this period, abstained religiously from any such course as that which had wrought marvels in the "Long Pasture" and straw-yards at Dishley. True, some of the old families of the district prided themselves upon having kept their own "breed" pure for many generations, but such liberties as Charles Colling took with the Lady Maynard blood were until then quite unknown in North Country live-stock husbandry. One can better imagine than describe, therefore, the sensation produced by this unparalleled procedure and its marvelous results.

We must not fail to mention here, however, that shortly before Charles Colling acquired in Darlington market the first Duchess in 1784, he had used for two seasons an unnamed bull that he afterward sold to go into Northumberland, a bull that had introduced a refining element in the Ketton cattle, which doubtless served—although at the time little comprehended—to pave the way for subsequent successes achieved; but this is another story presently to be related.

The sale of Comet, and the reputation gained through the exhibition throughout England of two enormous fat beasts, both by Favorite, called "The Durham Ox" and "The White Heifer that Traveled," served to spread the name and fame of the COLLINGS and their "improved Shorthorns" throughout all Britain, obscuring altogether for a time the name and fame of BAKEWELL, and dooming the Longhorns to a swift decline in popularity. Moreover, these great doings did not escape the notice of a well-read pioneer in the then newly-settled far-away blue-grass region of Kentucky, resulting in 1816 in an order for the first Shorthorn cattle ever imported into the Middle West. And if there be people of this day and generation who think that our own forefathers lacked in enterprise, let LEWIS SANDERS of Grass Hills tell the simple story of an act that started the cornbelt of America on the highway to success in cattle-feeding:

"I was induced to send the order for the cattle in the fall of 1816 from seeing an account of CHARLES COLLING's great sale in 1810. At this sale enormous prices were paid—1,000 guineas for the bull Comet. This induced me to think there was a value unknown to us in these cattle, and as I then had the control of means I determined to procure some of this breed. For some years previous I was in regular receipt of English publications on agricultural improvement and improvements in the various descriptions of stock. From the reported surveys of counties I was pretty well posted as to the localities of the most esteemed breeds of cattle. My mind was made up, fixing on the Shorthorns as the most suitable for us. I had frequent conversations with my friend and neighbor, Capt. WILLIAM SMITH, then an eminent breeder of cattle. He was thoroughly impressed in favor of the Longhorn breed. To gratify him, and to please some old South Branch feeders, I ordered a pair of Longhorns; and was more willing to do so from the fact that this was the breed selected by the distinguished Mr. BAKEWELL for his experimental yet most successful improvements."

CHARLES COLLING closed his career as an improver of cattle in 1810, at which time three-fourths of the herd were by the inbred Favorite and his son Comet, and the remainder by sons of those two celebrated bulls. A great company gathered beneath the limes that fine October day of more than a century ago to do honor to one of the pillars of British agriculture of that notable era. From both sides the river and from great distances landlords and their tenants, members of Parliament, and all that famous coterie that had for so long foregathered at the Yarm and Darlington markets, came with gigs or traps or saddlebags. Every yard was filled to overflowing, and scores left their horses or conveyances at adjoining farms. It was the event of a generation. Ketton was fairly "eaten out of house and home," and messengers were hurriedly dispatched to Darlington for fresh supplies.

One KINGSTON was the auctioneer, selling by the glass, as did STRAFFORD and JOHN THORNTON in more recent years. He had no aids, and received the munificent sum of five guineas for auctioneering the most famous herd of its time. The 47 head fetched about $35,000, the bull Comet, as already mentioned, bringing $5,000. The highest-priced female was the white cow Lily at $2,150. Mr. COLLING had reserved one treasured cow, the deep-milking, broad-ribbed Magdalena by Comet; but WHITAKER, one of the "old guard," importuned his friend to let him have her. A reluctant consent was given this proposal, and then indeed was Othello's occupation truly gone forever. We have here a fine illustration of what one enterprising, intelligent farmer may do for the world at large, if he be possessed of vision and determination. Verily, peace and agriculture have their victories no less renowned than those of war.

After the sale **Charles Colling** was complimented with a valuable piece of plate bearing this inscription:

PRESENTED TO

MR. CHARLES COLLING,

THE GREAT IMPROVER OF THE SHORT-HORNED BREED OF
CATTLE, BY THE BREEDERS
(Upwards of fifty)
WHOSE NAMES ARE ANNEXED,

AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE DUE FOR THE BENEFIT THEY
HAVE DERIVED FROM HIS JUDGMENT, AND ALSO AS A
TESTIMONY OF THEIR ESTEEM FOR HIM AS A MAN
1810

We do not hear of this sort of thing being done very often in these degenerate days. Why? I wonder.

X

THE GRASSY LANES OF HURWORTH

Would the curious story of how a once nameless bull emerged from absolute obscurity into the limelight of bovine glory interest anybody as we pass? Possibly not. Nevertheless he was to all intents and purposes the ADAM of his race, and as such has to do directly with the forbears of trainloads of good bullocks contributed weekly to all our central markets.

In that fateful year, A. D. 1776, one JOHN HUNTER, a bricklayer by trade, lived in the sleepy village of Hurworth, situated on the north bank of the Tees in the county of Durham, just across that little river from Eryholme, the place where CHARLES COLLING afterwards found and purchased Lady Maynard. HUNTER had once been a tenant farmer and bred cattle. On leaving the farm and removing to Hurworth, he sold off all these except one particularly prized little cow, which he took with him. Let it be observed in passing that size was at this time accounted a most valuable asset in the cattle of the valley. As HUNTER had no pasture of his own, this cow was turned loose to graze in the grassy lanes round about the village.

In due course of time she was bred to "George Snowdon's Bull," then in Hurworth. From him the cow dropped a bull calf. Soon afterward the cow and calf were driven to Darlington market and there sold to a Mr. BASNETT, a timber merchant. BASNETT retained the cow, but sold the calf to a blacksmith at Hornby, five miles out from Darlington. The dam of the calf taking on flesh readily would not again breed, and after some months was fattened and slaughtered. Growing to a useful age, the bull in 1783 was found, at six years old, in the hands of a Mr. FAWCETT, living at Haughton Hill, not far from Darlington.

Mr. WRIGHT, a noted Shorthorn breeder, says that CHARLES COLLING, going into Darlington market weekly, used to notice some excellent veal, and upon inquiry ascertained that the calves were got by a bull belonging to Mr. FAWCETT of Haughton Hill, and at this time serving cows at a shilling each. COLLING went to see him, but did not appear particularly impressed. A little later, however, ROBERT COLLING and his neighbor, Mr. WAISTELL, who had also seen the bull, thought well enough of him to offer Mr. FAWCETT ten guineas for him, at which price he became their joint property. COLLING had seventeen and WAISTELL eleven cows served by him during the season. Evidently, however, they were afraid of reducing the size of their cattle through his use, and in the following November CHARLES COLLING took him off their hands at eight guineas!

CHARLES evidently thought there might be real value somewhere underneath that mellow hide, notwithstanding the fact that nobody seemed to think much of the bull, and put him in active service for a period of two years, selling him late in 1785, at ten years old, to a Mr. HUBBACK, at North Seton, in Northumberland. The bull had not been deemed worthy even of a name up to this date, but the time came when it was of the highest importance that he receive individual designation. His new owner used him until the year 1791, when he was fourteen years old, and he had been vigorous to the last. As he was ending his long and checkered career, these veterans of the early cattle trade woke up to the fact that they had been dealing with the very element their herds stood most in need of. The name of this Northumberland farmer was then assigned him, and as Hubback he figures in the history of the modern Shorthorn kingdom as the real founder of the dynasty.

In other volumes I have had occasion to note how frequently an element of chance has served to point the way to explorers in this field in the early stages of their work. I would not undertake to say that the matter of judgment did not enter at all into the original selection and use of the bull that is regarded as the real progenitor of the improved Shorthorn; but certain it is that no one was particularly interested in, or excited about, Hubback (319) at the time he was first put in limited service by the COLLINGS. But he revolutionized the cattle-breeding of all York and Durham just the same, and imparted qualities which the herds of that region had not previously possessed, and which the best Shorthorns of our day still claim as a proud inheritance.

It is certain that neither WAISTELL nor the COLLINGS appreciated the value of Hubback until after they had parted with him and saw the excellence of his calves as they grew up and developed. He was small, and this condemned him; but his dam, though also small (for a Shorthorn), was "a very handsome cow, of fine symmetry, with a nice touch and fine, long, mossy hair." All these qualities Hubback inherited. But scale was a big point in Shorthorns at that time, and this assumed fault led the COLLINGS to be wary.

The subsequent reputation of Hubback was higher than that of any other bull of his time, and "it was considered a great merit if any Shorthorn could trace its pedigree back even remotely into his blood." His get had "capacious chests, prominent bosoms, thick, mossy coats, mellow skins, with a great deal of fine flesh spread evenly over the whole carcass," and the bull himself had "clean, waxy horns, mild, bright eyes, a pleasing countenance and was one of the most remarkably quick feeders ever known, retaining his soft and downy coat long into the summer. His handling was superior to that of any bull of the day."

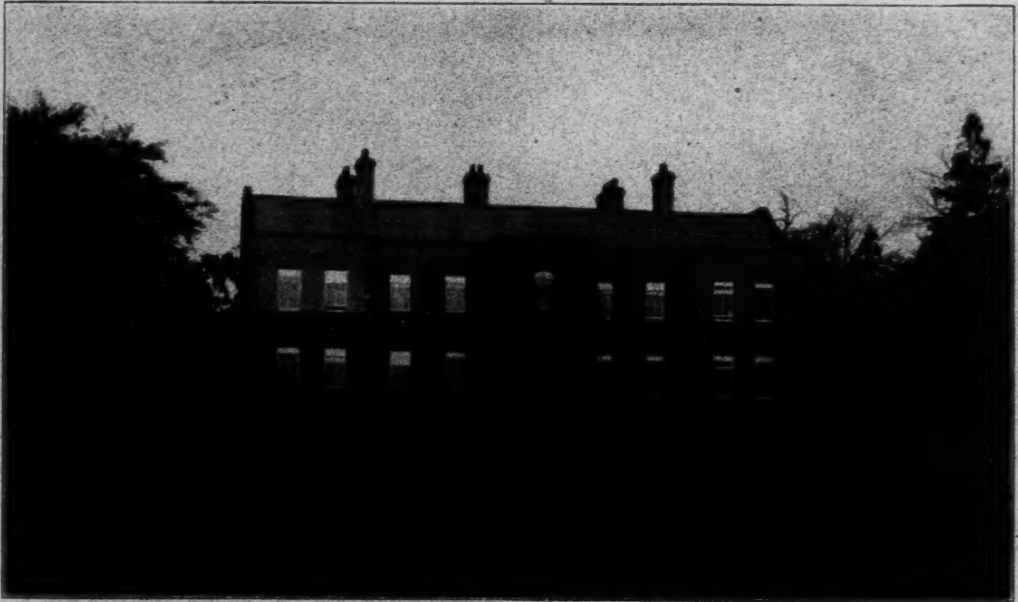
The full significance of this early episode comes to light in a subsequent narration. How often have only post mortem honors come to men as well as bulls! Meantime we must finish with, and take our leave of, **Robert Colling**.

As a young man he had served an apprenticeship with **Culley** and other advanced farmers of their times, and early in his career bought Leicesters from **Bakewell**, which he managed so successfully that his ram-lettings became a reliable source of profit. Cattle engrossed most of his attention, however, and he worked in close collaboration with his brother **Charles**. He had bought good cows from

BARMPTON—HOME OF ROBERT COLLING—AS IT IS TODAY the best local sources, but like all his contemporaries was working more or less in the dark. Pedigrees were practically unknown. There was no uniformity of type, no agreement as to any fixed standard of excellence — no application as yet of BAKEWELL's method. But fate was silently shaping a great destiny for the Barmpton and Ketton herds, and through them a great new breed was presently to emerge.

Among the best of the Barmpton cattle were the sorts subsequently known to fame as the Wildairs, Red Roses and Princesses—tribes from which thousands of the best cattle ever bred in England or America have been directly descended. From Barmpton also came the bulls used in the foundation of the epoch-making herd of THOMAS BOOTH, to be referred to presently, and the Princess-Hubback blood from Barmpton after the lapse of many years became, through Belvidere, the basis of the greatest success achieved by Mr. BATES, which somewhat eccentric but extraordinary individual we are also soon to meet.

ROBERT COLLING made a partial sale of his herd in 1818 and retired in 1820, having for forty years contributed largely to the development and evolution of the Shorthorn type. At the first sale 61 cattle sold for near $40,000, the top being $5,060 for the bull Lancaster, Mr. Booth giving $1,350 for the bull calf Pilot (496), afterwards a famous sire. The end came in October, 1820, when the remaining 46 head sold for around $10,000. There was general depression in agriculture at this period. It appears, nevertheless, that about $50,000 was realized at the two auctions.



KILLERBY HALL IN 1915—OLD HOME OF THOMAS AND JOHN BOOTH

XI

FROM SIRE TO SONS

The original of the pleasing portrait of Thomas Booth is a much-prized heirloom in the possession of a fine old Yorkshire family. It is so typical of the old school that the Club is deeply indebted to Mr. Ogilvie for its possession of so good a copy. The elder Booth was one of two men—the other being Thomas Bates—who completed in sensational fashion the work of establishing a new and highly improved type of cattle, through a continuance of Bakewell methods upon the Colling foundations. The two worked along different lines, and agreed in one point only, that the Hubback-Favorite blood supplied the best basis for further progress; but they sought it through different channels, were in pursuit of different ideals, and applied the blood after it had been obtained in a decidedly different manner. Both attained success such as rarely comes to men in any line of work. There were other able, forceful men engaged in similar efforts, such as Mason, Wilby, Whitaker, Wetherell and Earl Spencer; but among those who developed outstanding skill in the art, the Booths and Bates will ever stand pre-eminent in their day and generation.

WARLABY HOUSE

generally had his guard up; but when he received a letter, apparently from the EARL OF TANKERVILLE, saying that he was to lot and sell the wild White cattle of Chillingham, he puzzled for minutes as to how on earth His Lordship ever intended to catch them and bring them into the ring before he guessed the joke and its author. * * * BOOTH judged a good deal in England, and never went for great size either in a bull or a cow. As a man of fine, steady judgment in a cattle ring, he has perhaps never had an equal. He died in 1857, after a weary twelve months' illness, in his seventieth year, at Killerby, and a memorial window at Catterick, where he rests, was put up by his friends and neighbors and the Shorthorn world as well."

RICHARD BOOTH succeeded to his father's estate of Warlaby in 1835. It is said that on his entrance at Warlaby he did not at first contemplate any special effort in the line of Shorthorn breeding. Unlike his brother JOHN—who had the traditional Yorkshire love for the excitements of the race-course and the hunting field—RICHARD had never been given to active pursuits, and "was only a quiet gig-man" from the early days. Happily for the breed, however, he changed his mind in relation to cattle-breeding and devoted the remainder of his life to the upbuilding of what was beyond all question the most remarkable herd of its time and one of

XII

A MASTER OF ARTS

That bright-eyed, brilliant-minded Northumbrian there, with the curly locks, in his day had little patience with his contemporaries. He bought the only cow really worth having in all England—according to his way of thinking—from CHARLES COLLING in 1804, and from her bred a race of cattle that not only gained great renown during the lifetime of their creator, but after his death became the subject of almost frenzied international financial operations.

It is now three and twenty years since I stood at the grave of this man, THOMAS BATES, in the little churchyard at Kirklevington, near Yarm, in Yorkshire, and copied into a note book from the modest monument that marks his last resting place this inscription:

This Memorial
of
THOMAS BATES
of Kirklevington
One of the most distinguished breeders of
Shorthorn Cattle
Is Raised by a Few Friends Who Appreciate
His Labors For the Improvement of
British Stock and Respect His Character
Born 21st June, 1776—Died 26th July, 1849

While I was thus engaged, my companion upon that memorable pilgrimage of 1892, the late lamented Senator HARRIS, returning from a stroll deciphering the legends borne by various headstones, repeated solemnly from the immortal "Elegy":

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

BATES once told a crowd in Edinburgh, in the course of one of those after-dinner speeches which he was really fond of making, that while he then lived in York his heart was really in his native Northumberland, where he had resided until his fifty-fifth year. It was about this date—1830—of his removal from Ridley Hall to Kirklevington that the portrait which has been copied for the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB was painted by SIR WILLIAM ROSS of the Royal Academy.

The inspiring story of how this man sought first to educate himself thoroughly in the arts of agriculture and constructive cattle-breeding before undertaking the task, as he saw it, of conserving that which was best for the benefit of succeeding generations, and the subsequent success achieved, has been the theme of at least two English volumes. The main facts have been summarized by the writer hereof in a book prepared for American readers

Mr. BOOTH was the owner of the beautiful estate of Killerby, comprising 500 acres of arable and pasture land situated in the charming valley of the Swale, two miles from Catterick. The house stood on the site of an ancient military stronghold, from which the estate took its name, that had been constructed by the EARL OF ARUNDEL in the days of EDWARD I. The approach was through a park studded with noble oaks and elms. Here the old master began those experiments destined in later years to give to British herds and showyards some of the most perfect animals of a heavy flesh-carrying type the world has ever seen. In common with the COLLINGS and nearly all of his other contemporaries, Mr. BOOTH endeavored to solve the problem of how to refine the old Teeswater stock. He realized the faults of the prevailing type and was among the first to concede that through Hubback (319) and the BAKEWELL system the COLLINGS had probably hit upon the long-sought line of progression. Unlike Mr. BATES and many other breeders of the time, he did not deem it essential, however, to go to Ketton and Barmpton for females to carry on his experiments. He had an idea that by crossing moderate-sized, strongly bred COLLING bulls upon large-framed, roomy cows showing great constitution and an aptitude to fatten, he could improve even upon the work of the Collings. To this extent, therefore, he must be credited with greater originality than some of his brother breeders. Moreover, the outcome revealed that he possessed quite as much skill as he had independence of character.

Mr. Booth always put substance ahead of points of less practical importance, and from the very first regarded flesh-making capacity and breadth of back and loin of more value than persistent flow of milk. While there were some cows of marked dairy capacity in his original herd, they soon acquired a disposition to "dry off" quickly and put on great wealth of flesh—a trait which ever afterward distinguished the best of the Booth cattle.

The inbred Colling bulls on the unpedigreed market-cow foundation had given Mr. Booth by the year 1814 two families of cattle in particular, called the Strawberries (or Halnabys) and the Bracelets, that made great weights and possessed plenty of substance and constitution, but lacked somewhat in refinement and quality. In that year his son Richard engaged in Shorthorn breeding at Studley, taking from Killerby three good cows, one of which, Ariadne, became the dam of Anna by Pilot, ancestress of one of England's greatest showyard tribes.

RICHARD followed in the footsteps of his father, using Killerby bulls upon selected market cows, from one of which, purchased at Darlington, he got his world-famous Isabellas.

In 1819 THOMAS BOOTH removed from Killerby to another farm he owned called Warlaby, giving over Killerby and a portion of the herd to the management of his other son, JOHN B., then just married. The latter became one of the leading breeders and exhibitors of his time. The showyards of Great Britain have probably not since their day been graced by more wonderful cattle than his never-to-be-forgotten twins, Necklace and Bracelet, a queenly pair that took home to Killerby as trophies of showyard war no less than 35 class and championship prizes and medals, and one of which finished by gaining the Smithfield fat stock championship at London in 1846 against 37 competitors. Speaking of JOHN BOOTH, "The Druid" in "Saddle and Sirloin" says:

"Mr. BOOTH was a very fine-looking man, upward of six feet and fifteen stone, with rare hands and a fine eye to hounds. This was the sport he loved best, and when he was on Jack o' Lantern or Rob Roy few men could cross the Bedale country with him. * * * He was full of joviality and good stories as well as the neatest of practical jokes. His friend WETHERELL the greatest known in all the annals of live-stock history.

To recount his triumphs as a cattle breeder is quite beyond the scope of this brief sketch. So long as men shall continue to admire bloom and beauty in fine cattle, and shall familiarize themselves with the records of the past, the names of Faith, Hope and Charity, Crown Prince, Isabella Buckingham, Plum Blossom and her white son Windsor, Bride Elect, Soldier's Bride, Bride of the Vale—bought by RICHARD GIBSON for 1,000 guineas—Vivandiere, Queen of the May, Queen of the Ocean, Lady Fragrant and Commander-in-Chief will call to mind true triumphs in animal breeding. RICHARD BOOTH died in 1864 at the ripe old age of 76, and the annals of the art hold no record of a fairer fame. Shortly before his death an offer of £15,000 had been refused for the herd, then reduced to thirty head! "He sleeps in peace beneath the shade of the old gray tower of Ainderby, that looks down upon the scene of his useful and quiet labors."

TOM C. BOOTH, whose portrait has also been accorded Sanctum Sanctorum honors, a son of JOHN of Killerby, succeeded to the great herd at Warlaby, and with the cattle left by his uncle RICHARD carried the work successfully forward for many years. We shall meet him again as an enthusiastic bidder at the TORR dispersion sale.

The BOOTHS adopted a system of leasing their bulls from year to year, instead of selling them outright, and to this uncommon practice has been attributed much of their success. The most promising were sure to be in demand from responsible breeders, and those that turned out best could be recalled for home service. They let "the other fellow" try them out first. So thoroughly were the Killerby and Warlaby herds advertised through their repeated victories at the Yorkshire and the national shows that competition for the bulls "on hire" was always keen. They divided with THOMAS BATES and his disciples the best patronage of England, and as high as £1,500 was at times refused for a single season's use of a bull of outstanding merit as a sire. For solid constructive work along lines of their own selection, for sustained position, even into the third and fourth generations, the BOOTHS occupy a unique and possibly unrivaled position in the records of the development of improved live stock during the past century.

some years ago. Those who may be interested in the details of how he originated his famous Dukes and Duchesses are referred to these works. We will therefore merely summarize.

BATES refused to follow the crowd from the very first. As a young man he had listened to the animated debates of the COLLINGS, the elder BOOTH, MAYNARD, MASON, and the rest as they discussed at the "Black Bull" or the "King's Head" the relative merits of the cattle shown in the streets of Yarm and Darlington; and while all were raving over the great "Durham Ox" at the show of March, 1799, he left the throng to study quietly a heifer driven in from Ketton that was descended from the primal Duchess bought by CHARLES COLLING in 1784. He was ever the student. He was wont to spend the week-ends with COLLING or with MASON just preceding the Monday market days. And while they talked he went among the cattle and thought out his own conclusions.

In 1804 he was able to gratify his chief ambition. For the then great price for a cow of 100 guineas he bought from COLLING a four-year-old Duchess, then in calf to Favorite, and in due course, from that union, a bull called Ketton was produced. This Duchess was distinguished for her mellow handling quality, undoubtedly derived from Hubback, was a rich and persistent milker, and when fed off at 17 years of age made a fine carcass of beef. Her son Ketton developed into a great bull and became the foundation sire of the herd. At COLLING's dispersion in 1810 a granddaughter of this first Duchess was bought at 183 guineas. As usual at that date Mr. BATES had not much company in his judgment. She was not the type then popular. The crowd cried for scale, and, then as now, was hot upon the trail of fat. BATES talked "quality" and "touch" as indicating aptitude to fatten when desired, but few there were to listen to his argument. He relied upon the blood of Hubback when not violently outcrossed, secured it in its purest and most concentrated form in these Duchess cows, and went his way.

Time passed. Ketton's sons, Ketton 2d and Ketton 3d, were used until 1820, and then the Duchess blood was once more doubled in through The Earl, called by Mr. BATES "the hope of the Shorthorns," a bull that was used with highly gratifying results, siring among other remarkable animals a bull which Mr. BATES so highly regarded that he named him 2d Hubback. In him all that was best in the once nameless bull of a preceding sketch reappeared, and when the herd in 1830 was driven across country from Ridley Hall to Kirklevington, the cows, some fifty in number, "alike as beans," left a great impression upon all who saw them pass. Up to this time, Mr. BATES did little or nothing in a public way to attract attention to his cattle. Others were still breeding largely for size. The hundred-weight was their chief measure of success. Refinement and quality were not yet fully appreciated. Tallowy hulks were at a premium. Heavy bone and grossness generally were still esteemed in a land where no joint or baron of beef was too ponderous for hearty Anglo-Saxon squires and their retainers. With ill-concealed contempt for the commonly-accepted standards of his day, BATES, almost alone in all that goodly company that builded up the breed that first stocked our American feedlots with good cattle, sought out the Hubback silkiness of hair and mellowness of touch. To him these things clearly indicated easy-keeping, quick-fattening characteristics, lightness of offal and a finer-fibered flesh, and along with this he never lost sight of dairy power as early exemplified in Lady Maynard. The week's butter ready for market was to him a source of pride as well as profit. Others might stuff their favorite breeding bulls to make a showyard holiday. He

KIRKLEVINGTON—THE HOME OF THOMAS BATES AS IT STANDS TODAY would steer his undesirable youngsters and make them up into money-making bullocks. The BOOTHS and others might sacrifice their best cows and heifers upon the altar of Royal championships. He would fatten only shy breeders or barren females. And so he bided his time, seeking, as he himself did not hesitate to claim, the ultimate good of a dual-purpose type that should prove a mine of wealth to the farmers of succeeding generations, rather than permit himself to be lured into the pursuit of the guineas to be quickly gathered by following the fashion of his time in cattle-breeding circles. He applied the BAKEWELL methods to the Hubback-Lady Maynard blood, and through his Duchesses gave a character to the English and American herds of a later period, the value of which millions of pounds sterling could never adequately measure.

Somewhere about 1830 BATES received a "check" in his progress with the Duchesses. Attractive and uniform as were the fifty cattle he drove from their Northumberland home into the upland pastures of Kirklevington, he had run up against that great scourge of incestuous matings long-continued—a serious loss of fecundity. He was in the position of a gardener who had produced rare and in every way desirable flowers having little tendency to reproduce themselves. This was a real menace, and a volume might be written on his troubles in the line of finding suitable outcrosses. Suffice it to say that he learned one day of the existence of a bull called Belvidere, of ROBERT COLLING's old Red Rose or Princess strain, the foundation dam of which carried a double cross of Favorite on top of Hubback, he of the Hurworth lanes. In Belvidere alone of all bulls then living Mr. BATES believed the original blood had not been subsequently tainted by what he would call injudicious crossing. Here then was the material that would regenerate the Duchesses. Believing, therefore, as he did, that this was the one animal then alive that could save his pets from threatened extinction and at the same time give them still greater merit, we can well imagine with what impatience he urged his nag forward that 22d of June, 1831, as he rode over to JOHN STEPHENSON's beyond the Tees at Wolviston, to see "the last of a race of well-descended Shorthorns."

It is related that as Mr. BATES entered the yard he caught a glimpse of the head of Belvidere through an opening in his box, and at that one glance saw something in the bull's physiognomy that assured him that here was truly what he long had sought. We can also fancy the effort required to conceal

THE HOME OF STEPHENSON OF WOLVISTON

his eagerness from JOHN STEPHENSON. The bull proved a big one, possessing a lot of "stretch," with heavy shoulders and a commanding presence. The much-desired masculinity was there, and what was of equal importance, unlike so many of the other bulls of his time, he was "soft as a mole to the touch." Asked to name a price, the owner was modest enough to place it at £50. The very next day Belvidere was on his way to Kirklevington. He was the product of the mating of a bull called Waterloo to his own sister! To such extremes did these old worthies go in their adoption of Dishley methods. The bull was then six years old, and as he had inherited the "hot-blood temper" of his sire, it is related that it took three men to get him safely away down Sandy Lane on his way to his great work of fructifying the seed that was to fill not only all England, but America as well, with square-quartered, straight-lined, stately cattle. Mr. BATES, with characteristic assurance, announced in advance that he would now "produce Shorthorns such as the world has never seen," and he did.

For six years Belvidere was kept steadily in service, being succeeded by one of his own sons, dropped by Duchess 29th, she by 2d Hubback out of a 2d Hubback dam! Among the best heifers left by Belvidere was Duchess 34th, that accidentally broke a leg as a yearling. The accident lamed her for life, but did not injure her for breeding purposes. Bred back to her own sire—mark this terrific inbreeding—she gave birth to Mr. BATES' bull of all bulls, the far-famed champion Duke of Northumberland, of which more anon.

By this time the superior grace, beauty and quality of the BATES cattle became a freely-admitted proposition, and it was at this interesting juncture in the breed's development that FELIX RENICK appeared upon the scene—that is FELIX out there in the other room in the old high hat of the vintage of 1840. He and his colleagues, representing the Ohio Importing Company, went to England in quest of Shorthorns. They visited the leading breeding establishments, including that of Mr. BATES, who told them frankly that Belvidere's sire, old Waterloo, then in his sixteenth year, and Norfolk, a 2d Hubback bull owned by Mr. FAWKES of Farnley Hall, were the only two bulls in all Britain, aside from his own Belvidere, that were "in the least likely to get good stock"; a remark which illustrates the truth that Mr. BATES was never in the least backward about coming forward whenever the merits of his own "breed" were being weighed in comparison with others. He sent the good cow Duchess 33d to be bred to Norfolk, and the resulting calf, a heifer named Duchess 38th, lived to become the maternal ancestress of the entire group of Dukes and Duchesses which, long after Mr. BATES' death, in the hands of SAMUEL THORNE, JAMES O. SHELDON and WALCOTT & CAMPBELL, all of New York State, became the subject of the wildest bidding ever registered in the cattle business in Europe or America.

The use of Norfolk and other good bulls derived from the BATES herd was now rapidly spreading the name of the Kirklevington cattle. The get of these strongly-bred sires possessed that finish and neatness for which their creator had so long striven; but it was not until the establishment of the Yorkshire show in 1838 that any effort was made to secure competitive honors. In that year the young Duke of Northumberland, already mentioned, was sent to York along with some of Belvidere's best daughters, and while "The Duke" was given first prize in the two-year-old class, he was beaten for the championship. Duchess 41st headed the two-year-olds and Duchess 42d was second in yearlings. Mr. BATES did not agree with many of these ratings. He called Duchess 43d, "The Duke," and Red Rose 15th, his three best, and two of these had been missed entirely.

In this connection it may be said that Mr. Bates was a great advocate of showing live stock by family groups. Isolated champions counted for little in his estimation. It was not, with him, so much a question of what a skillful fitter could do with a single animal that happened to be blessed with a strong constitution and a good digestion, but rather what results might be achieved, en bloc, through consanguinity. In this he was undoubtedly contending for a sound principle, and in all our modern shows it would be well if the views of this prince of British stock breeders upon this important point might find more general adoption.

The English Royal Show was founded in 1839 and held its first meeting at the old university town of Oxford. Mr. Bates, by the way, often expressed regret that at the two great national seats of learning—Oxford and Cambridge—there were no professorships in agriculture. He urged at all times the study of soils, chemistry, and the little-known laws of heredity in animal life, upon all who would listen. He made up his mind that he would wipe out those Yorkshire decisions by an appeal to the higher tribunal now set up, so we find him at Oxford in 1839 with "The Duke," now three years old, Duchess 42d, Duchess 43d and a heifer of a newly-acquired family, sired by one of his Duchess bulls. Each headed its class, and the unnamed heifer in honor of the victory was called the Oxford Premium Cow and became the ancestress of the Duchess-crossed family which, under the name of Oxfords, in the great days to follow, was destined to rank second only to the Duchesses themselves in the estimation of the breeders of two continents. DANIEL WEBSTER, the American orator and statesman, was present at this initial Royal Show, and made an address at an elaborate dinner given in the quadrangle of Queen's College, in the course of which he said, speaking of Mr. BATES' great success: "From his stock, on the banks of the Ohio and its tributary streams, I have seen fine animals which have been bred from his herd in Yorkshire and Northumberland." This was, of course, a reference to the animals imported by the Ohio Company under the leadership of FELIX RENICK, and reveals an interest in affairs agricultural, and in the farming of the Ohio Valley, that probably surprised Mr. BATES quite as much as it may interest present-day Americans.

No higher proof of the superlative excellence of these products of the genius of THOMAS BATES as a cattle breeder can be adduced than this sweeping victory over all England at the first national contest for honors. GEORGE DREWRY, for long years afterwards herd manager for His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE at Holker Hall, writing of these Oxford winners after the lapse of fifty years, said: "The two things that I remember best at Oxford were the Duke of Northumberland and Duchess 43d. These I still think were the best two Shorthorns that I ever saw."

The sage of Kirklevington had now reached the age of three score years and five, and having vindicated, as he believed, the correctness of his practices, was not disposed to enter regularly in the showyard battles of the time. The BOOTHS were the ruling power at the ringside of those days, with cattle of tremendous substance and wealth of flesh, but lacking the elegance and dairy propensity of Mr. BATES' stock. JOHN BOOTH of Killerby bantered BATES upon one occasion upon his lack of courage in not entering regularly the lists, and challenged him to show a cow at the Royal of 1842, held at the beautiful and ancient Yorkshire capital. This was accepted, and the broken-legged Duchess 34th, mother of the Duke of Northumberland, was driven across country nearly forty miles to meet the renowned Necklace. Although ten years old and taken direct from pasture, she turned the trick. Many of the leading breeders of the day were present and did not hesitate to say to Mr. BOOTH that they thought his wonderful cow fairly beaten. "Then I am satisfied," rejoined that good sportsman, and the great rival breeders remained the best of friends.

The Duke of Northumberland was the crowning triumph of Mr. BATES' career. It was this bull and his dam, Duchess 34th, to which the veteran breeder alluded in a letter he addressed to a publishing house about to produce pictures of these animals, when he made the following characteristic, caustic, yet clever, comment: "I do not expect any artist can do them justice. They must be seen, and the more they are examined the more their excellence will appear to a true connoisseur; but there are few good judges. Hundreds of men may be found to make a Prime Minister for one fit to judge of the real merits of Shorthorns."

Throughout almost his entire career BATES quarreled with his contemporaries as to their methods and standards, but the time had nearly arrived when his life-work was to be completed, and the blood of the Dukes and Duchesses started on its great career of modifying the type of the cattle of two continents. He died in 1849, and in May, 1850, his herd was dispersed at auction. The times were not propitious for the making of high prices. The impressiveness and rare refining powers of the bulls of Kirklevington breeding had not yet overcome the great vogue of the Booth-bred sires. The master had never married, and had no near kin to inherit or take an interest in his great legacy to posterity. A decade previously he could have taken £400 each for his Oxford prize females, or named his own price for "The Duke." British agricultural values of all kinds were now profoundly depressed. The best price made at the sale was £200, paid by Earl Ducie for the 4th Duke of York, which his breeder had valued at £1,000. Several Americans were represented, including Col. L. G. Morris and N. J. Becar of New York. These gentlemen took three of the Oxford females; but the Duchess tribe remained intact for the time being in England, fetching the poor average of £116 each for the fourteen sold. Lord Ducie was the leading buyer, and with the transfer of these purchases to his estate at Tortworth Court, in Gloucestershire, the most dramatic story in bovine records has its real beginning.

XIII

ROMANCE OF THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES

ROBERT AITCHISON ALEXANDER probably had a larger hand in molding the character of our western cattle stock, as seen during the early days of the upbuilding of all our great central markets, than any other one individual identified with our agriculture throughout the great constructive period. I doubt if many bulls ever went upon the western range prior to the advent of the Herefords that did not carry the BATES Duchess blood. Practically every important cornbelt herd established during the rapid extension of good breeding that set in during the "Seventies" had as its dominant factor the blood of imported Duke of Airdrie or his sons and grandsons. Substantially all of the best cattle feeders of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri were indebted to the BATES Duchess blood for the squareness and the levelness of the big frames that distinguished the export bullocks of GILLETT's and MONINGER's time. All of which is but another way of saying that Kentucky set the standard and supplied the seed for these widespread early improvements, and that the most impressive sire ever used in the "Blue Grass" herds was this same BATES Duchess bull called—in honor of the ancestral ALEXANDER acres in Scotland—the Duke of Airdrie. Through his successful use at Woodburn and his extensive patronage at the hands of the RENICKS, BEDFORDS, VANMETERS, WARFIELDS, DUNCANS and all the rest of that great coterie of cattlemen that once ruled in Central Kentucky, the old Duke of Airdrie set at an early date the seal of THOMAS BATES indelibly upon our American cattle of the Shorthorn type—grades as well as purebreds. By that is meant that so prepotent did the Duke of Airdrie prove, so wonderfully did he impress his level conformation and finish upon his get even to the third and fourth generations, that his blood not only actually coursed in the veins of practically all our best western cattle at one time, but the type was so well liked, the transformation in the case of coarse or ill-bred cattle was so extraordinary and immediate, that all bulls that carried the Duchess blood were in demand at once and vastly in excess of the supply. To this fact may be clearly attributed the inception of that remarkable chapter in international agricultural history known as the great "BATES Shorthorn boom."

Question not, therefore, ye who saunter through the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN galleries, the right of ROBERT ALEXANDER to his place of honor. The portrait is a copy of one painted by an English artist of renown in London on the occasion of one of Mr. ALEXANDER's trips to the other side while still a comparatively young man. And before we proceed to sketch the Duchess furore let us add that Mr. ALEXANDER was by odds the most generous patron of improved animal breeding of his time in the United States, his ample fortune and his beautiful Kentucky estate being for years a Mecca for all who sought valuable materials for carrying forward advanced work with Shorthorn and Jersey cattle, Thoroughbred and Trotting horses, or Southdown sheep. The great four-mile racer Lexington was one of the particular joys of his long and useful life.

Strangely enough, Duchess 54th—the ancestress of the sensationally-successful Airdrie Duchess family to which must be credited the virtual inauguration of the craze for BATES Shorthorn blood throughout the United States, the progress of which movement soon stirred English cattle breeding to its very depths—had been outcrossed with the very last blood that THOMAS BATES would have selected for such a purpose, that of JOHN BOOTH's Bracelet, twin sister of Necklace, that the dam of the Duke of Northumberland had defeated at York as already related. And here our story impinges upon the

Kirklevington dispersion of 1850, with which our last sketch was concluded. Upon that occasion Duchess 54th was bought by Mr. EASTWOOD for £94 10s. for Col. TOWNELEY. The latter was a man of catholic tastes and wealth, wedded to no particular line of procedure, a lover of good cattle, with an inquiring and receptive mind. To him the Shorthorn world was afterwards indebted for the wonderful TOWNELEY Butterflies. Sacrilegious as it would doubtless have appeared to THOMAS BATES, Duchess 54th was bulled by the white Lord George, son of Bracelet's daughter Birthday. A bull calf named 2d Duke of Athol was the fruit of this union of the two great rival houses, and while engaged in buying a large selection of well-bred cattle from the best sources for shipment to Kentucky, Mr. ALEXANDER saw and liked and bought the young Duke bearing this bar sinister upon his BATES escutcheon, and also his sister of the pure blood, a daughter of Duchess 54th, called Duchess of Athol. This was in 1853. The Duke was then a yearling and the Duchess a two-year-old, the sum of 500 guineas being given for the pair, a fact which indicates how rapidly values had risen since the dispersion sale a few years previously, and incidentally proving once again the old, old proposition that the time to buy

AIRDRIE HOUSE

good property is when nobody else seems to want it even at less than its obvious intrinsic value. To a service of her half-brother the 2d Duke of Athol or of a bull called Valiant—the exact fact as to the coupling never having been established—the young Duchess of Athol produced a heifer which Mr. ALEXANDER named Duchess of Airdrie.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that LORD DUCIE was the principal buyer of the Dukes and Duchesses at the BATES dispersion. His Lordship was at this time, next to EARL SPENCER, probably the closest student of cattle-breeding problems among all the noblemen of his time in England. He knew of the BATES contention as to the "exclusive" breeding of the Duchesses, and probably sensing a good speculation in them, secured most of them at the bargain prices prevailing at the time they were disposed of by Mr. BATES' executors. He had an idea, however, that they needed an infusion of fresh blood, and when Duchess 55th was knocked down to his bidding at 110 guineas he remarked that he would send her to EARL SPENCER's to be bulled by his MASON-bred Usurer, "to improve her shoulders." This he subsequently did, the cow producing a white heifer to the service, which he did not like; whereupon he is said to have affirmed that "BATES was right and I am wrong. I will never cross them again with anything but themselves." Just the same, this outcrossed white heifer lived to found the family known afterwards in England as Grand Duchesses, and in the course of time, when the pure blood had become wholly extinct, this particular English branch of the fine old tribe and the American Duchesses of Airdrie, carrying the Lord George (BOOTH) cross through Mr. ALEXANDER'S 2d Duke of Athol, alone remained to perpetuate the ancient name.

DUCIE had been in feeble health for some little time prior to his acquisition of the cream of the Kirklevington herd, and did not live long enough to carry out his plans. He was a crafty individual and from all accounts not overscrupulous in shaping his plans to practically "corner" the Duchess blood. The bulls of that ilk, as well as the females, were not numerous. The tribe had been so closely bred that they were for the most part shy producers. In fact, the larger part of the herd during its later years consisted of tribes of other origin crossed with the Duke and Oxford bulls, chief among these in point of numbers being the Wild Eyes and Waterloos. One of the last sires used by Mr. BATES had been the 3d Duke of York, which had been sold privately before the closing-out auction was held. LORD DUCIE sent his agent to buy him, with instructions to send him to the butcher, and the bull was actually slaughtered at Tortworth. His Lordship supposed that this left him in possession of the only bull of the line then living; but upon being told that Mr. TANQUERAY, a well-known breeder of that period, had recently come into the ownership of the 5th Duke of York, he is credited with testily exclaiming, "D—— that bull; I had lost sight of him!" However in the language of "BOBBY" BURNS, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." The old Earl died and his herd was dispersed in 1853, and upon that occasion Great Britain and America clashed for the first time for the possession of the Duchess blood. BECAR and Col. MORRIS, who had secured three of the Oxford females at Kirklevington's dispersion, were on hand now to contest for Duchesses, and in this were reinforced by JONATHAN THORNE, also of New York City, GEORGE VAIL of Troy, and Gen. CADWALLADER of Philadelphia. Their English competitors were TANQUERAY, Col. GUNTER, LORD FEVERSHAM and the EARL OF BURLINGTON. The eight Duchesses fetched an average of £401 each, BECAR and MORRIS jointly taking Duchess 66th at £755, Mr. THORNE securing the 59th, 64th and 68th at £567, £650 and £420 respectively. BECAR and MORRIS got Duke of Gloster at £682 and VAIL & CADWALLADER bought 4th Duke of York at £525, with the understanding that he was to be left in England one year before shipment to the States. Mr. ALEXANDER then arranged to have his Duchess of Athol bred to the Duke of Gloster, and the produce of that union was the Duke of Airdrie, that became, as we have already mentioned, the favorite sire of his time in the Middle Western States. He was brought over to Woodburn in 1855.

In 1858 RICHARD GIBSON, who figures later in these notes, made his first visit to a Royal Show in the land of his nativity. By that time a determined and wealthy constituency had got behind the BATES Shorthorn cult, and LORD FEVERSHAM sent one of his DUCIE purchases, the grand bull 5th Duke of Oxford, to the national competition, which was held that year at Chester. This lineal Duchess-crossed descendant of the Oxford Premium Cow headed a strong class of aged bulls, and GIBSON never quite forgot the impression that lordly beast made upon him at that time. "The way he moved and the air of conscious superiority he assumed I have never forgotten." Such was RICHARD's comment made to the writer in speaking of this old-time champion many years ago.

In 1861 GUNTER—who was now the sole possessor of Duchess females on the other side of the Atlantic—took Duchess 77th out to the Leeds Royal and beat RICHARD BOOTH's and LADY PIGOT's entries. The Lady was one of several capable women who had espoused Shorthorn breeding enthusiastically, flying the flag of Warlaby.

During this same year SAMUEL THORNE, who had in the meantime come into possession of Thornedale, the family seat near Millbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y., while on a trip to England was besieged by British breeders, who were now beginning to realize what had been lost to America, to return some of the blood to the other side. This was before the Duke of Airdrie had made his great hit in western herds, and Mr. THORNE consented to humor his English friends, sending over for sale three Dukes and a bull and a heifer of the Oxford tribe, bred from JONATHAN THORNE's purchases at the DUCIE sale of 1853. These were quickly picked up soon after being landed at Liverpool at from 300 to 400 guineas each. One of these, the 4th Duke of Thornedale, finally went to Col. GUNTER at Wetherby, where he was kept in service until ten years old, enjoying, along with the 7th Duke of York, the celebrity which attached to the pair of being the only "pure Duke" bulls in England.

In response to a similar call from Britain Mr. Alexander sent the fine bull 2d Duke of Airdrie and the 5th and 6th Dukes of that line to the mother country, all outcrossed with the blood of the Booths. The 2d Duke had been a winner of a $1,000 championship at St. Louis prior to his exportation.

Meanwhile, the demand for the Bates cattle from the nobility and gentry of England grew with each succeeding year. It had to be met mainly by Duke and Oxford-topped cattle of various sound old British strains, for there were not Dukes and Duchesses enough for all. The outcrossed Grand Duchesses already mentioned now came into their own. The females were not numerous, and had been held together, first by Mr. Bolden of Lancashire, and subsequently by Messrs. Atherton and Hegan, the latter paying the former the sum of £5,000 for nine cows and four bulls. Three of the females proved barren, and at Mr. Hegan's death in 1865 the twelve cows and heifers and five bulls of this branch were auctioned off at Willis' rooms in the

WOODBURN HOUSE, KENTUCKY

city of London. This event was unique in the annals of cattle-breeding from the fact that the animals were not before the bidders when sold. They had, of course, been seen privately at Dawpool before the sale. LORD FEVERSHAM presided, and there was a brilliant assemblage of peers, M. P.'s and notables generally. The females were offered in "blocks of three," and the entire lot was taken by E. L. BETTS of Preston Hall in Kent, at 1,900 guineas for the first trio offered, 1,500 guineas for the second, 1,800 guineas for the third and 1,200 for the fourth. The bull Imperial Oxford, that was then being used upon them, went with them at an extra price of 450 guineas. The DUKE of DEVONSHIRE took Grand Duke 10th at 600 guineas. Two years later Mr. BETTS resold the cattle. They had not been prolific; but the thirteen head offered brought the fine average of 432 guineas each, the "plum" of the lot, the celebrated Grand Duchess 17th, bringing 800 guineas from Capt. R. E. OLIVER of Sholebroke Lodge.

By this time events were shaping themselves for still greater activities in America. In 1866 J. O. SHELDON of White Spring Farm, Geneva, N.Y., bought the entire Thornedale herd of Duchesses, Oxfords, etc., at a reported price of $40,000, thus acquiring a monopoly of the "pure" blood this side the Atlantic. The following year SHELDON exported two Dukes and a Duchess heifer to England, along with some of the Oxfords. They were sold, after inspection, by STRAFFORD by candlelight in the café of the Castle Hotel at Windsor, where Mr. LENEY, of Kent, gave 700 guineas for the white 7th Duchess of Geneva. For the entire shipment about $20,000 was realized. In 1869 Mr. SHELDON parted with the two-year-old heifer 11th Duchess of Geneva, the yearling 14th Duchess and the bull calf 9th Duke of Geneva for a round $12,500 to E. H. CHENEY of Gaddesby Hall, selling also about the same time the 8th Duke, a bull calf, for export at $4,000.

By 1870 the BATES tribes proper were firmly held by powerful interests on both sides the Atlantic; but the speculative spirit engendered by the THORNE and SHELDON exportations and by their sales of young Dukes at prices ranging from $3,000 to $6,000 each, to various American breeders, was not only beginning to tell against the character of the cattle themselves, but bid fair to reach a dangerous height. The entire SHELDON herd was acquired by WALCOTT & CAMPBELL of the New York Mills, at Utica, at around $100,000, and RICHARD GIBSON was placed in charge. The Duchesses had cost them about $5,500 each. Hon. M. H. COCHRANE of Hillhurst, Canada, had brought out three of the GUNTER Duchesses from England, two at $5,000 each and one at $7,500. One of the former he sold to Col. WILLIAM S. KING of Minneapolis for the then unheard-of price of $12,000! Later on she was bought back and resold for return to England. In April, 1871, Senator COCHRANE exported the bull Duke of Hillhurst to Col. KINGSCOTE at $4,000. He was sired by the 14th Duke of Thornedale, a bull that afterwards sold in Kentucky for $17,900, and in England the Hillhurst Duke begot the world-famous Duke of Connaught, for which LORD FITZHARDINGE of Berkeley Castle paid the record price of 4,500 guineas! In November, 1871, COCHRANE sold to EARL DUNMORE two Duchess heifers for $12,500. In 1872 RICHARD GIBSON bought from Mr. ALEXANDER three Airdrie Duchesses for export to E. H. CHENEY. And so these "days of most stupendous follies," as Col. KING was wont to put it after all was over, proceeded to their international climax of 1873. DUNMORE opened the ball that year with a purchase of ten head of BATES cattle from Hillhurst at $50,000! And in the autumn came the deluge — the New York Mills dispersion. This is not the place to write in detail of that most extraordinary event, when England and America went jointly mad. The "pure" Duchess breed was now extinct in the land of its birth, and the fast and furious fighting for their possession did not end until the sum of $40,600 had been bid for the 8th Duchess of Geneva!

The sun went down that September afternoon upon an average of $18,740 for eleven Duchesses and three Dukes, the top figures being paid by English bidders. EARL BECTIVE took the 10th Duchess of Geneva at $35,000, and LORD SKELMERSDALE gave $30,600 for 1st Duchess of Oneida. Mr. ALEXANDER led the American contingent with $27,000 for the 10th Duchess of Oneida. It afterwards developed that the agent who represented Mr. R. PAVIN DAVIES, of England, in the tense excitement of the day had exceeded his instructions in making the $40,600 bid, and the cow was afterwards taken by Col. L. G. MORRIS at the price made by her daughter, $30,600.

What was the harvest? For the most part disappointment: deaths, abortions and failures to breed. The $35,000 cow became in England the mother of a splendid sire, the same Duke of Underley whose head in terra cotta relief may be seen any day, by those curiously inclined, in one of the panels already alluded to in this volume as ornamenting the entrance to the National Live Stock Bank at the Chicago Yards.

In 1875 Mr. Alexander sold the good bull 24th Duke of Airdrie and the 20th Duchess of Airdrie to George Fox, of England, at $12,000 and $18,000 respectively. About the same time Cheney paid the proprietor of Woodburn $17,000 for the 16th Duchess of Airdrie. Avery & Murphy of Port Huron gave Cochrane $18,000 for Airdrie Duchess 5th. An interesting incident also of this period was the attempt to push into the limelight the Princess tribe, because of Belvidere's successful use nearly fifty years previously at Kirklevington. A. W. Griswold of Vermont sold five of these in 1875 for $18,000. Six head were subsequently sold in Kentucky for $15,725. The English took a hand in this, and several were exported at long prices. The Renick Roses of Sharon also caught the swell of this unparalleled speculation, and several of them were exported at long figures. At Lord Dunmore's memorable sale of Aug. 25, 1875, where the Duke of Connaught fetched 4,500 guineas, the Renick-bred Red Rose of the Isles topped the females at $11,650 from Earl Bective. On this great occasion thirty-nine head sold for $149,335, an average of $3,829!

We might continue this narration on down through the decade following; but, after the figures already quoted, sales of Duchess cattle at from $10,000 to $20,000 each begin to lose their interest. They were still selling at those figures at intervals after the writer began his work. As a boy in 1876 I saw ALBERT CRANE pay $23,600 and $21,000 respectively for Airdrie Duchesses 2d and 3d at Dexter Park. In 1877 I saw the 22d Duchess of Airdrie knocked off by Col. JUDY for $15,000, and wondered why. I figured later that the descendants of the old 10th Duchess of Airdrie had brought in round figures the great sum of $300,000!

In 1882 Senator COCHRANE sold his Hillhurst Duchesses at Dexter Park, including the famous old Woodburn-bred 10th Duchess of Airdrie and a number of her descendants, receiving an average of $2,080 on 23 head, belonging to various BATES families. The late JOHN HOPE, superintendent of the Bow Park herd at Brantford, Ont.,—at which establishment JOHN CLAY made his start in business in America—bought four Duchesses here at prices ranging from $4,700 to $8,500. CHAS. A. DEGRAFF of Lake Elysian Farm, Janesville, Minn., gave $3,025 upon this occasion for the 8th Duke of Hillhurst.

Mr. HOPE was for many years a prominent figure in the American shows and salerings, and the herd in his charge was fortunate in the possession of probably the best of all the latter-day Duchess bulls in North America—the imported 4th Duke of Clarence, not only a good show bull, but a prepotent sire, one of the most noted of his get being the white steer Clarence Kirklevington, champion alive and on the block at the American Fat Stock Show of 1884. HOPE was completely wrapped up in "the Duke," and always spoke of him in terms of the most affectionate regard. I have known many cases of strong attachment of a master for a pet horse or hound, but HOPE's feelings toward the 4th Duke of Clarence seemed deeper than I have ever observed elsewhere on the part of an owner or herdsman toward a beast of the bovine species. And when the end came for poor JOHN—who under the spell of an insufferable nervous depression committed suicide in 1894—he betook himself to the old Duke's box to end his own sufferings. HOPE was of English birth, a good all-around judge of farm animals, experienced in all the arts of showmanship, and, as evidenced by the act just mentioned, was full of sentiment. Unfortunately, he was identified with a sinking ship so far as the financing of a cattle-breeding establishment conducted along BATES lines was concerned. Still, he was in comfortable circumstances personally at the time of his death, and only disappointment at not obtaining the title to the farm was advanced at the time as an inciting cause for the rash act which ended his career. HOPE was a man who should have lived out a long and satisfying life, and had he done so he would have been one of the stanchest supporters of SADDLE AND SIRLOIN aspirations and policies.

CHARLES A. DEGRAFF, big, generous-hearted, noble-minded patron of animal breeding, until overtaken all too soon by the grim reaper, was one of the kingliest characters of his generation. Minnesota was indeed fortunate in the early days of the development of her agriculture in having such men as WILLIAM S. KING, N. P. CLARKE, HENRY F. BROWN and CHARLES A. DEGRAFF to spread with lavish hands the materials for the foundation of her subsequently splendid live-stock husbandry; but easily the kindliest, greatest-hearted of them all was "CHARLEY" DEGRAFF.

In 1883 came some of the last brilliant flashes of the Duchess boom. HOLFORD of Castle Hill sold the 3d Duchess of Leicester and the 3d Duke of

Leicester to LORD FITZHARDINGE at $5,750 and $4,500 respectively, and EARL BECTIVE paid $7,525 for the Duchess of Leicester. And about this date the 8th Duke of Tregunter, that had been exported to Australia, changed hands in that land of illimitable pastures at $20,000. But the bloom was fading. The primal excellence of CHARLES COLLING's Stanwick cow of 1783, the excellence of the first Duchess bought by Mr. BATES, to say nothing of the really grand specimens that came with the use of Belvidere, had been largely lost through reckless in-and-in breeding, directed, not by the master mind of THOMAS BATES, but for the most part by amateurs who were little less than gamblers, faithless altogether to the high ideals of the creator of the type and loyal only to the god of gold.

The story needs no written moral; but what a tribute to the genius of him who rests yonder across the sea in the little churchyard of Kirklevington! Verily this narrative of the belated appreciation of the work of THOMAS BATES, and the fierce struggle for the possession of his legacy to the bovine world that occurred so many years after his decease, recalls the fate of the creator of the tale of Troy:

> "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

XIV

THE FIRST FARMER OF ENGLAND

Here is a story of success in farming and stock-breeding that reveals, in startling fashion, the possibilities of a noble profession persistently and intelligently pursued—a recital that contains more inspiration perhaps than almost any other that may be told in SADDLE AND SIRLOIN circles—the tale of WILLIAM TORR.

In the portrait you may see a faint reflection of the "cheery sun-at-noonday smile" which was the outward manifestation of a disposition that endeared him at once to all who came into his presence. He attained to a distinction second to none other that can be bestowed upon a Briton-born, the sobriquet of "the first farmer of England." In a land where practically every man, woman and child, from His Majesty at Buckingham Palace down to the very humblest, have an inborn affection for the soil and a pride in rural achievement, the phrase we couple with the name of TORR is redolent of fertile, well-kept fields, rare herds and flocks, rich swards bedecked with buttercups, the hawthorn hedge, the smooth hard highway winding in and out between stone walls, distant spires or turrets half hidden by the oaks or elms that guard some stately home—the open country of this island garden of the North Atlantic! To be first, or even among the first, in a land which above all other lands realizes in fullest measure one's fondest dreams of all that God's great out-of-doors should be, stamps him to whom it is applied as possessing every claim to that immortality with which we love to invest those whose portraits pass the curtains of the inner shrine. May election to that chamber be ever closely guarded!

TORR was a Lincolnshire man who first of all became a master of the arts of tillage, his crops being the envy of his brother tenants throughout all the east of England. An admirer of good sheep, he took up the Leicesters, giving them that unremitting care and thought which has made Britain so famous for its fleecy wonders. His heart, however, was ever with the Shorthorns, and after due deliberation he decided to cast his fortunes with the house of BOOTH. His real career as a cattle-breeder began when in 1844 he leased the famous Leonard, one of the best stock-getters of his day, and to the very last he remained a devoted and determined adherent of that line of breeding. Like all other great constructive breeders, he put ultimate results above temporary expediency. He had a definite end in view from the very first, and swerved not from the path marked out. He bred especially for the oblique, well-laid shoulder, great forerib, broad loins and heavy flesh, possessing mellowness without undue softness, and prized especially a furry coat. Substance and constitution too were cardinal considerations, and the uniformity in these particulars which he succeeded in establishing in later years provides the proof of his genius in the manipulation of animal form.

Greatly enamored as he was of the massive old Killerby and Warlaby stock, TORR had seen the Duke of Northumberland at his best, and often spoke of him as the finest show bull he had ever seen, and it appears that he conceived the notion that a dash of BATES might possibly prove helpful in the course of his own experiments. He once journeyed to Kirklevington in the earlier days of his Shorthorn work with a view towards hiring the 4th Duke of Northumberland, which he regarded as even a better bull than the first of that name. The deal was practically closed, but Mr. BATES undertook to stipulate that the bull should be bred to only 25 cows, whereupon TORR rejoined, "Very well, Mr. BATES, you have your bull and I have my money." At a later date some of the blood was secured, however. At the Kirklevington dispersion TORR had particularly admired the Waterloos, and decided to go on with a branch of that family which he had introduced into his own herd five years previously by the purchase of a cow called Water Witch, sired by the 4th Duke of Northumberland out of Mr. BATES' Waterloo 3d by Norfolk. By the use of BOOTH bulls upon this sort he produced one of the most prolific and one of the best groups in the Aylesby Manor herd. His pet family, nevertheless, was the Flower tribe, descended in the maternal line from Nonpareil, for which EARL SPENCER had paid 370 guineas, the highest figure reached at ROBERT COLLING'S sale of 1818.

It will be remembered that THOMAS BOOTH, unlike BATES, had builded up his original herd by using COLLING bulls upon females of his own selection. TORR pursued a similar policy; that is, he resorted to the BOOTH blood only for his sires, buying his foundation breeding cows wherever he found types to his liking. True, his Ribys and Brights went back to BOOTH'S Anna; but they had crosses of extraneous blood put in after WHITAKER'S purchase of a cow of that derivation at the Studley sale of 1834. The reuniting of the BOOTH blood in this case proved a pronounced success, so much so that when the herd was finally dispersed Mr. T. C. BOOTH took the cream of the lot back to Warlaby, as will presently be noticed.

It is with the outcome of Mr. Torr's operations that we are here concerned, rather than in the details of his breeding operations; and as the verdict placed upon his work by his appreciative fellow-countrymen was one of the most flattering that ever fell to the lot of a breeder of improved live stock in any land, we hasten now to present it. He had once said, "It takes 30 years for any man to make a herd and bring it to one's notions of perfection." Fortunately he lived to devote that space of time to the Shorthorn cattle. He died in 1875, and the cattle went to the auction block in September of that year. Dunmore had just made his $3,800 average on 39 head of Bates-bred cattle.

Warlaby had been suffering severely for some time from the effects of long-continued high feeding for show. A tendency to shy breeding had already developed, when a virulent visitation of foot-and-mouth came along, bringing disastrous consequences in its train. The stock stood, therefore, at this time sadly in need of vigorous rehabilitation. The herd that William Torr had created at Aylesby was confessedly not only the best collection of Booth-bred cattle in the kingdom, but the best herd of any line of breeding at that date on either side the Atlantic. Hence it came to pass that when its dispersion was announced, visitors from far and near gathered literally by the thousand, and with Tom Booth at their head.

Luncheon had been set for 1,500 guests, a great canvas accommodating 2,000 people was provided, and yet the crowds overflowed all Aylesby and vicinity. Great landed proprietors and peers of the realm mingled with eminent breeders, all intent upon showing their respect and love for the man who had accomplished so much for his country's good. Factors, herdsmen and agents mingled with the throng, eagerly examining the cattle and making notes on the various lots preparatory to laying bids for absent principals. It was, in brief, a scene that has had few parallels in agricultural history; and the disposition of eighty-five head of Torr's own production for the great sum of $243,144.57 must be regarded, all things considered, as the most remarkable result ever yet worked out by an individual breeder of Shorthorns or any other class of cattle.

Mr. Booth improved to the utmost this opportunity of laying hold of sound old Killerby and Warlaby blood, and gave the top price, $12,900, for Bright

Empress, and the second highest, $8,900, for Bright Saxon. For Bright Spangle he paid $6,300. Riby Marchioness went to Ireland at $7,530, and the beautiful Highland Flower to Rev. T. STANIFORTH at $8,960. The top for bulls was $4,185, reached three times, Riby Knight going at that figure to New Zealand. The 22 Annas averaged $4,180 each, and 21 Waterloos made but $1,275 each. No such sale of cattle of one man's own production is on record. The point is, that a tenant farmer by devoting thirty years to a single purpose bred up a herd that was appraised at public vendue at nearly $250,000!

What HAS been done CAN be done again. History repeats.

URY—FROM AN OLD PRINT

XV

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Decidedly a man of action, you will not be long in locating the particularly striking portrait of Barclay of Ury, who first stirred Aberdeenshire on the subject of better cattle. Robertson of Ladykirk in Berwickshire and Rennie of East Lothian had at an early date carried the "Durham" colors across the Tweed, but their portraits are yet among our missing. When turnip culture came at last to be introduced into the far north, the time was ripe for advancing the standard of quality in the local herds. The result of that awakening is now a familiar chapter in live-stock history. Wherever an Aberdeen Shorthorn or a poll is to be seen—and there are few portions of North America where these are not in evidence—there is occasion for removing one's hat in memory of Capt. Barclay, one of the most unique personalities, one of the most extraordinary characters, to be met with in live-stock literature.

Descended from a prominent old Kincardineshire family, he inherited the estate of Ury, situated along the little River Cowie, near the unpretentious village of Stonehaven on the North Sea coast. You pass through it now by train on your way up to Aberdeen.

In BARCLAY'S time you would mount the box or take a seat inside of the "Defiance," in which famous old-time coach the Captain had a financial and deep personal interest. He was a claimant of the earldom of Monteith, and writing of him the late WM. McCOMBIE of Tillyfour, one of the founders of the Angus "doddie" breed, once said:

> "No one would have made any mistake as to Capt. BARCLAY being a gentleman, although his dress was plain—a long green coat with velvet collar and big yellow buttons, a colored handkerchief, long yellow cashmere vest, knee-breeches, very wide top-boots and plain black hat."

So much has been written of BARCLAY'S exploits as perhaps the greatest all-around sportsman of his day, that his place as a contributor to Scottish national wealth, and, incidentally, to the world's riches, cattle-wise, has never quite been fully acknowledged. He was himself an athlete of renown, and it is marvelous that he should have been able to actively indulge his keen delight in the domains of coaching, coursing, the prize-ring, fox hunting, military training and other exercises demanding physical strength and endurance, and at the same time devote so much attention to the introduction of good blood into his native Northland, and to the production of cattle which formed the beginnings of the Aberdeenshire herds that afterwards met with world-wide recognition. But he was no common mortal, this lion-heart of Scotland. He once walked one thousand miles in one thousand hours upon a wager! He once drove the "Defiance" through from London all the way to the city of Aberdeen—a distance of fully five hundred miles, without leaving the box—to win a bet of £1,000! At the end of the journey, upon a friend remarking, "Captain, you must be tired," he rejoined: "I have £1,000 that says I can drive back to London again, starting in the morn;" but there were no takers. He was an officer in the local regiment. He loved boxing, and trained several noted professionals for important bouts. He had a famous breed of game fowls, and would always back his birds to win in the pit. But above and over all was his steadfast devotion to Ury itself. Big himself, he did everything on a scale that seemed huge to most of his countrymen. Speaking of this "The Druid" says in "Field and Fern":

"Everything he had to do with, down to his glass tumblers, was always on a gigantic scale. His cattle must be up to their knees in grass, and his wheat-wagons—with four or six horses and the drag on—seemed like an earthquake to the Aberdonians when they rumbled down Marischal Street to the harbor.

Well might the surveyor tremble by reason of them for the safety of the Old Bridge. His bull Champion was cut up for refreshments at one of his sales, and when he thought there might be some mistake about the arrival of the regular beef supplies, he had twelve geese killed and spitted on an ashet before the fire. He would have his rounds of beef of a certain circumference, and it was because he despaired of finding a bullock of the regulation size that he made Champion stand proxy."

Confirmatory of all this is McCombie's assertion that "his horses were the strongest and his fields the largest in the country. He once said that he 'did not like a field in which the cattle could see one another every day.'"

The estate of Ury proper comprised about 4,000 acres, of which the Captain had about 400 acres in his personal control. It was naturally a poor, sterile soil, littered with the stony debris of the ancient glaciers from the Grampians; but his father at prodigious outlay of labor had reduced, by the free use of lime and the culture of roots, 200 acres to a good state of fertility. Two hundred more were reclaimed from the heather and 1,200 acres planted to timber! At such a cost did these pioneer North-of-Scotland farmers make productive lands of their ancestral barrens.

CHILTON HALL IN 1915—OLD HOME OF CHRISTOPHER MASON

Capt. Barclay began with Shorthorns about 1822, and when the herd of Mason of Chilton was sold off in Durham in 1829 he bought probably the best cow in that far-famed old-time collection. This was the celebrated Lady Sarah, which he took out at 150 guineas, and she proved a fine investment. She produced, after her arrival at Ury, the bull Monarch (4495), and here comes in again the appeal to Bakewell. Monarch, bred back to his own dam, sired the bulls Mahommed and Sovereign. The former was sold, but turned out such a capital breeder that he was bought back and kept in service by the Captain until 1841. Lady Sarah left three heifers that gave rise to good families. Amos Cruickshank, who got his first bulls from Ury, once said: "I question if ever there was a better breed of Shorthorn in England, Scotland or anywhere else than the Lady Sarah tribe."

Barclay was a friend and intimate of four of the best cattle judges of their time: William Wetherell, William McCombie, Hugh Watson and Jonas Webb, upon whose judgment and advice he is said to have frequently relied. The former bought old Lady Sarah when 13 years old at one of the Ury sales, and sold her to Watson. The latter shares with McCombie in Scottish history the honor of being one of the originators of the Aberdeen-Angus "humlies."

The first Ury herd was closed out at auction in 1838, the eighty head bringing £3,000. The bull Mahommed was retained, and shortly another herd was in process of formation. This was sold in 1847, Wetherell being the auctioneer, and it was upon this occasion that Campbell of Kinellar laid the foundation by purchase for his afterwards famous herd.

Ury was undoubtedly the corner-stone of the Scottish Shorthorn structure. The bulls from the Barclay herd were used originally to cross upon the native black cows, and the improvement wrought was so apparent that probably a majority of the herds of the district received an infusion of Ury blood. The result was a demand for Shorthorn bulls that finally turned the attention of such men as Grant Duff of Eden, Hay of Shethin, the Cruickshanks of Sittyton, and many others to the production of purebred Shorthorns.

The Captain once kept a pack at a neighboring estate called Allardyce, and hunted in Turiff and Kincardineshire. It was due to this connection that he acquired the habit of signing himself "Barclay Allardyce." It is related that he would often ride forty miles to a meet. He was wont also to go to Leamington, a fashionable English watering place near Warwick, for the hunting season, where he made something of a sensation by appearing at one of the grand balls in his old green coat and black knee-breeches. He was a supporter also of the turf, commonly attending the Epsom Derby.

One of his friends characterized him as "a great eater, a man of fine, simple faith and always in condition." DIXON says that "when he first met HUGH WATSON at a coursing meeting, and seeing that he was a man after his own heart, asked him, as if it was a highly intellectual treat, 'Would you like to see me strip tonight, and feel my muscle?'"

DIXON has also left this picture of the redoubtable Captain:

"At home his own habits were very quiet and simple. He was always ready with his subscription for any good object, and every Monday twenty or thirty people would be waiting for him about the front door after breakfast for their sixpences, of which he carried a supply in his waistcoat pocket. On New Year's Day he had always his friends to dinner, and he sat obscured to the chin behind the round of beef which two men brought in on a trencher. Mr. KINNEAR was the perpetual Vice, and everybody made a speech. The Captain's was quite an oration, or rather a resumé of the year, and concluded with special eulogium on those who 'have died since our last anniversary.' Not infrequently he killed one or two before their time, perhaps more from a little dry humor than by mistake; and then he begged their pardon and said, 'it didn't matter much.' For some time before his death he had suffered slightly from paralysis; but a kick from a pony produced a crisis, and two days after, when they went to awake him on the May morning of '54, he was found dead in bed. He lies in the cemetery of Ury, about a mile from his old home—the trainer of pugilists with the gentle apologist for the Quakers—and his claim to the earldom of Airth and Monteith seemed to die out with him."

Let us hope that in due course of time HUGH WATSON and WILLIAM McCOMBIE will find their proper places in the inner circle of the Club alongside BARCLAY and AMOS CRUICKSHANK. It must be borne in mind that there was a native race of polled cattle in Angus, Aberdeen and contiguous counties long before BARCLAY introduced the Shorthorn. HUGH WATSON of Forfarshire was the man who had done most to develop the doddie type within itself, and his success with the blacks was commensurate with that of the COLLINGS with the Shorthorns. He commenced at Keillor in 1809, and never deserted the type to the date of his death. He was on

TILLYFOUR—THE HOME OF WM. McCOMBIE

terms of close friendship with such congenial spirits in the south as JOHN BOOTH, ANTHONY MAYNARD, WETHERELL and TORR, and is said to have followed closely in his wonderful manipulations of Angus form the methods of those eminent English breeders, including resort, at times, to close inter-breeding. BOOTH'S Bracelet and Charity were Kelllor's beau ideals of beef form, and he directed his operations with the blackskins to the attainment of a similar type.

McCOMBIE was the man who saved the "doddies" from virtual extinction in Aberdeenshire at a time when the Shorthorns were threatening to engulf the indigenous type on its native heath. He began about 1830, and for full fifty years devoted his rare skill and judgment to the improvement of the "bonnie blacks." The story of his triumphs would fill a volume.

I once spent a day at Ballindalloch, that great stronghold of the Angus high up in the valley of the Spey the guest of the late Sir GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT, and the pictures seen that day are mirrored plainly still in memory after the lapse of more than twenty years. The ancient castle with its narrow spiral stairway in the tower, the views of distant hill and wood, the winding river, the pastures leading up to where the purple heather grows, the glossy-coated cattle, Sir GEORGE's brother CAMPBELL in his Highland kilts, MACKENZIE of Dalmore, a fellow-guest to argue with, and the baronet himself for guide!

This was when the Ballindalloch Ericas were to be seen in all the glory of their flesh, finish and rotundity—neat, thick, low, wide and as like as peas in the same pod. Sir GEORGE had attained the very top of the tree as the foremost breeder of Aberdeen-Angus of modern days, and frankly acknowledged that the foundation of his success was laid by the purchase and free use of the bull Trojan, bought from MCCOMBIE in 1865. Thus are the links forged in the chains of all these annals of the breed. The whole splendid story of how the great work of one generation has been carried forward by the next, and the fruit of it all preserved and handed down for the benefit of the farming world, should be held up before the present generation at every opportunity and at any reasonable cost.

Has the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB anything yet to do? Oh! ye who know not the paths of glory in the animal breeding realm, ye who are not conscious of the miracles that have been worked in

BALLINDALLOCH CASTLE

pastures and paddocks on both sides the North Atlantic, familiarize yourselves with the historic places that await you in a thousand beautiful and secluded nooks and corners of this fine old world and answer.

XVI

CREATORS OF PASTORAL WEALTH

There are many instances in live-stock history of "community breeding" carried to extraordinary heights of success. Draw, for instance, circles having radii of say twenty or thirty miles around the cities of Hereford, Darlington and Nogent-le-Rotrou, and you would circumscribe the districts wherein great men lived out their useful lives preparing for the world's everlasting benefit the Hereford cattle, the Shorthorn cattle and the Percheron horse. The case of the Clydesdale and the Ayrshire country, the accomplishments of Aberdeenshire, of the Isles of Jersey and Guernsey, the great contribution by the Netherlands and various other outstanding illustrations, all serve to point alike the moral, and adorn the tale, of how splendid enduring sources of world wealth have been worked out within the boundaries of a restricted area through the persistent co-operation of enthusiastic groups of men bound together by the ties of keen, mutual interest.

If ever an ideal SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB were to come into existence, it would have separate rooms devoted to the exploitation of the origin and development of all the leading breeds that are now such important factors in our national economy. Supposing for a moment we enter what might be called the "Darlington Room." In its center is seen a topographical map. Its dominant feature would be the Valley of the Tees, beginning, say, at Barnard Castle and ending where Middlesbrough bids the peaceful little river farewell as it passes into the bosom of the German Ocean. Far in the north is Durham cathedral's "majestic gothic shade." To the east the vale of Cleveland. In the south Derwent water, Northallerton and the grassy vale of the Swale. And everywhere historic homes and steadings! Wynyard, Wolviston, Acklam, Kirklevington, Sockburn, Brawith, Brandsby, Marton-le-Moor, Studley Royal, Skipton Bridge, Warlaby, Braithwaite, Carperby, Marske, Ravensworth, Barningham, Stanwick, Gainford, Dalton, Aldbrough, Smeaton, Cleasby, Eryholme, Barmpton, Ketton, Chilton! Mark also those ancient and honorable "clearing houses" already mentioned in these tales, the "Black Bull Inn" and the "King's Head" in the streets of Yarm and Darlington—twin capitals of this district of great destiny.

On the walls of this imaginary room are portraits of at least a score of presiding judges of the olden cattle courts, and rare old prints of famous bovine favorites. Mementoes of these breed-makers also find here a fitting resting place, and as the people turn from the International championship battles of today to touch these relics of patron saints, their faith and fast allegiance is indeed renewed. Some day we may see this room, and from it pass on to others wherein we shall find equally impressive mementoes of the birthplaces and creators of other pastoral assets.

Meantime, take as another type of these old field marshals of York and Durham, William Wetherell of the Ogilvie group. Unfortunately we cannot now show you the prints that once hung in his modest home at Aldbrough. Pictures of the Collings, Thomas Booth, Sir Tatton Sykes, Wiley and Barclay of Ury were there; also the portrait of a cow that Booth had sold as a two-year-old and bought back later at beef price, producing three heifers for which Rennie of Phantassie bid 500 guineas unavailingly. Weaver's painting of Comet was also Wetherell's. In the presence of these and other reminders it was easy to draw a wealth of old-time cattle lore from this "Nestor" of the great fraternity that wrought such marvels in this little kingdom of Darlington. Wetherell, in his time, bred four distinct herds. He first caught the divine fire when as a mere boy he gazed with wide-eyed wonder as the bidding went to a thousand

ALDBRO—HOME OF WETHERELL

guineas at Ketton in 1810, and at ROBERT COLLING's sale eight years later he made his maiden purchases. He was active, vigorous, aggressive, persistent and a walking cyclopedia of facts dealing with Shorthorn development. Recognized also as one of the best judges of his time, fond of his friends and ever ready to join in debate, he was a welcome and frequent visitor throughout all the valley and beyond. He combated the old craze for mere size, and preached constitution first, last and all the time as the basis of all success in animal breeding.

WETHERELL was an auctioneer besides being himself a frequent and liberal buyer of top cattle, and no amount of bad luck ever seemed to swerve him from his devotion to the Shorthorn cause. Pleuropneumonia once carried off 24 of his cows in a single season, and the best bull he ever owned developed such a temper that he had to be shot for fear of possible fatalities to the attendants. His faithful herdsman, JOHN WARD, was one of the masters of his profession in a day when showyard and salering generals of the first-class were much in evidence. The final dispersion sale was a memorable occasion. The crowd had been liberally entertained at the "King's Head" the night before, and the proprietor "in a white waistcoat on a pony" personally directed the selling. He spoke feelingly of "auld acquaentance," and a blue bullock-van with "The Cumberland Ox" in six-inch letters on its side, did duty, according to DIXON, "as catalogue and counting house." JOHN CHARGE, then bowed and feeble under the weight of years, was in the throng, and, leaning on the arm of a friend, told of how "nine and forty years before he had joined to buy a leg of Comet," having been one of the four to pay 1,000 guineas for the bull at the Ketton sale. LADY PIGOT, from her brougham, sent in the 300-guinea bid that took Stanley Rose, the highest priced lot of the day.

Another fine type of these wonderful English farmers, although belonging to a somewhat later era, was JONAS WEBB, of Babraham in Cambridgeshire, one of the recognized builders of the beautiful Southdown breed of sheep. You will find his portrait also in the OGILVIE lot. Mr. WEBB was another man of decided originality. It is indeed extraordinary that England should have produced so many big-brained men capable of mapping out independent courses, and following up schemes of breeding, usually along BAKEWELL lines, leading to fame and sometimes fortune. One can readily imagine what zest must have animated those sessions of the long

AT BABRAHAM

ago when these strong-minded, virile personalities came in frequent mental contact.

The creation of the Southdown must be classed as one of the notable achievements of a century phenomenally prolific in great gifts to agriculture. What a Thoroughbred racer is to the road, track and saddle horse stock of the world, so is the Southdown to most of our great modern middle-wooled mutton types of sheep.

JONAS WEBB merits a monument for his work with Southdowns alone. For years his flock was drawn upon by the best breeders of England as well as by royalty. Choice specimens were often sent to leading shows, and the Babraham pens were ever a center of attraction. A particularly fine group was forwarded for exhibition to one of the earlier Paris Universal Expositions, and in connection with this a story is told that proves that JONAS WEBB was quick as well as deep. One day during the Exposition the Emperor, NAPOLEON III, drove through the live-stock section. It was of course a gala day. The carriage, drawn by four white horses richly caparisoned, was halted at the ruler's request in front of the Southdown pens. Mr. WEBB chanced to be on hand. The distinguished visitor after admiring the sheep with every indication of enthusiasm asked to whom they belonged. Like a flash came back the reply, "Yours, your majesty, if you will accept them." The gift was graciously received, and some weeks later there came to Babraham, with the compliments of NAPOLEON III, a magnificent chest of silver, said to this day to be one of the finest in all England.

Although not in the Teeswater district, Mr. WEBB began with Shorthorns in 1858, and bred them with success along paths of his own choice until his death in 1862, at which time his herd numbered about 150 head. At this date it was one of the best large herds in England, and a brilliant future was assured for it had the proprietor lived longer to carry out his plans. When dispersed at prices ranging up to 400 guineas for the bull Lord Chancellor, quite a number were bought for export to Prussia, Austria and Australia. Mr. JONAS WEBB Jr., a grandson of this distinguished breeder, became associated with the late JOHN THORNTON—the successor of STRAFFORD, the great English live-stock auctioneer—and will be pleasantly remembered by many Americans who had the pleasure of meeting him upon the occasion of his visit to the States some years since.

The late Sir WALTER GILBEY of Elsenham Hall, Essex, during his lifetime was made a baronet, on request of the Prince of Wales, by a stroke of Queen VICTORIA's pen, in recognition of distinguished services rendered to British agriculture and horse-breeding. Americans may consider that an even greater honor has come to Sir WALTER dead. A fine copy, by NYHOLM, of Sir W. Q. ORCHARDSON's presentation portrait, adorns our SADDLE AND SIRLOIN walls. At his own sweet will a monarch may make a belted knight. Something more than that is a condition precedent to admission to this our American Academy. The original of this fine portrait was paid for by subscriptions from more than 1,200 different people—a fact that illustrates the subject's wide popularity—and the presentation speech was made by the prince, who was afterwards crowned KING EDWARD VII. This event took place in 1891, at the Royal Agricultural Hall in London, the ceremonies being presided over by the DUKE OF PORTLAND, Master of Horse to the Crown.

Sir WALTER's father was a stage-coach driver on the run from Essex to White Chapel, and the son rose from poverty to enormous wealth. He was ever fond of a good horse, and a great fortune made in trade was freely used in forwarding the cause of agricultural advancement and in promoting interest in the production of Shires, Hackneys, Hunters and ponies. As a boy he was sent out to render some non-military service in the Crimean campaign. It is related that he exchanged his ration of rum with the soldiers for candles to enable him to sit up late at night and play cribbage, of which card game he was very fond. In later years he often told the story of how the first horse he ever owned be bought with money won at this pastime in Crimea. While we may not encourage our own youth to get a start in live stock in this particular fashion, it was at least to young GILBEY'S credit that he traded off the rum instead of drinking it himself. Probably that is one reason why he won at cribbage over those who disposed of their potations with less wisdom. He lived to develop a business as a wine merchant which paid into the royal exchequer taxes aggregating one million pounds sterling annually! So much for his capacity as a business man.

At Elsenham he devoted his great talents and his ample fortune to arousing England to a realizing sense of the importance of maintaining and still further improving the native breeds of horses and ponies. He was at different times President of the Shire Horse Society, the Hackney Horse

Society, the Smithfield Club, the Hunter Improvement Society, the Polo Pony Society, the Shetland Pony Society and the Essex Agricultural Society. It was through his efforts that the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding was created. He was also a Jersey cattle fancier, the herd at Elsenham being accounted one of England's best.

Like most other men who have accomplished things worth while in animal breeding, Sir WALTER was a profound student. He was learned beyond most of his contemporaries in respect to the origin and development of the British types, and was the author of numerous addresses and pamphlets dealing with various aspects of horse breeding in the British islands. Some of these, notably "The Great Horse," and "Thoroughbred and Other Ponies," were published by VINTON & Co. in book form. "The Great Horse" deals largely with the remote ancestry of the English Shire or Cart horse. In fact Sir WALTER is commonly credited with having rescued not only the Shire and the Hackney, but the Hunter from deterioration and decay. He paid $4,300 for the stallion Spark at a time when the Cart horse type was losing favor, and gathered a group of public-spirited men together and put the Shire Horse Stud Book of England upon its feet. In 1894 he bought the Hackney stallion Danegelt, the best horse of his type in all Britain at that date, for $25,000, in order to prevent his sale for export, and put him in service at Elsenham. He got but three seasons' use of that celebrated sire, but always claimed that, notwithstanding that fact, this was one of the best investments he ever made. The Danegelt blood has ever since fairly dominated the Hackney world. Sir WALTER was also the originator of the annual London Cart Horse Parade, one of the most imposing affairs of its kind ever inaugurated. The equipment at Elsenham was one of the most complete in existence, the extensive and well-arranged paddocks, as well as the riding and driving schools, being recognized as among the best in Great Britain.

At one time Sir WALTER erected a lot of model cottages for his tenants. And here one little incident happily illustrates his understanding. He saw to it personally that no washing was to be done in the house. He built the washhouse apart from the cottage, and the ugly coal-hole likewise. Said he: "No man wants to come home to his dinner or his supper and find the place full of steam and soapsuds." Volumes of rural uplift are summed up in that phrase. The world needs more men of the

GILBEY type—men whose sympathies with the agricultural masses take practical turns.

Is it any wonder England became the nursery of so many rare types of improved domestic animals, with the finest minds and greatest fortunes in the kingdom so actively interested in their welfare?

XVII

"THE HERDSMAN OF ABERDEENSHIRE"

As a companion picture to that of CHARLES and ROBERT COLLING there should be a similar canvas portraying AMOS and ANTHONY CRUICKSHANK. You may see the portrait of grim old AMOS hanging there just now alongside THOMAS BATES, whom he in nowise resembled; but I have seen no picture of the brother who really had a large part in the founding and upbuilding of the great Scottish herd that turned England and America topsy-turvy after the BOOTH and BATES manias had finally run their course. AMOS was the resident farm and herd manager, and is generally credited with the conception of most of the plans that yielded such splendid ultimate results; and yet it was ANTHONY's steadfast financial and moral support and active, intelligent co-operation that made possible the fame of that "farthest-north" of all great cattle-breeding farms —Sittyton of Straloch in Aberdeenshire.

Mr. BATES and the BOOTHS and their contemporaries in the Shorthorn ranks had beaten all other breeds of cattle to the goal of a lucrative international fame through their prompt adoption and persistent practice of ROBERT BAKEWELL's methods; but the time at length arrived when their followers

THE BIG STONE STABLE AT LADYKIRK

were not only unhorsed, through an overindulgence in the theory of close breeding, but were brought face to face with the palpable fact that while they were riding their pet hobbies to an inevitable fall, men possessed of penetration like unto that which had worked such wonders in Yorkshire, had been quietly duplicating the triumphs of Kirklevington and Warlaby in other quarters. The TOMKINS, JOHN PRICE of Ryall, the HEWERS, REA and PHILIP TURNER, MONKHOUSE, "the blind breeder of The Stow," ROGERS, TUDOR—the Hereford fathers in brief—were laying the foundation for the future conquest of the western American range in the grassy vale of the Severn. Beyond the Tweed, BARCLAY of Ury, ROBERTSON of Ladykirk, RENNIE of Phantassie, HAY of Shethin, GRANT DUFF of Eden, SYLVESTER CAMPBELL of Kinellar, the elder MARR of Uppermill, the CRUICKSHANKS and their contemporaries had worked out along independent lines the secret of how to profitably produce prime beef in a land where straw and "neeps" and a bit o' cake had to take the place of luxuriant permanent southern pastures in the agricultural economy. And there were others far beyond the hills of Lammermoor who contributed heavily to the cause which finally landed "Prime Scots" at the top of Smithfield market. WM. McCOMBIE of

Tillyfour and HUGH WATSON of Keillor were evolving the "bonnie blackies." In the farming of the Aberdeenshire granite there was no place for cattle that could not pay the rent. They must be a fast-ripening sort, quick to convert the roots and scant herbage of the Northland into thick-cutting beef at earliest possible age. And so, side by side, the builders of the Aberdeen polls and the Aberdeenshire Shorthorns, each pursuing the same end under different flags, gave the world at last the types that have divided with the Herefords the honors that are falling in these latter days to the beef breeds in our Chicago shows and markets.

It is to AMOS and ANTHONY CRUICKSHANK that the Shorthorn breeding world is primarily indebted for the cattle that have enabled them to meet the great invasion of the "doddies" and the Herefords. After the cup of the BOOTHS and of BATES had been drained to the very dregs, when the burly white-faces and the richly-furnished, high-dressing blacks were pressing the colors of the "red, white and roan" to the very wall, it was to the seed obtainable only from good old AMOS CRUICKSHANK that a panic-stricken army of Shorthorn supporters on both sides the sea turned, and found that which saved them from the great enveloping movement of the rival breeds in the early eighties. The silent sage of Sittyton deserves his place upon SADDLE AND SIRLOIN walls.

It was in a little back room in ANTHONY CRUICKSHANK's place of business in the Aberdonian capital that BARCLAY of Ury, GRANT DUFF and a few others of that stamp met to found the Royal Northern Agricultural Society. ANTHONY took to banking and merchandising in the city, but AMOS remained out on the hills. He began in 1837 with bulls from Ury, and until the month of May, 1889, a span of more than fifty years, he was wedded only to his cattle. Antedating TORR, he also outlived the Wizard of Aylesby, reaping in his own lifetime the reward of the good and faithful servant that he was. "The herdsman of Aberdeenshire," the phrase often applied in loving compliment by his contemporaries, meant as much to him in a region that became world-famed for its cattle wisdom, as TORR's title of "the first farmer of England" did to the great tenant farmer of a land more highly favored by nature.

Like the elder BOOTH, the CRUICKSHANKS were omniverous in their quest for foundation stock. They did not think that the future of the breed in their country hinged upon the purchase of any particular animal or animals. If Amos had possessed a clear and fixed opinion at the start as to what was required by his environments as had Bates when he began, possibly their success might have been more immediate. But he was the canny Scot. He would feel his way. He would follow no man's lead. Bates might boast as much as he liked of his week's butter and his Duchess-Princess style, refinement and prepotency. The nobility and gentry of the south might stand in line begging Booth to sell a female or lease a favorite sire. He came from a far country, where the soil was not deep, the rewards of husbandry not lavish, and where the bumps of caution, thrift and conservatism were fully developed. He had little to say, but he did a deal of thinking. And wherever they found a beast that they thought might serve their purpose, they bought it. And so from widely different sources both north and south o' Tweed were purchased the cows, heifers and bulls with which they wrought until around 1860. Among these were such excellent bulls as the Torr-bred Fairfax Royal; Matadore, bred in Lincolnshire and an own brother in blood to Mr. R. A. Alexander's celebrated cow Mazurka; Plantagenet, bred by Towneley and bought from Douglas of Athelstaneford; the pure Booth Buckingham, for which 400 guineas was paid; The Baron, selected by ANTHONY CRUICKSHANK at a sale of TANQUERAY'S; Lord Bathurst; Master Butterfly 2d, son of the 1,200-guinea bull Master Butterfly; Lord Raglan and Lancaster Comet. Prizes galore were won by these bulls and their get, but it was not until the advent of Lancaster Comet that the star of Sittyton began its marked ascendency.

XVIII

WHEN SUCCESS CAME TO SITTYTON

We talk a lot about scientific breeding and the various accepted laws alleged to govern the transmission of individual characteristics. From time immemorial the phrase "Like begets like" has been in a general sense a commonly accepted proposition. There is sometimes added to this expression the words, "or the likeness of some ancestor," and in this latter statement we open wide the door to all sorts of variations from immediate paternal and maternal characteristics. Stock-breeding is by no means the simple mathematical proposition represented by the equation 2+2=4. The whole theory of the paramount efficiency of close breeding grows out of a consideration of this "some ancestor" proposition; the case being summarized in the hypothesis that the more we reduce the number of unrelated forbears, the fewer chances we are taking on a mere leap in the darkness of a multiplicity of varying individualities. The greatest results attained thus far in the establishment of reliably prepotent groups have come through this process of eliminating a large percentage of the unknown factors and substituting a frequent recurrence of identical or homogeneous elements reflecting the desired characteristics.

Prior to 1860 the CRUICKSHANKS were floundering in a sea of uncertainty, in so far as the production of a uniformly good lot of cattle was concerned. Some progress had been made in this direction by adherence in the selection of new material to animals approximating as individuals the type sought, regardless of consanguinity; but the mating of two animals of similar type but of widely variant bloods does not always yield four. On the contrary, the addition may turn out in that case almost anything from 0 to 9. The situation at Sittyton in this respect, after more than twenty years of effort, did not differ materially from that in a thousand other herds of pedigreed cattle where similar methods were being pursued. The cattle were all of regulation herd-book pattern, all qualified for the great work of regenerating the roadside stock of the country, but had not yet reached that point to which all enthusiastic breeders aspire, where the surplus shall be eagerly sought at good values by owners of other purebred herds.

A study of the life-work of AMOS CRUICKSHANK reveals one fact of great importance and significance to the student. His real success did not begin until he did, in a way, what THOMAS BATES had done. He was by no means so sure he was right from the beginning as was the great manipulator of the Duchess-Hubback-Favorite line; but that was temperamental. His admiration for the Lavender (or Lancaster) family in the hands of WILKINSON of Lenton paralleled in a degree Mr. BATES' historic attachment of a generation previous. But mark the difference. BATES was cocksure of his position, and forecast with marvelous accuracy the results he notified the world he was about to achieve. Remember the story of the purchase and use of Belvidere, and then read of CRUICKSHANK halting on the very brink of complete success with the blood which he undoubtedly believed to be the best for his use in the entire kingdom. Fortunately, his love for the Lavenders triumphed over his inborn wariness before it was too late. We come to the turning point of his career, the use of Lancaster Comet.

Our good friend ROBERT BRUCE, formerly of Darlington, but now superintendent of the Royal Irish Show in Dublin, is one of the best-informed men, cattle-wise, now living. I once crossed the Atlantic with him many years ago, and he it was who planned my first itinerary of the British herds of a quarter century ago. He was the intermediary in the final sale of the Sittyton cattle in 1889, and not even WILLIAM DUTHIE, upon whom the mantle of the Aberdonian Caesar finally fell, enjoyed a more intimate or more cordial relationship with Mr. CRUICKSHANK. In the course of certain reminiscences Mr. BRUCE once hit upon the incident that helps to unlock the secret of Sittyton's success. One has to bear in mind Mr. CRUICKSHANK's usual imperturbability to appreciate how deeply he must have been moved upon the occasion to which we will now refer. ROBERT BRUCE relates that in speaking of his first visit to Lenton to inspect Mr. WILKINSON's herd Mr. CRUICKSHANK said: "After seeing the cattle I was so excited that when I tried to write to ANTHONY at night I could not use a pen. I had to write with a pencil." This little incident proves two things: First, the fact that in spite of his habitual self-control, AMOS CRUICKSHANK possessed a latent enthusiasm capable of being thoroughly aroused. It indicates also that there was something in the WILKINSON stock not found in other contemporary herds.

In the autumn of 1858 it was thought desirable to purchase a stock bull for use at Sittyton. A good young red one was desired at that time. Mr. CRUICKSHANK wrote to WILKINSON, inquiring if he could furnish such a bull. He replied that he could not, but recommended old Lancaster Comet

(11663), then in his eighth year, which he offered to sell at a nominal price. After first examining the herds of MARK STEWART, S. E. BOLDEN, RICHARD BOOTH, Col. TOWNELEY and Messrs. DUDDING without success, Mr. CRUICKSHANK wrote to WILKINSON that he might ship Lancaster Comet. He was forwarded to Sittyton in November, 1858. Mr. CRUICKSHANK went to the station to meet the bull, and his first glimpse of "his great head and horns lowering upon him over the side of the truck" caused him to turn away in disappointment. Lancaster Comet had a large head, with horns of great length. They were well enough set onto the head and curved toward the front. They were not very thick nor were they pointed at the tips, being more uniform in thickness from base to point than is ordinarily observed. One sarcastic neighbor, of the type often present upon such occasions, remarked: "If he wanted a Highland bull he might have got one nearer home." Notwithstanding the horns, however, Lancaster Comet was a good bull. He stood near to the ground, had a beautiful coat of hair, a round barrel, straight top and bottom lines, level quarters, nicely filled thighs, carried plenty of flesh and was active on his feet. In size he was about medium. He had been a great favorite with Mr. WILKINSON and

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SITTYTON HOUSE—HOME OF AMOS CRUICKSHANK

was closely bred, being the product of mating a bull called The Queen's Roan to his half-sister, both parents being sired by the good bull Will Honeycomb that had been used for some years by Mr. Wilkinson, and was deemed worthy of illustration in one of the early volumes of Coates' Herd Book.

Lancaster Comet was scarcely as massive as Mr. Cruickshank would have liked and was relegated to the Clyne farm, it is said, "to hide his horns." The following spring he was turned into a pasture along with a lot of cows that had not settled to the bulls by which they had been served. He ran out quite late in the field that fall, and contracted rheumatism so severely that it became necessary to send him to the shambles. About a dozen calves resulted, but all but one were allowed to pass out of the herd in the ordinary course of trade. There was a bull among these, however, that possessed an indefinable something that appealed to the master's hand and eye. He made no boasts and indulged in no prophecies. He just put the youngster one side and carefully noted his development. This calf of destiny was dropped on the 29th of November, 1859. By 1861 he had grown into a bull deemed good enough to be shown at Leeds and Aberdeen, but he was handicapped for age at the former exhibition, and left the ring without a ribbon. This was a Royal competition where the best herdsmen of England had entered their most highly-fitted cattle. At the Royal Northern the young Sittyton entry was apparently not so well thought of by the judges as by his breeder, and he was set down to third place. This was somewhat discouraging, more especially as ANTHONY, who had most to do with the naming of the youngsters, had bestowed upon the lone son of the big-horned old WILKINSON bull the somewhat ponderous title "Champion of England." But the race is not always to those who get away first. Then as now, however, showyard honors were the prime basis of reputation, and reputation is what brings buyers with full pocketbooks. The Aberdeen verdict was, therefore, somewhat disconcerting, and for a time it was questioned whether the unsuccessful candidate should be retained for service or passed along. It was at this critical juncture that AMOS saved the day. He went over young Champion of England carefully, inch by inch, and declared, with characteristic mental reservation, in favor of his tentative reservation and cautious use. The bull was particularly strong on his fore-ribs, developed remarkable feeding quality, and soon began to assume more massive proportions than had been displayed by his sire. He was not so level in his quarters as Lancaster Comet, drooping a bit from the hips to the tail, a fault which he probably inherited from his dam. His calves soon evidenced rare promise. They were robust, thick-fleshed, near to the ground, and possessed a propensity for putting on flesh such as had not been shown by the get of any of his predecessors in service. His owners now resolved to use him freely and not risk impairment of his usefulness by putting him in high condition for the shows. Meantime, the settled policy of testing the best bulls obtainable from contemporary stock was not abandoned.

The Booth-bred Windsor Augustus and Prince Alfred, the great show bull Forth, called "the grandest Shorthorn of his time," Lord Privy Seal, Baron Killerby, Rob Roy, Count Robert, Knight of the Whistle, and other bulls of high repute were introduced into the now extensive herd while the Champion of England's get were coming on. And when they began to mature, the Cruickshanks knew their long quest for the best stock bull in Great Britain had been ended by poor old crippled Lancaster Comet. The Champion of England's calves came up to the mark which had for so long eluded these determined, enterprising men. A fortune had been spent on bulls, and lo! they were nursing unawares a calf from a plainish mother that had been left by the inbred WILKINSON sire on their own farm. One after another of the sons and daughters of this the greatest stock bull Scotland has ever known, grew up into cattle of the real rent-paying sort. Pages might be filled with the names, pedigrees and performances of his descendants in the showyards and breeding-pens of Britain and America, but space will not here permit. Such cows as Village Belle, Village Rose, Princess Royal, Morning Star, British Queen, Carmine Rose, Silvery, Mimulus, Surmise, Circassia, Violante, Finella and Victorine would alone suffice to make the reputation of the most ambitious breeder. Not only were these and other of the best of the Champion's heifers retained for breeding purposes, but his bulls were given a trial along with sires obtained from other herds.

A long and costly experience had by this time impressed the uncertainties attending the introduction into a mixed-bred herd of bulls, no matter how satisfactory their individuality, of widely divergent bloodlines, and although it was contrary to their predilections the CRUICKSHANKS were so satisfied with the hair and flesh and feeding quality of

Champion of England's stock that they determined to begin a policy of concentration. This they did through the use of such bulls as Grand Monarque, Scotland's Pride, Pride of the Isles, Caesar Augustus, Royal Duke of Gloster, Roan Gauntlet, Barmpton and Cumberland.

There is not in Shorthorn history a record of greater success attained in the production of valuable cattle for practical farm and feedlot purposes than that which attended the breeding operations at Sittyton after the practice of using these home-bred bulls was adopted. The herd began at once to take on a uniformity in essential points which it had not hitherto possessed, and the further the concentration of blood was carried—up to a certain point—the better the results. The fruit of Mr. CRUICKSHANK's appeal to the practice of inbreeding was the establishment of a well-fixed type of short-legged, broad-ribbed, thick-fleshed cattle feeding to satisfactory weights at an early age; and the same concentration of blood that served to fix these desirable characteristics insured the prepotency of the stock for reproductive purposes. The herd became the fountain head of Shorthorn breeding in the north. The Sittyton bulls became the standard sires of Scotland. The value of the service the

Messrs. CRUICKSHANK had rendered was now universally conceded in their native land, and leading American breeders gladly availed themselves of the privilege of selecting stock bulls from this premier Aberdeenshire herd.

And so extensively was the blood of Champion of England doubled, redoubled and doubled yet again throughout all the years down to 1890, and so universal was the use of the CRUICKSHANK bulls for the twenty years following, that the bull which the Leeds Royal judges of 1861 did not see at all, lived to become quite the modern regenerator of his race; England herself, following America's lead, finally falling into line in the patronage of the Aberdeenshire herd when WILLIAM TAIT leased the great Field Marshal for service in the herd of Her Majesty the late QUEEN VICTORIA, at Windsor.

Mr. CRUICKSHANK'S agent for the distribution of young bulls and heifers in America for many years was the late JAMES I. DAVIDSON of Balsam, Ont.; but the man who did most to hasten the replacement of the long-suffering BATES-bred bulls on this side the water by the fleshier, quicker-feeding Sittyton sorts was the late Senator W. A. HARRIS; but that is another story.

THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

BARONIAL HALL, SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

XIX

A BARONIAL HALL

The Club had not been long in operation before it became apparent that the original café was wholly inadequate to accommodate the distinguished guests that thronged the Club rooms during show week, and to provide for this, plans for what has since come to be known as "the baronial hall" were developed. The opening of the International was near at hand, and it was regarded as doubtful if the work could be expedited sufficiently to have the room in readiness at the appointed hour; but a few grains of the "I will" spirit injected into the proposition insured prompt and satisfying results. Carpenters and joiners were set to work. Great hewn timbers were quickly fashioned, and placed in position to support the lofty Gothic pointed roof of an old baronial hall. Plasterers, electricians and decorators made short shrift of a transformation scene remarkable for its success and effectiveness, and when the International's gates were thrown open to the public that year, the apparently impossible had been accomplished.

In this hall now hang many portraits. So many, in fact, that we may not here attempt to tell the stories that center around each one. Rest assured that history and romance did not end with the days of mail-clad warriors. There is material here for books and books detailing splendid work in the foundation and upbuilding of our western states. We may call the massive frames upon the Sanctum Sanctorum walls the "seats of the mighty." It is there that we bow down more especially to the creative genius of a glorious past. We know those deities by their works and gladly render them our homage. When we come into the baronial hall, however, we stand in the presence of a later generation. A few there are who had performed their service to the state and to their fellowmen before my day, but a large majority of these public-spirited men were at one time very near and dear to me. In my youth, in the sombre days when help to me meant everything, these men were kind and generous. When but a mere student of the mysteries of which they were masters, trying to fit myself to serve them, I had ever a welcome warm and cordial at their firesides. They were among the great men of the American cattle trade, men of wealth or brains or both, and wisdom abode with them. I grew up among these men, a few of whom are still honored members of the communities in which they reside, but with these exceptions they have passed from earthly scenes. Would that I had the time to tell, and the reader the patience to listen to, the stories of each and every one!

The mere names of such men as Capt. JAMES N. BROWN, Col. JAMES W. JUDY, Hon. LAFAYETTE FUNK, J. H. PICKRELL, Col. W. A. HARRIS, RICHARD GIBSON, N. P. CLARKE, HENRY F. BROWN, EMORY COBB, JOHN D. GILLETT, GEORGE HARDING, FRANK PRATHER, CHARLES E. LEONARD, LEWIS F. ALLEN, BEN F. VANMETER and S. F. LOCKRIDGE may mean but little to the average passer-by, but a story goes with each that would start ambition's glow in almost any young man's breast.

Once there was a great show of splendid animals established in the historic Exposition Building that stood where the Art Institute of Chicago now houses a different, and in some respects a less valuable, class of exhibits. The home of the original American Fat Stock Show disappeared before the city's growth. An exhibition that had registered a complete and in every way desirable economic revolution in cattle production in the United States was driven upon the streets. It had been nurtured, managed and kept alive largely by the self-sacrificing labor of these baronial hall veterans and their contemporaries of the Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus faiths, with LAFAYETTE FUNK usually at their head. But fate had decreed the old show's demise. First it was allowed to drift into the street-car barns at Washington Boulevard and Western Avenue. A determined few, however, insisted that so great a boon to the west was worth saving—someway, somehow; and so, when it was all but abandoned to its fate, it was my own good fortune to seek and obtain permission to invite the exhibitors the succeeding year to send their beautifully fitted bullocks to the old sheds of Dexter Park, at the Union Stock Yards. However, the obsequies were not very well attended, and the once great show perished from lack of that support to which it had every moral and financial claim. But upon its ruins there has since been builded that of which we are all exceedingly proud.

I am sorely tempted here to talk of Col. JUDY, and his convincing oratory on the auction block; of HENRY PICKRELL and Baron Booth of Lancaster; of BEN VANMETER, the Young Marys and the Roses of Sharon; of N. P. CLARKE's splendid contribution to northwestern Shorthorn, Galloway and Clydesdale wealth; of "CHARLIE" LEONARD's financing of the Herd Book purchase from LEWIS F. ALLEN; of "SIM" LOCKRIDGE and all he has done for Indiana and the west; of the PRATHERS and GILLETT; but when should I ever finish?

Whenever you dine in, or wander through this high-roofed hall and note the portraits here displayed, remember simply this: each and every man helped to scatter far and wide the gospel of good farming, better breeding, the salvation and re-creation of the soil through animal husbandry as an absolutely essential phase of American agriculture. And here again, as in the "inner shrine," we may say they are but types. Hundreds like them have lived and labored along similar lines to the permanent betterment of the states of their birth or their adoption, and their portraits ought to be here. There seems nothing to do in the face of this embarrassment of riches but to submit typical recitals of things done by a few of those who dwell in spirit within these precincts, and from the sketches now to follow let SADDLE AND SIRLOIN visitors judge as to what the collection as a whole must represent in American agricultural progress.

I have spoken of there being portraits here of men who had finished their work before my time. We will, therefore, first endeavor to outline the career of a pioneer who did for Illinois what CHARLES E. LEONARD's father did for the state of Missouri. We will then speak of two of those who at a later date were important figures in proceedings that left their impress deep upon the agriculture of two continents. After hearing of Capt. James N. Brown, Col. W. A. Harris and Richard Gibson, an application of the doctrine ex pede Herculem may enable one to form some idea of the wealth of high accomplishment with which this Valhallan hall is filled.

GROVE PARK IN NOVEMBER—HOME OF CAPT. JAMES N. BROWN

XX

BEGINNINGS OF ILLINOIS CATTLE-BREEDING

Illustrative of the pioneer type—men who helped make these middle western states, and who left a great impress for good upon our cornbelt agriculture, as well as sons to carry forward their beneficent plans—I can conceive of no better case than that afforded by Capt. JAMES N. BROWN of Grove Park, Sangamon Co., Ill. What is said to be a very good likeness of this contemporary and friend of ABRAHAM LINCOLN hangs in the baronial hall.

Amidst scenes famous the world over for their pastoral beauty, JAMES N. BROWN was born in Fayette Co., Ky., Oct. 1, 1806. In the green pastures and by the still waters of this central Kentucky home he early imbibed that love for good cattle, good horses, good sheep, good blue grass, good cornfields and good farming that was to prove of so much value to the newer west in the years that followed. He was educated in the common schools of Kentucky, finishing at Transylvania University at Lexington. While he followed his father to Illinois in 1834 at the age of 28, it appears from a copy of the Lexington (Kentucky) "Observer and Reporter," printed Sept. 16, 1835, containing among other interesting news matter of the period an account of a fair held a short time previous—that the young man was awarded first prize for his two-year-old Shorthorn heifer Helen Eyre, in competition with some of the most eminent cattle breeders of the day. He had obtained his first Shorthorns from his uncle, Capt. WARFIELD, and surely he could not have made a better beginning, for the names of BENJAMIN, ELISHA and WILLIAM WARFIELD will be forever famous in the annals of Kentucky agriculture. He had seen enough of the broad-backed, deep-ribbed, thick-fleshed and heavy-milking cows in the woodland pastures of his native state to realize that stock of that description would necessarily prove a valuable asset in the subduing of the prairies of the west, and he determined to advance the flag that had already been successfully carried from Virginia to Kentucky still farther into the interior; and so the "red, white and roan" came by his hand into the land called Illinois.

Whatever may have been the achievements of Capt. BROWN in his other relations of life, the most enduring basis of his fame in the records of his adopted state will be found to rest upon the fact that he was the first to recognize the fact that the best way to get the most profit out of good grass and good corn, without robbing the land of its fertility, was to stock it with good cattle. He was, therefore, our first great advocate and apostle of conservation. And when he departed this life, in 1868, he left behind not a run-down, worn-out, ready-to-be-abandoned farm that had been worked as a mine and stripped of all its native treasures, but the three thousand acres of blue-grass pasture known as Grove Park, tenanted by well-bred animals, with every acre richer than when it came into his possession!

Full details as to his earliest operations in pure-bred live stock are unfortunately wanting. All we know is that he was the first to bring the Shorthorns from the blue grass of Kentucky into central Illinois, and that as fast as the early settlers were able to avail themselves of the benefit of his example, they profited by it. They came to him from far and near, and went away convinced that he had shown the way to be pursued. As fast as they were able they bought the seed that was to blossom into the harvest that lies today at the bottom of many central Illinois fortunes.

In the early fifties he made a journey to Ohio, and brought back the noted bull Young Whittington, that had been imported from England by the Sciota

Valley Company in 1852, and about the same date, in partnership with his brother Judge WILLIAM BROWN of Jacksonville, bought a number of valuable cattle from leading Kentucky breeders. Meantime, he had been elected to the state legislature in 1840, 1842, 1846 and 1853, serving in that body as a colleague of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. During this service he introduced and secured the passage of a bill creating a State Board of Agriculture, and was elected its first president. At the first exhibition, held at Springfield in 1853, he was met in competition by HENRY JACOBY, STEPHEN DUNLAP and G. M. CHAMBERS of Sangamon, and others who by this time had become interested in the introduction of good blood into the state. Upon that historic occasion Capt. BROWN carried away six prizes—the beginning of a long, successful and always honorable career as an exhibitor at this show. The following year he returned to the fray at Springfield, and in 1855 made his way to Chicago to meet old and new antagonists. At Alton, in 1856, he broke a lance for the first time with JAMES M. HILL of Cass County, a man destined to prove from that time forward a foeman worthy of his steel. On Sept. 11, 1856, a public sale of Shorthorns was held at Grove Park, the top price paid being $715 for the six-year-old cow May Dacre, descended from the

SANDERS importation of 1817. Other good specimens brought from $400 to $600.

By this time, thanks largely to Capt. BROWN's persistent enthusiasm, interest in the work of live-stock improvement was spreading rapidly, and in 1857 he helped to organize the Illinois Importing Company, formed for the purpose of bringing out fresh blood from the fountain-head in Great Britain. Dr. H. C. JOHN of Decatur, HENRY JACOBY of Springfield and Capt. BROWN were selected as a committee to carry the purpose into effect. Of the weary weeks of travel by land and sea at that date it is scarcely necessary to speak. Money was freely risked and time and comfort sacrificed in a supreme effort to place Illinois in the front rank of this essential branch of husbandry. The herds of England and Scotland were seen, selections made, shipment arranged for, and the commissioners returned. Weeks elapsed with no tidings of the good ship "Georgia" that carried the precious cargo, and it was only when fears were bordering upon despair that she was finally reported safe at anchor at Philadelphia, sixty days out from Liverpool, with several valuable cattle and a fine Thoroughbred mare lost at sea. The shipment included, besides cattle, a choice selection of Southdown and Cotswold sheep and Berkshire swine, and Capt. **Brown** afterwards became a successful breeder of these as well as of high-bred horses of the roadster type.

In accordance with the practice established by various companies of similar character in Ohio and Kentucky, the imported animals were sold at auction soon after their arrival, and the success of the sale was largely due to the vigor and confidence with which values were supported by Capt. **Brown**. He realized that at this crucial period in the introduction of the breed into the prairie states those who were most actively espousing the cause of live-stock improvement as a means to a prosperous agriculture must show their own faith by their works. He knew the advertising value of good prices. He knew that **Lewis Sanders** had ordered out the great importation of 1817 by reading an account in an English paper of the sale of **Charles Collings'** famous bull Comet for one thousand guineas, his reasoning being that if such a public valuation were possible, it indicated a degree of merit in the breed that rendered such animals an essential element in the proper advancement of American farming. And so we find Capt. **Brown**, at the great sale of the Illinois Importing Company of 1857, taking out the choicest animal of the entire offering, the two-year-old heifer

Rachael 2d, against the bids of a syndicate of central Illinois breeders, at the then very large price of $3,025. This was the second highest price ever paid up to that date for a Shorthorn female in North America. The sale was a great success, 27 head bringing $31,455, an average of $1,165. HENRY JACOBY and Capt. BROWN jointly acquired the bull King Alfred at $1,300. The heifer Western Lady also went to Grove Park at $1,325, and became the ancestress of a very valuable family of cattle.

It is of interest to note that this great importation included the first specimens of the afterwards famous Aberdeenshire type of cattle ever brought into the state—four head from the then comparatively unknown, but subsequently world-renowned, herd of AMOS CRUICKSHANK.

During the years that followed, the Grove Park Shorthorns gained a national reputation. A constant competitor at the State Fair, and a regular exhibitor at the County Show of his own beloved Sangamon, Capt. BROWN's entries were always presented in the pink of condition, and in the famous showyard battles of the ensuing twenty years with PICKRELL, SPEARS, DUNCAN, HILL, SODOWSKY, TAYLOR, and all the invading hosts from other states, there was never a time when his exhibits failed to evoke admiration and gain judicial recognition. To undertake to set forth the names and breeding of the Grove Park showyard celebrities would be to place an unwarranted tax upon your time and patience. One needs but to mention the names of Grace Young, Illustrious and Tycoon to conjure in the minds of the old-time fair-goers almost all that heart could wish in the line of bovine beauty and perfection. From 1856 to 1867 inclusive, for eleven years in succession, the grand herd prize at the Illinois State Fair was won by Capt. BROWN's cattle. At one of the great St. Louis fairs, after ROBERT A. ALEXANDER's imported Duke of Airdrie had won a special one-thousand-dollar prize, the regular championship of the show was awarded to Capt. BROWN's imported King Alfred.

No man can calculate the money value to Illinois and other western states of the example set by JAMES N. BROWN as a farmer and cattle-breeder. He not only won fame for his fine cattle, but as early as 1856 Grove Park was awarded the prize offered by the Illinois State Board of Agriculture for the best arranged and most economically conducted grazing farm in the state. He was a great lover of trees, and his black locust groves and lines of black walnut called forth the admiration of all visitors. He was also awarded a prize for a valuable treatise on raising and feeding cattle on the prairies of Illinois. This will be found on page 372 in volume 2 of the Transactions of the Illinois Agricultural Society.

Capt. Brown was the foremost advocate of the value of blue grass in this state. He always claimed that one hundred acres of it were equal in value to sixty-six and two-thirds acres of corn, in the rearing and management of live stock. Would that his voice could be raised today by way of protest against the wholesale destruction of pastures that has attended the grain-growing craze of recent years in our leading agricultural states!

During the later years of his life the three sons, William, Charles and Benjamin, were in partnership with their father in the management of the estate, and under the firm name of James N. Brown's Sons they continued the breeding and feeding operations with profit to themselves and the live-stock interests of the west, a marked instance of their influence for good being their insistence, at the foundation of the Chicago Fat Stock Show late in the seventies, that the big four and five year-old bullocks then so popular were really unprofitable and should not be encouraged. Capt. Brown had always insisted that early maturity was the keynote of success in meat-making, and his sons succeeded in inducing the State Board of Agriculture to include in the prize list for the initial show a class for yearlings and calves. This they followed up by winning first prize on a yearling steer weighing 1,400 pounds. They thus pioneered a proposition that has revolutionized the American cattle trade.

Adjacent to Grove Park is a hallowed spot called "Woodwreath." There the blue grass he so fondly loved runs riot perennially around the grave of JAMES N. BROWN. The state of Illinois is the better for his having lived.

ROMANELLI'S BRONZE BUST OF THE LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM A. HARRIS. ERECTED ON THE CAMPUS OF THE KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT MANHATTAN.

XXI

"SET YE UP A STANDARD IN THE LAND"

The Club's portrait of the late Senator HARRIS—Col. WILLIAM A. HARRIS of Linwood—is far from satisfying. ROMANELLI'S bust, a replica of which may be seen in ROBERT OGILVIE'S office on Exchange Avenue, reveals vastly more of the real character of the man who was apparently raised up by destiny to overthrow the broad walls of a bovine Babylon and set a great industry once more in the paths of rectitude.

He was my friend. Possibly I should stop at that. So far as I myself am concerned, volumes could add nothing to those four words. There were others, many others, who have felt the charm of his wonderful personality—who also loved him. Possibly few of these knew him as I was privileged to know him—knew all that I knew; but many surely caught a glimpse at intervals of the spirit that dwelt within. Perhaps I may express in some degree the sense of loss they feel, as they wait in vain for him to take his accustomed place; but my own must remain unspoken forever. He knew what I thought. I never told him, nor had any need to tell him. This is the story of how he leaped into leadership almost overnight.

Upon another wall you will find a picture of that pugnacious old pioneer, LEWIS F. ALLEN—the GEORGE COATES of America—the man who first collected and published the pedigrees of our "Durhams," and indeed this was no light task. Weary were the journeys and long were the quests that preceded the appearance of the initial volume of the American Herd Book in 1854. It represented, as have all similar efforts, before and since, the assembling of the best possible information available concerning animals and breeding operations of which but fragmentary records had been preserved. Conducted as a private enterprise, the Herd Book, small and wholly profitless for years, finally became a valuable property, and the subject of long negotiations and bitter exchanges between the founder and those who in later years perforce became his patrons. It might be noted here in passing, that a struggling young lawyer in Buffalo, N. Y., named GROVER CLEVELAND, a nephew of Mr. ALLEN'S, once found employment in checking the pedigrees of cattle forwarded for entry in this Herd Book.

Breeders generally favored taking over the record from Mr. ALLEN after it had become an important public institution; but the old man, stiff-necked always, gave them no encouragement. Then they began to pick flaws in his earlier work, and at length openly revolted against what they denounced as his unbearable tyranny. Under the leadership of Judge T. C. JONES, who was quite as belligerent and forcible a character in his day as Mr. ALLEN, the Ohio breeders established a pedigree record of their own. Kentucky went still further, and under the powerful patronage of ROBERT A. ALEXANDER developed the American Shorthorn Record Association, with a membership distributed all through the Upper Mississippi Valley States, and began the publication of a register which subsequently proved to be the lever necessary for prying Mr. ALLEN off his high Herd Book horse. But that is another story.

In March, 1882, a regular meeting of this new Kentucky organization was being held at Lexington. "The Breeder's Gazette" had just been established, and I was sent to report the proceedings. There I met for the first time Col. WILLIAM A. HARRIS, then of Lawrence, Kans., a Director in the Record Association. Among his Kentucky friends and admirers he was at his best. Born at Luray, Va., the son of a former member of Congress and one-time Minister of the United States to Rio Janiero, HARRIS was a student at the historic Virginia Military Institute at the outbreak of the Civil War, a pupil of the professor so swiftly to rise to fame as Gen. "STONEWALL" JACKSON. The senior HARRIS was opposed, as were so many other Virginians of that fateful period, to secession; but when the Old Dominion decided to "go out," his son was one of the first to respond to the call of his beloved native state. Proof of his rare gifts were not of slow development. His splendid mental and physical endowments marked him early as a born leader of men, and by the time Gettysburg was reached he was Chief of Ordnance of a Division in LONGSTREET'S corps in the Army of Virginia under ROBERT E. LEE. In later years a study of LEE'S characteristics led me to discover many points of resemblance between the idol of the Confederacy and Col. WILLIAM A. HARRIS. After Gettysburg the young officer went home on furlough, and with prophetic vision declared that the war was over. The beginning of the end, he could clearly see, had been reached upon that bloody battlefield. The war left the HARRIS fortune a wreck, and the young engineer went out into the great new west to seek his fortune. Employed in locating the Kansas Pacific R. R. line from Kansas City to Denver—now a part of the Union Pacific—Col. HARRIS, with his inborn love of country life and well-bred animals, was impressed one day by the beauty and obvious fertility of a tract of land converging near the survey for the line as it skirted the north bank of the Kansas River some 25 miles west of Kansas City. He took out his notebook and made a memorandum as to its location. Months passed. The rails were going down and trains were put in service. A capable man was wanted to take charge of the sale of the railway's land holdings that were a part of the Government's subsidy to the builders of the road. Harris was chosen and went to the beautiful little city of Lawrence to make his home and headquarters. The entry in his notebook had not been forgotten. The tract of land—afterwards to acquire fame under his control—was purchased, and as rapidly as funds could be spared for the purpose, purebred Shorthorns were accumulated and put upon what Coburn always fondly called "the sunny slopes of Linwood."

Several busy years then supervened, and the first great campaign for settling up the dry lands of west Kansas was inaugurated. For awhile Harris handled it; but as the criminal character, from his standpoint, of the proceeding of enticing "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers" away from comfortable homes farther east, and luring them out to their inevitable ruin, became more and more manifest, his conscience asserted itself and a lucrative position with exceptional opportunities for enriching himself at the expense of innocent and trusting immigrants was voluntarily abandoned. For a considerable time he continued to maintain his Lawrence office. The Government gave him charge of the closing out of the Delaware Indian Reservation lands. Needless to say, no tainted penny ever found its way into his none-too-comfortable personal bank account during his incumbency of that office. Meantime, he was preparing Linwood Farm for his own home, with his heart set upon cattle-breeding as a vocation worthy of any man, and particularly demanded in the midst of a new and but partially developed agriculture in a land specially blessed by nature. He was just entering upon this fruitful period of his career when I had the great good fortune to meet him that day in March at the Blue Grass capital in 1882.

In his room at the old Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, after the adjournment of the Record meeting, I told him that I intended making a tour of the leading Kentucky herds before returning to Chicago. He replied that he was just then looking for a new bull to put in service at Linwood, and was to begin his search on the following day, proposing that we make the rounds of the larger establishments together. I had been strongly attracted to him from the first, and of course gladly assented to his proposition. That was the commencement of as firmly rooted an attachment as could well exist between men. Together we tramped about those wonderful woodland pastures by day, and together we roomed at night. The evenings passed all too quickly around a roaring, open fire with gracious hosts and charming hostesses, and when we would retire to our room for the night we would compare notes and exchange ideas as to the merits or faults of what had been seen in the fields and boxes. Horses and dogs came into the discussion, but Shorthorns—always Shorthorns. Grasses, orchards, homes, stone walls, roads and gardens, the whole life of the people in that American Yorkshire, in fact, all came in for a share of consideration, and presently the glow of a great enthusiasm in reference to all those things took full possession of my youthful spirit. Some faint reflections of that first great wave of interest in the better things that go with country living still possess my soul, but the primal inspiration came with all-compelling force under the tutelage of this great Virginian. We were in the land of my fathers.

Born and reared on the Iowa prairies, this was my first introduction to the "old Kentucky home," where early in the nineteenth century a grandmother of saintly memory had become the bride of one of the pioneers that crossed the Blue Ridge to begin life in the valley of Kentucky.

One night we had been the guests of the late Mr. A. L. HAMILTON, whose wife was a daughter of one of the makers of Kentucky cattle history—BEN F. VANMETER. What memories are indeed recalled by the mention of that name! Col. HARRIS, like practically all other western breeders of that period, had stocked up with BATES-crossed cattle. Unlike many of his contemporaries, however, I soon discovered that he was not merely in quest of that which might fairly be expected to prove immediately profitable. Others were buying and selling very largely at that time on the strength of the reputation of the ancestors of the cattle they were handling, rather than upon the real excellence of the animals themselves for practical farm and feedlot purposes. And this easy course seemed a royal road to success. "Buy a Barrington for $3,500, because some other fancier looking for the BATES blood will come along and give you as much, perhaps more, for the first calf." That was the recognized basis of values, but HARRIS did not approve of it. Moveover, he did not hesitate to say so, even in the very hotbed of that propaganda. Upon "ARCHIE" HAMILTON'S library table there chanced to lie a copy of a pamphlet entitled "Catalogue of Shorthorn Cattle, the property of the Messrs. CRUICKSHANK, Sittyton, Aberdeenshire, Scotland." During some lull in the conversation Col. HARRIS arose and walked about the room. He chanced to pass the table, and with a slight show of interest noticed this foreign-looking catalogue, and picked it up. Turning to me he asked: "Have you ever seen any of these Aberdeenshire cattle?" I knew instantly what was passing in his mind. He had not yet found a bull in the herds we had examined that met his ideas of what was needed to enable the Shorthorn to compete with the Hereford on Kansas grass and corn. He had admired many of the cows and heifers we had seen. The heifers by the 20th Duke of Airdrie in particular I remember attracted us by their uniformity and finish, but as yet no bull had been found that was short enough on the leg, deep enough through the chest, low enough in twist and flank, and we had almost finished our tour.

Bound to these genial Kentuckians by ties of blood, kindred spirit with them in all that is meant by residence south of Mason and Dixon's line, flattered by them, honored by them, how natural for the Colonel to work hand in glove with them in this cattle business, as most other men with southern connections had done, and, in fact, were still doing, in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. They could not understand why they had been unable to sell him a bull. Had they not offered him their bluest blood, and at special prices? Even then they were shrewd enough to discern in this gracious but determined man a character to be reckoned with. But he was about to go home, as the auctioneers say, "bull-less" in spite of their best endeavors.

"Yes," I replied to the query about the Scotch-bred cattle, "I have seen a few of them, but you know they are not numerous. You know what the imported Duke of Richmond has done for J. H. Potts & Son; and an old Scotchman, Robert Milne, near Lockport, Ill., has had the blood for a long time." The next question was, "What do you think of them?" My answer was that they were much thicker-fleshed than the cattle we had seen in Kentucky, standing nearer to the ground, and that the get of the few Aberdeenshire bulls in the country were beginning to win most of the prizes at our northern fairs; but I hastened to add, "they are not looked upon with favor by leading breeders, because they say that these cattle, while good beef animals, are too plainly-bred to be introduced into first-class herds."

Sounds funny now, doesn't it, in the light of all that has since transpired? but it was a truthful answer then. At that moment our host re-entered the room, and the Sittyton catalogue, with all that it meant at that hour to the future of the breed in England and America, was for the time being dismissed altogether from our minds. At length our delightful pilgrimage had reached its termination. Although Col. HARRIS was at this time my senior by many years, we were both at the threshold alike as students of the existing situation in respect to pedigree cattle-breeding. This chance meeting had revealed to my mind a new viewpoint. It had not up to this time occurred to me that the headlong BATES-ward drift in the Shorthorn trade could or would be checked. I took it for granted at that time that "whatever was" in the Shorthorn world at that date "was right." It was Col. HARRIS' insistent reiteration of the absolute necessity for cattle of greater constitution and feeding capacity and his absolute refusal of the BATES bait so alluringly set before him in Kentucky, together with his evident determination to try and find something better adapted to Kansas needs, that opened up to my mind for the first time a vision of a way out from the thralldom which was slowly but surely relegating the Shorthorn of song and story to the bovine scrapheap, so far as the needs of ordinary farmers and feeders were concerned. The mere traffic in pedigrees was having its inevitable result. Commercialism had completely displaced constructive breeding. The old excellence was dying hard, however. Such a cow as old imported Lally 8th by 7th Duke of York in the HAMILTON herd was a great Shorthorn in any age, and she was not alone. Still the bulls that were up to standard were few and far between, and so when this great man of whom I write left Kentucky in the early spring of three and thirty years ago for his Kansas home, a new era in the world's Shorthorn cattle-breeding had been unconsciously ushered in. His parting words were: "If you can locate any good young cattle of this CRUICKSHANK blood for sale, wire me at once."

In an earlier sketch I have alluded to various debts, agriculturally speaking, we owe to our neighbors of the north. Canada was now to become the source of the blood that was about to revolutionize the fortunes of our most widely disseminated breed. James I. Davidson, whose portrait you will enjoy studying when you find it upon the Saddle and Sirloin walls, an old friend of Amos Cruickshank, had been for some time past bringing out small selections of young bulls and a few heifers from the Sittyton surplus. Aside from the celebrated Hillhurst and Bow Park establishments, the Bates cult had never attained as much headway in Canada as in England and the "States." Ontario is a western Scotland. Scotch names, Scotch thrift, Scotch thoroughness in tillage and Scotch insistence on practically useful animal types are much in evidence. Toronto is its Aberdeen. There its farming and stock-breeding activities center. There is held an agricultural show not excelled, if equaled, in many respects, elsewhere on the continent. There, as we have already said, our own "International" was first conceived.

These good Ontario farmers had for a long time quietly absorbed such importations as were made from Aberdeenshire. Such men as John Dryden and the Millers were alive to the value of the North Country rent-paying sort; but until Col. William A. Harris arrived upon the scene in the western states, the introduction of the type had not been pressed with any vigor or with any particular success. POTTS and a few showmen here and there were breeding from Aberdeenshire antecedents, but had not succeeded specially, as GEORGE ADE would say, in "breaking into polite society" with their low-headed, compactly-fashioned, beefy favorites, many of which had plain horns and "dumpy" quarters. They were "plebeian" by birth, and the bulls could not see over a fence! They had big middles, that was true, but they were bad at both ends! Moreover, they would not milk! They were all right for a plodding farmer perhaps, but as ornaments to a gentleman's park or pasture not to be seriously considered. Such were some of the comments of the entrenched powers of that time. The large holders of the BATES blood looked upon them with undisguised contempt, or at least so pretended. Down in their hearts many of them realized that the fine cattle they had received at the hands of the preceding generation had not been fairly or judiciously handled. They had indeed sown the wind, and were now about to reap the tornado invited by their own indifference, and in due course it came from Kansas.

Among those who had protested earnestly against the rapidly accelerating loss of stamina and practical utility in our western cattle, due to excessively incestuous and illy-considered close breeding, was James H. Kissinger of Clarksville, Mo.; and, by the way, where is his portrait? As yet, echo only answers, "where!" He had once been in partnership with the late J. H. Pickrell of Harristown, Ill. —whose picture we are glad to say is in the Club collection—and together these two broad-gauged, old-time cattlemen had brought into Illinois, Iowa and Missouri some of the best Shorthorns yet produced. Kissinger had already been in close touch with "Uncle Jimmy" Davidson, and was buying Aberdeenshire cattle from him. Shortly after my return from Lexington with a virtual commission from Col. Harris, I was advised that Kissinger proposed offering a few recently imported Cruickshank cattle which he had just brought in from Davidson's. This information I promptly put in possession of the laird of Linwood. The sale date was announced, and Harris was early on the ground. He was outspoken in his praise of these blocky, sturdy-looking imported cattle, declaring them to be in his opinion exactly what was needed to correct the growing tendency toward lightness of flesh, and loss of feeding quality, in cornbelt cattle stocks. He was already looked up to by many of the most practical cattle-growers in the splendid blue-grass country of which Kansas City is the capital, and those who had not large sums already invested in the prevailing popular type were more than ready to range themselves under his progressive and virile leadership.

Before the KISSINGER sale was opened, HARRIS had seen and admired a young red bull of the CRUICKSHANK blood which had been retained by the seller for his own use. He was the type that had been sought, but not found, during the Kentucky quest. Approached in the forenoon of the day of sale upon the subject of parting with this good yearling, KISSINGER at first declined to consider selling him; but wisely enough he finally decided that here was a chance to interest and identify with the slowly-moving cause in which he was so deeply concerned, a man who was certain to have many followers, and he agreed to let the bull go into the ring, provided the COLONEL on his part would undertake to see that the youngster made not less than $1,000. The bull was Baron Victor. He went to Linwood at $1,100, and within three years had turned the Shorthorn business of the Kansas City territory upside down. Along with him from this same sale went the three thick imported heifers, Violet's Bud, Victoria 63d and Victoria 69th.

XXII

THE SUNNY SLOPES OF LINWOOD

The bull lots at Linwood were ideal—woodland richly set in blue grass, surrounded by substantial stone walls and each provided with an open shed for shelter. My first visit was made shortly after the original Sittyton quartet arrived at their Kansas destination. In the lot skirted by the highway leading down to Linwood station stood young Baron Victor. He has been dead for many a year, and his great sons and grandsons have also long since gone the way of all flesh; but the picture of the Baron as he stood there in the midst of rare sylvan surroundings in June, 1882, has but one companion-piece in my memories of similar scenes. One day at Tillycairn WILLIAM DUTHIE's Scottish Archer, standing knee-deep in an Aberdeenshire pasture, was flashed upon my vision. That has not yet been forgotten. And so with the son of Barmpton that had come to Linwood to start western American Shorthorn breeding upon a new and saner course. He looked every inch a bull, masculine from the tip of his none-too-attractive horns to his heels. Wiseacres shook their heads as they looked at that strongly individualized front. "Bad horns!" Yes, it is true, they were heavy and they had a tendency to bend upwards that was not altogether pleasing to those who sought beauty first in looking at a Shorthorn. At that time Col. HARRIS did not know the story of old Lancaster Comet, as referred to elsewhere in these sketches. If so, he would have had readier answer to these critics. The Baron was a richly-colored red, not the blackish-red that so persisted in the descendants of the $17,900 14th Duke of Thornedale, but verging on the yellow side—that golden skin that was once one of the crowning glories of ABRAM RENICK's Roses of Sharon. He had the short, broad face, wide between his full bright eyes, that is the almost unerring sign of the quick feeder, the good "doer," and as he grew to maturity he developed a wealth of curly hair about the horn-base and across the forehead. In after years Col. HARRIS—who was one of the closest students of hereditary power I have ever known—often spoke of this latter characteristic as an almost infallible sign of prepotency. Of course if these locks grew upon the head of a bull not satisfactory in point of general conformation, that would count against rather than for him, because in the case mentioned it would forecast the stamping of undesirable points; but Col. HARRIS always held the long, curly frontlet to be a marked indication of constitutional vigor, and if the curls extended back along the neck, so much the better. Hereford bulls usually have it. Bison bulls always carry it in profusion, and there are none to question their iron constitutions.

Baron Victor had a thick, short neck running quickly into a chine of exceptional width. The shoulders were heavy as in the case of all really masculine bulls, but well placed, and there was a world of lung and heart room beneath his wide-flung foreribs. The back was broad, and loin deeply covered with good mellow flesh. Back of the hips he showed a little of the traditional CRUICKSHANK weakness, but the quarter was long and heavy, flanks full and twist well let down. He had ample bone, the shortest of legs, and in his prime moved with singular freedom and precision. One often hears the expression that certain animals possess "strong character." In human kind the word may have reference to morals, or at least to things rather more esthetic than are contemplated when the term is employed in bovine description. In the case of a bull it means that he has an individuality of his own as distinguished from the common herd; that there is something in his head and eye that says: "I am I myself; not any old animal." There have been bulls, for example, like the enormous flesh-carrier Young Abbotsburn of Canadian and Columbian Exposition fame, that carried wonderful carcasses of thick-cutting beef. His head was the head of a feeder, short and broad, but there was little or no expression in his countenance; none of that commanding clear-the-way presence that distinguishes the "I am here" type of the vigorous male. All over his physiognomy was written docility and "I don't give a rap what happens so long as I get my meals." And he sired but few outstanding cattle. History must give him credit for the champion show cow Mary Abbotsburn; but she came near being the one exception that proved the rule. Not so, however, with Baron Victor. His was a lordly port. A glance from him, like the royal request, was an understood command. Not that he was ugly, for he was not, but he knew what he had come into the cattle kingdom for, and insisted upon his proper rights and prerogatives as master of the harem. A few younger bulls were usually allowed to run with him for company.

It is now near thirty years ago. It may be that memory is not as trustworthy as in my earlier days; it may be that the sharp contrast of type presented at that date heightens the effect; but I am bound to say here, that while I have in my time visited many of the greatest beef-cattle breeding establishments of the world, I recall no such extraordinary groups of youngsters as those sent into leading western sales and shows from Linwood Farm, the first fruits of the use of Baron Victor in the HARRIS herd. The cross upon the BATES-topped Marys, Josephines, Roses of Sharon and other typical American tribes of that era was as amazing as it was instantaneously successful. The aggressive, rich-fleshed, blocky Sittyton Victoria bull nicked in such startling fashion that the west looked on in wonder. Such hair, such depth of covering, such breadth of beam, such shortness of leg, such early maturity—the cornbelt's dream of baby beef realized at last!

Breeders from far and near were overjoyed. The long-looked-for leader, and the long-sought cross, had arrived. "The CRUICKSHANK bull's the thing." That was the unanimous verdict of all unprejudiced beef-producers who saw those first famous line-ups of the Baron Victor progeny at the Kansas City sales. The half-bloods went like hot cakes at remunerative prices, and just to show how the pure blood had worked out in comparison with the "crosses," Victoria 63d's sappy heifer, Linwood Victoria by

Baron Victor—the first Scotch-bred calf dropped at the farm—was put through the initial sale, and the scramble for her did not cease until "Uncle Sammy" Steinmetz, a thrifty Missouri breeder, nodded his head for "another five" after the $1,000 corner had been turned. It must be remembered that this was in the days when nothing save Bates-bred cattle were supposed to be worth four figures. The sale, therefore, of this choice heifer at such a figure marked the virtual beginning of a demand for Aberdeenshire blood that has not yet run its course.

The readers of these notes will not be taxed with a presentation of details as to the assembling of the great herd to be seen in the Linwood pastures from, say, 1883 to 1890. Expense was not spared in the purchase of the best material with which Amos Cruickshank could be induced to part. The choice of the American imports from Sittyton were reserved for Linwood's option. The genius of the great Scotchman himself was invoked in the selection of young bulls and heifers likely to advance the cause of the Cruickshank stamp in the United States. William Duthie alone, Mr. Cruickshank's closest adviser and contemporary in his declining years, had the pick of a bull ahead of Linwood. Lot after lot of broad-ribbed, furry-haired, compactly-fashioned, wonderfully-matured yearlings and two-year-olds came out from Aberdeen to Kansas. I remember well one shipment that chanced to arrive upon the occasion of one of my frequent visits in the early eighties. All hands, including FRANCIS THOMPSON and his brother "WILL"—Scotch boys sent out by Mr. DUTHIE to help develop the North Country pilgrims in the sunny west—were at the station to help unload and get the precious freight safely home. Pressed into service myself, the Colonel asked me which one of the lot I preferred to lead. My fancy fell upon a particularly sweet roan heifer, which I was informed was Lavender 34th. I was told that she was of AMOS CRUICKSHANK's own choosing, and I held her halter in a memorable parade that began at Linwood siding, and ended in the blue-grass enclosure that lay between Linwood house and the Baron Victor paddock. This heifer was just such a type as Bapton Pearl, afterwards renowned throughout American cattle-breeding circles as the mother of Whitehall Sultan; and she lived to produce a number of very valuable calves.

A rare good cow of CAMPBELL's Kinellar Golden Drop sort, carrying BATES crosses, had been added to the herd. She had the grand air, carriage and finish of the old-time Duchesses, and the flesh that was such a cardinal point with Mr. CRUICKSHANK and his Aberdeenshire neighbors, and by crossing her with Baron Victor, possibly the best individual cattle ever seen at Linwood were obtained. Then came Lavender 36th, noblest of all the CRUICKSHANK cows of her day on this side the Atlantic, and Princess Alice—marvel of thickness, finish and milk—a paragon of double-deckers. And as the seasons came and passed, under the masterful guidance of the owner Linwood came to be the home of the best herd of Shorthorns on the American continent—the Mecca towards which the most progressive breeders directed their steps in quest of bulls to head their herds. The tide was definitely turned to the Aberdeenshire blood. The proprietor was hailed as the regenerator of a breed. His services as judge were in request at all the leading shows. In the councils of the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association his judgment was all but supreme. Younger breeders found in him an honest, trusted adviser, and many dated the beginnings of their success from days spent in his pastures. Eloquent and convincing always, his addresses and his intimate conversations were an absolute inspiration, and he had no warmer friends and admirers than in the ranks of his contemporaries of the Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus camps.

Throughout this, beyond question the happiest period of his life, the betterment of the cattle stocks of the United States had his entire attention. All the wealth of his great intellectual gifts were showered upon the problems connected with the improvement of our western herds. By day and by night he ministered personally to his favorites. Like THOMAS BATES, he knew and habitually fondled all his favorites. The animals themselves understood his devotion, and courted his hand as he approached. In the midnight hours he would respond to any unusual call from about the cattle barns. The lantern would be lighted, and he would make the rounds to ascertain the trouble. Fit to grace, as he afterwards did, the Senate chamber at Washington, once the choice of several great states as nominee for the Vice-Presidency of the Republic, this great, simple-hearted man did not deem it beneath his dignity to do these things. He had no patience with those of his neighbors who complained of "bad luck" with cattle. The only luck he recognized was that which came as the reward of unselfish, unending devotion to that which he loved.

Hard times overtook us all. He saw the Kansas farmers suffering, despite their most strenuous labors. The rewards of husbandry were hazardous and inadequate. The usurer was abroad in the land. Those who recognized the Colonel as a worthy champion of the cause of all who toiled early and late to create the harvest, went to him as children to a kindly father. He was invited to meet with and talk to them. He could not refuse; and here was the beginning of the end of Linwood Farm and all its bovine wonders.

In the summer of 1892 we went together to Great Britain, landing at Liverpool. Our very first day in rural England drew from him after a considerable silence the simple comment, "This makes me sick!" I knew what he had worked out. The settled, all-pervading air of comfort, the matchless greenery of the well-kept fields, the fine old homes, the ivy-covered walls, the beautiful roads, the hawthorn hedges: the inheritances of the centuries—everything that appealed strongest to his senses and temperament here unfolded in an apparently endless panorama, and these people occupying this Garden of Eden had been born into it all! Here was a land where somebody else had done something. The best years of his own life had been spent in helping subdue a virgin wilderness.

We landed at New York some weeks later, and a telegram that awaited him at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel robbed him then and there of a peace of mind which I am absolutely certain he never afterwards quite regained, even up to the final hour. This message notified him that at a political convention that had been held at Wichita, while we were upon the Atlantic, he had been unanimously nominated amidst great enthusiasm for congressman-at-large, under an apportionment at that time effective, for the state of Kansas.

"Why," said he, "did this have to come to me just as I was returning home from this splendid trip, my mind fairly filled with new ideas, hopes and plans for the future of my home, my farm, my herd?" This was the natural protest of a man who had never sought public office and wished only to live out his simple life among "green fields and running brooks." I verily believe he had at that hour a premonition that this really meant farewell to all he valued most on earth. All the way to Chicago he could not shake off the pall that seemed to fall upon his spirits. A good soldier always, ever ready to respond to what he felt might be the call of duty, he buckled on his armor and made the fight. People may have differed with him in his views upon various questions vitally affecting the farming community, but no man ever questioned the honesty of his purposes. Ten years of turmoil supervened. Linwood never knew him more. Cincinnatus had been called from the plow to fight the battles of his countrymen, and he was mortally wounded in their service.

The election and re-election to the House of Representatives; his powerful influence upon important legislation; the inevitable neglect of lands and cattle; the death of the mother of his children; the grim struggle politically and financially; the election to the Senate of the United States; continuous business depression requiring the sale of his Shorthorns and the farm at bottom prices—all these followed in fast succession, and at last the inevitable turn of the wheel that left him once more in private life.

Too honest to accumulate money in politics, too proud to ask for help in the hour of adversity, too brave ever to show the white feather, he came back from Washington to the west at my solicitation—broken in purse and spirit—to begin anew his old-time relationship with the stockmen of the nation; so that we found him in his declining years on the rostrum, or judging and assisting in the management of shows, prominent in state and national conventions wherever his great experience and his acknowledged talents could be invoked for the uplift of those who live upon the land. It is fitting that his last public service should have been as Managing Director of the International Live Stock Exposition, and it is peculiarly appropriate that his last public address should have been to the Shorthorn breeders of America, assembled in annual meeting at the old Grand Pacific Hotel on the night of Dec. 1, 1909.

Senator HARRIS was, in my judgment, the ablest man who has been identified with cattle-breeding in the United States since my acquaintance with that industry began, and had he not been called from the farm to the forum, would have attained a reputation as a constructive breeder second to none of those who have written their names highest in the Hall of Agricultural Fame. Broad-minded, liberal and just, he was planning a blending of the best Herd Book bloods in such fashion as could scarcely fail in his hands to set a new milestone in Shorthorn history. He did enough from 1882 to 1892 to demonstrate his power, and those who aspire to great deeds in the realm of animal husbandry will find in his life and teachings the soundest of all foundations to build upon.

Truth, integrity, sincerity, courage, originality and capacity, and an abiding love of nature and his fellowmen! All these were his, and during those last pathetic years, when he was a constant frequenter of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB, he endeared himself by a thousand characteristic words and deeds to all with whom he came in contact.

The corn is ripening as we write, in the autumn sunshine in the land he understood so well. Soon the drifting snows will follow. The endless panoramas of the seasons will continue in their courses; the miracles of life and death will still be wrought in the future as in the past; men will come and reputations go; but here was a man we cannot afford to forget. Speed the day when a really satisfying portrait finds place in the most sacred niche to which it can be assigned by loving hearts and willing hands.

XXIII

AFTERMATH

Amos Cruickshank was a bachelor and a Quaker—a man little given to speech at any time. His brother Anthony had two sons, John W. and Edward, who for some years maintained a good herd at Lethenty, Inverurie, in which Booth blood was extensively used. John Dryden of Canada and Edward were on rather close terms of friendship, and many good Shorthorns of mixed Sittyton and Warlaby extraction came over to the Dryden farm from Lethenty. The latter herd was closed out, however, many years ago. After Anthony's death Amos carried on the great herd at Sittyton until 1889, when, bending under the weight of years, the old veteran let it be known that he would retire. There was talk for a time that the entire herd would be taken over by a syndicate of Americans. Davidson, Dryden, Harris, Potts, Kissinger, William Miller and others conferred in reference to this; but before action looking towards definite steps could be had a deal was closed by Robert Bruce with Thomas Nelson & Sons of Liverpool, which contemplated a transfer of the entire world-renowned collection to Argentina. Fortunately, however, two men who were destined to preserve and carry forward admirably the excellence of the parent stock, William Duthie of Collynie, Aberdeenshire, and J. Deane Willis of Bapton Manor, Wiltshire, England, came to the rescue and saved the most of the more valuable material for the northern hemisphere.

It was not until several years after this had taken place that I was able to indulge a long-cherished ambition to personally meet and talk with Mr. Cruickshank. Mr. Duthie accompanied Senator Harris and myself to Sittyton, and there we met not only the master of the house but his nephew, John W., above mentioned, the latter a man of high intelligence and refinement. The old man sat in the chimney corner, wrapped in a warm gray woolen robe with a red skullcap upon his head, and although he gave us hearty welcome he permitted neighbor Duthie to do most of the talking. Now those who knew both men will readily understand this situation, I am sure. Collynie is ever ready with his words—and there is commonly both wit and wisdom in them. Sittyton was always chary of them. From the two one good average conversationalist could have been readily made. However, I managed at last to put a few pointed questions to the reticent old man, to which monosyllabic answers only for the most part were returned. In fact, I was reminded of a similar effort I had made some years previous to draw out another octogenerian cattleman who was also more given to making history than talking about it. I allude to "Uncle" ABRAM RENICK of Kentucky. The first, last and only time I ever saw him was at one of the VANMETER-HAMILTON sales of 1882 or 1883. He was then quite feeble and when I asked, "Mr. RENICK, did the 4th Duke of Geneva, as a matter of fact, really do your old Roses of Sharon any good?" he simply said, after thinking it over for a moment, "I don't know that he did, but he helped to sell them." That was all I could get; but there was a deep significance, as a matter of fact, in those few words. And so with Mr. CRUICKSHANK. When I asked if he considered that his herd in its later years had stood in need of an outcross—some reinvigoration through fresh blood elements—he merely shook his "frosty pow" and said, "It may be so, but I was too old to do it." By inference he recognized the fact that some loss of size and substance had set in, but the great and always difficult task of seeking to revivify a strongly inbred type must, in his case, be left to younger men. How DUTHIE and WILLIS—the one working in the north of Scotland and the latter in the south of England—set about this undertaking, and how cleverly they manipulated the heritage they had from Amos Cruickshank, forms one of the most brilliant chapters in modern live-stock history.

William Duthie and Deane Willis are still living. Both deserve all the lavish praise that has been bestowed upon them. Willis has a most delightful home in a land where winter as we know it never comes, where the grass is always green, and where there is a garden I shall not soon forget. The old stone house at Bapton has pictures and trophies galore that tell the story of accomplishments in the modern cattle-breeding world that sustain the best traditions of ancient York and Durham. He came out to the States several years ago to judge, and is one of the many distinguished guests who have been entertained at the Saddle and Sirloin Club. While in America he had the satisfaction of seeing some of the wonderful effects of the widespread use of a great bull he gave to us—Whitehall Sultan.

Mr. Duthie was out judging at Toronto some seasons since, but his time was so limited that he did not get into the west. So, as the mountain could not come to Mahomet, some Saddle and Sirloiners journeyed over the border to greet him. Mr. Duthie is in many respects the most remarkable man I have ever known. In his native district he is father-confessor to the whole countryside: banker, trustee, guardian, farmer, merchant, pillar of the "kirk," chairman of half the Boards in Aberdeenshire, factor for LORD ABERDEEN of Haddo House, and prince imperial of latter-day Shorthorn cattle-breeders in the Anglo-Saxon realm. A very dynamo for energy, outpointing any Yankee in native shrewdness, learned in the lore of northern cattle-breeding beyond all his contemporaries, successful as a producer of champions, a salesman of high-bred animals, ranking with our own MARK DUNHAM of international fame in draft-horse breeding circles, patronized by royalty and the leaders of the Shorthorn trade in both North and South America—he has builded for himself a record of success that insures his fame for all time to come in the annals of British agriculture.

Many a happy hour I have spent with this virile, keen-minded successor to AMOS CRUICKSHANK, driving about northern Aberdeenshire. His two main breeding farms are Collynie and Tillycairn. Here and upon the neighboring farm of Uppermill—so long occupied by the Messrs. MARR—Shorthorns have been bred that have made showyard and salering records that shall be memorable for generations yet to come. To this most companionable genius I have to confess my obligations for many valuable historical facts utilized in my work in the past twenty years; but the thought of how much DUTHIE really knows that has never yet been got from him in the interest of the cattle-breeding world makes me regret that I have not accepted a repeated invitation, cordially pressed, to occupy for a season the comfortable farmhouse at Collynie, where we could have time to get his recollections of Aberdeenshire history covering a span of half a century. Some day such a dream might come true; but he has already passed three score and ten, and it's a far cry these awful days from Chicago to those bonnie Aberdonian banks and braes.

Mr. DUTHIE is a man of wonderful conversational powers, possessing an inexhaustible store of Scotticisms, and once kept everybody entertained so long over the afternoon tea at the late Mrs. MUIRHEAD'S—a sister of Mr. JOHN CLAY and then wife of LORD ABERDEEN'S estate manager—that we almost missed seeing the Shorthorns at Tillycairn entirely, although I had journeyed across the Atlantic partly for that particular purpose. In view of the effective grouping of the best things there to be seen, that awaited our final arrival late that afternoon, I have always had a sneaking notion that there was "method in his madness" in beguilling us so long with his stories over Mrs. MUIRHEAD'S tea.

One of these only I happen to remember. It ran something like this:

"Over near Tarves a good, honest, hard-working chap was about to be married. He invited all his friends and neighbors to the festivities, and the evening was passing off in jolly fashion. Sandy finally thought it was about time he made some public acknowledgment to the parson who had honored the company by his presence, and in fact had tied the marriage knot, so he raised his glass to propose a toast. He had premeditated this, of course, and in reality had prepared for himself a very neat little speech, the main point in which was to be the fact that they all knew and appreciated the good man so thoroughly that nothing the speaker could say would add to their repect for him, etc., etc., etc.; but in the excitement of the moment he lost his bearings a bit, winding up, somewhat to the dismay of his guests, with: 'Gude friends, ye a' ken the meenister so verra weel, he has lived among us a' sae lang, that the least said aboot him the better.'"

One night during the week that Mr. DUTHIE was judging at Toronto the management tendered their guest from across the seas a grand banquet, attended by many of the highest dignitaries of the Dominion. It was a large affair, and nearly everybody in due course was called upon to make a speech. Somewhere around midnight the chairman pounced upon me, and I had a grain of satisfaction, in sparring for an opening, in retailing that same little yarn, using Duthie, however, as the hero of Sandy's wedding party instead of the minister. The company was at that hour in a mood to relish the idea of "the least said about Mr. Duthie the better," and in the fun that followed I absolved the gentleman from the sin of having delayed my game once upon a time when wanting to view Shorthorns rather than listen to his good North Country jokes.

HOLKER HALL, WHERE DREWRY DEVELOPED THE OXFORD SHORTHORNS

XXIV

A KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN DAYS

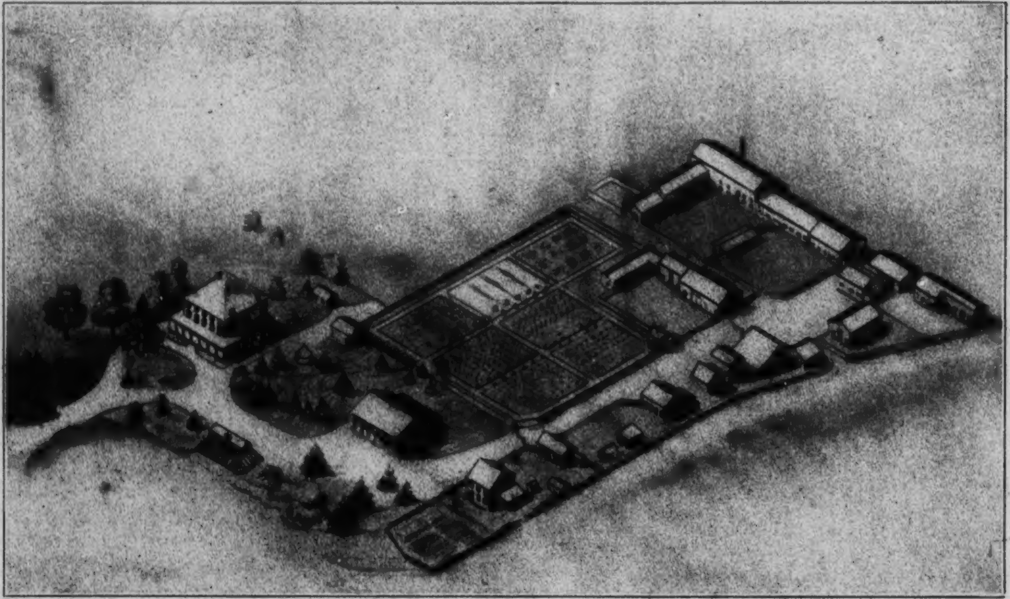
On the 20th of February, 1840, there was born not far from the massive walls of Belvoir Castle—one of the seats of the ducal house of Rutland in Leicestershire, England—one who was destined to play an important role in the progress of some of the great events already detailed. He was one of a family of fourteen, the eldest of eight sons. His surname was Gibson and his parents called him Richard. Throughout a long and eventful life his intimates knew him as "Dick." He became one of the pillars of the International Show, and one of the best loved members of the Saddle and Sirloin Club. His portrait is not as satisfactory as might be wished, but this little book would be wholly incomplete without some reference to his life and work.

The Gibsons removed from Leicestershire into Derbyshire when Richard was but six years old. He received his education in the grammar schools of Derby and Lincoln, and spent two years in the office of a grain merchant in the city last named, after which he returned to his father at Swarkeston, and spent four years familiarizing himself with the farming and stock-breeding operations as conducted upon a holding of some 600 acres, which was so well managed as to win several prizes for exceptional results in cultivation. At the age of 21, accompanied by his brother JOHN, he took passage by the steamship "Jura" from Liverpool for Quebec, determined to try his fortune in the new world. He had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Cox of Barrie, Ont. On the occasion of his visit to present his credentials at this farm the young Englishman was somewhat startled to see wild deer in the "bush" as he gazed from the bedroom window. This was his first introduction to the ultimate land of his adoption. Proceeding from Barry to Hamilton he was advised to go to Spring Grove Farm (near Ilderton, some 15 miles north of London, Ont.), then owned by the late GEORGE ROBSON. Here RICHARD remained until he had thoroughly learned Canadian agriculture, after which he accepted an offer to go to Long Island and take charge of an estate of 1,500 acres belonging to Mr. DELAMATER, a New York shipbuilder. After the lapse of two years in this service his activities were transferred to the management of a 1,400-acre farm near Utica, N. Y., owned by Messrs. WALCOTT & CAMPBELL, proprietors of the New York Sheeting Mills, an extensive cotton manufacturing plant.

There was no live stock of consequence upon the place when GIBSON took hold of it. The owners were ready enough to receive suggestions as to investments in that line, but possessed little practical knowledge of the business. Mr. CAMPBELL, a "canny" Scot, suggested Ayrshires, and a herd of that time-honored Scottish dairy sort was duly founded. With these, however, GIBSON was not satisfied. From his early youth he had been a lover of the Shorthorn, and he still had visions of the "red, white and roan" in all the glory of their furry coats, broad ribs, deep chests and capacious udders, as seen in the showyards and pastures of his native land. As a mere boy he had listened with rapt attention to the stories of Lancaster and Comet as told in the quaint language and with all the enthusiasm of illiterate but observant herdsmen. The Shorthorn was at this time the pampered favorite of the British nobility, as well as the mainstay of the English tenantry. Prominent New Yorkers like Col. MORRIS, SAMUEL THORNE and J. O. SHELDON had already made importations of the popular Duchess and Oxford blood. TOM BOOTH was setting the English showyards wild with the marvelous creations of Warlaby. The way was being paved for the most stupendous speculation in blooded cattle the world had ever known.

Mr. CAMPBELL'S objections were finally overcome and a few Shorthorns, which he always referred to as "GIBSON'S things," were allowed upon the place. RICHARD did not mean to be content, however, with anything short of "tops," and after explaining at length the highly interesting situation then existing abroad as between the BOOTH and BATES tribes, and after having pointed out that practically no specimens of the former were then in the United States, he was commissioned to proceed to England and select ten head for importation.

TOM BOOTH was then at the very climax of his reputation as a breeder of champion cattle. The famous bull Commander in Chief and the extraordinary cow Lady Fragrant—regarded by the critics of that day as the most marvelous specimen of the breed produced up to that date—had just been made British champions. It had never been the practice at Warlaby, however, to part with females, and it was only with the understanding that those put in offer to Mr. GIBSON were to be taken out of the country that any price could be had. Mr. COCHRANE had just paid the unprecedented figure of $5,000 for a Duchess heifer from Col. GUNTER, and as the rivalry between the two great Shorthorn houses was then at its very height Mr. BOOTH would take no less than the same price for the fine show heifer Bride of the Vale, that was particularly desired



ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND STABLING AT THORNEDALE AS IT WAS IN 1860 by the American buyer. She was accompanied by nine head, nearly all of BOOTH extraction, and two years later another importation of a like number was made for New York Mills.

Mr. SHELDON, who had acquired all of the Thornedale Duchesses, scented danger to his speculation in BATES cattle by this invasion of the BOOTHS; so he resolved to make terms, offering to sell one-half of the Geneva herd. GIBSON advised its purchase, but Mr. CAMPBELL replied, "But you don't know the price!" The answer was, "Never mind the price; buy." The deal was closed, and the division made; the Duchesses cost an average of $5,500 each, and the Oxfords $2,800 each. A year later the entire SHELDON herd was taken over at an agreed price of $100,000 for about 50 head. The BOOTHS were disposed of and some of them found their way back to England.

There were then no Duchesses living on either side of the Atlantic descended direct from Mr. BATES' herd without admixture of blood from other sources, excepting those owned at New York Mills, so that when, in 1873, the time was deemed right for such an event the entire herd was advertised for sale at public auction. Shorthorn breeding at that date was engaging the enthusiastic attention of large numbers of wealthy and enterprising men in both Britain and Canada, and the announcement of this dispersion was the signal for the beginning of negotiations on both sides of the water looking toward an international contest for the possession of this blood so highly prized. The golden guineas of the British were pitted against the "almighty dollar" of the Americans, on the tenth day of September, 1873, in a contest for the possession of these cattle, which resulted, as has already been related, in the astounding total of $381,990, an average of $3,504, for the 109 head, with a top price of $40,600, bid by one of the English commissioners for the 8th Duchess of Geneva!

The sensational success of this venture brought Mr. Gibson into a prominence on both sides of the water that rendered him thenceforth a conspicuous figure in stock-breeding circles at home and abroad, and enabled him to engage in various important enterprises of his own. He embarked for a time in the importation and exportation of Shorthorns, selling 33 head at Chicago in April, 1882, for $24,300, and 20 head a year later at the same place for $20,330. On removing his family from the United States he had leased a farm at Ilderton, Ont., and in 1883 purchased Belvoir, on the River

Thames, near the village of Delaware, and built it up with the aid of sheep, cattle and judicious cropping into one of the prize farms of the Dominion.

The star of the Bates-bred Shorthorns, of which Mr. Gibson was so fond, had begun to wane even at the time of his Chicago sales. The invasion of the west by the heavy-fleshed Herefords and Aberdeen-Angus had already begun to turn the Shorthorn tide into other channels. It was for many years a source of much concern to this valiant defender of the Kirklevington blood that the American public insisted upon drifting away from what he regarded as the true Shorthorn faith to wander far afield after strange gods. He did not believe in the Aberdeenshire type of Shorthorns, and did not hesitate to denounce them roundly as destined to ruin the breed in this country. That he sincerely believed this to be true no one could question. He was often called as a judge at leading shows in Canada and the States, and if one of the lordly, high-headed, broad-loined, level-quartered sort, which he regarded as the true Shorthorn type, came before him in competition with one of the low-headed, heavy-bodied, shorter-legged Cruickshank stamp, there was rarely a doubt among the by-standers as to where Gibson would hang the ribbon.

In this connection a personal incident may not be amiss.

The writer hereof in the early eighties endeavored to introduce into American agricultural journalism the English system of critical comment upon the work of the judges at the great national competitions. This was an untried field in this country, and an early abandonment was freely predicted. In the face of the bitter rivalry, then becoming acute, as between the old and the new showyard Shorthorn types, the effort was peculiarly difficult and indeed at times impossible of successful accomplishment. Upon one notable occasion a decision of Mr. GIBSON's came in for sharp criticism, to which he replied through the press with vigor and the free use of sarcasm. We had up to that time been the best of friends, but this incident seemed to foreshadow an estrangement. In the meantime, however, work had been commenced on the "History of Shorthorn Cattle," brought out in the spring of 1900, and in the course of the preparation of the manuscript occasion arose for consulting Mr. GIBSON in reference to certain facts resting specially within his personal knowledge; so, swallowing a bit of pride and ignoring the friction that had arisen, a letter of inquiry was duly posted. For some time there was no response, but finally a well-filled, large envelope put in its appearance. The letter, which was from Mr. GIBSON, began, contrary to previous practice, in a very formal manner —"Sir: Yours of —— received. I am not sure that I can answer your question. I"—but here the ice suddenly melted. Dropping abruptly conventional forms, RICHARD was himself again. "Oh, the devil, ALVIN! What's the use! I'll tell you all about it." Whereupon he fell straightway into one of his delightful reminiscent moods and related one of the most interesting Shorthorn stories ever told. This was in 1899, and from that time until the closing hours of his life we were firm friends, serving together for nearly ten years upon the Board of Directors of the International Live Stock Exposition, maintaining all the while a correspondence into which he poured all the wealth of an astonishing fund of recollection, as useful in our editorial work as it was entertaining. It is unfortunate that these letters have not all been preserved. They were usually too personal in their nature for publication; but the one just quoted affords a fine insight into his generous character, carrying with it the lesson that life is too short for friends to quarrel over mere matters of individual judgment.

Richard Gibson had an extraordinary appreciation of the fascination of the breeder's art. He loved all forms of high-bred animal life. Shorthorns and Shropshires were probably the chief objects of his affectionate study and regard; but his keen delight in all that revealed skillful manipulation of the mysterious forces of nature by the guiding mind of man extended throughout the entire range of the four-footed and feathered creation. Like "Jorrocks" of old, he was a devout believer in the efficacy of "a bit o' blood, whether it be in a 'orse, a 'ound, or a woman." He could be equally interested in a Christmas bullock, a "classy" Clydesdale, a Derby winner, a game-cock, or fox terriers. There was something of kinship in his love for country sports and animal life with such worthies as old Barclay of Ury. Fond of all that appeals to those who love the open country, he could see as much beauty in a hedge-row or an oak as some people can find in metropolitan galleries of art. And speaking of oaks, many years ago he asked for and received some acorns from one of the royal domains in England—in fact, the product of one of the most venerable and historic trees in the mother country. These he planted successfully at Belvoir, and shortly before his death donated some of the seedlings to the city

BELVOIR HOUSE—HOME OF RICHARD GIBSON

of London, Ont., which were planted in Victoria Park in commemoration of the coronation of KING GEORGE, then impending.

Mr. GIBSON served as president of the Dominion Shorthorn Association and of the Canadian Kennel Club, besides holding numerous other offices in connection with various organizations of stock breeders on both sides the line. He served as a member of the Agricultural Commission appointed by the Ontario Government in 1880. He was survived by his wife—a sister of Capt. T. E. ROBSON—and by three married daughters and by one son, NOEL, a young man of the highest promise—indeed, a sterling representative of a family that has contributed largely to the extension of popular interest in improved farm stock on this continent. The GIBSONS have in fact written their names indelibly in the literature of improved stock-breeding during the past half century. RICHARD's name is forever linked with New York Mills. His brother ARTHUR was one of England's best-esteemed herd managers, and the work of WILLIAM and JOHN on this side the water is known to all who follow the course of the trade.

Rich in sentiment, the mind of RICHARD GIBSON was filled with an inexhaustible store of incidents illuminating the splendid story of the achievements of great men in the stock-breeding world. An easy and interesting conversationalist and possessed of a fine sense of humor, when surrounded by congenial companions, kindred spirits—such as were wont to congregate at the Grand Pacific Hotel in the old fat-stock show days and latterly at the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB—he was at his best. Among those who loved the tales of the olden days there exists since his demise a sense of loss that finds no adequate expression.

XXV

THE INSPIRATION OF THE INN

"As a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when the heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drouth, neither shall it cease from yielding fruit."

When, one night in the month of January, 1912, the old hotel disappeared in a chariot of fire, an opportunity for doing something monumental as well as practical was presented, and it was a moral certainty in advance that this would be improved to the utmost. The inspirations of the Saddle and Sirloin Club could produce but one result. Essentially educational in its conception, and wholly utilitarian in its character, the Inn stands today—and let us hope will stand for generations yet to come—a splendid tribute to the land and the era that supplied the seed, the harvest of which is the stupendous daily business at the Yards! A modern fireproof structure provided with all twentieth century comforts within, its exterior aspects preserve and perpetuate the quaintly picturesque and exquisitely artistic lines of the architecture of rural England of the long ago—the present masquerading in the garments of a glorious Elizabethan past! A bit of the old world set down in the very heart of the new! A fascinating memento of an age when men had time to think, and cultivate the arts of friendly intercourse, the Inn looks calmly down upon the rush and roar of city rails and motors, and bids the breathless pause and find perspective.

A wall 220 feet in length is presented to the city street, but a generous passageway admits man and beast and vehicle of whatever kind through a modified type of the old-fashioned Scottish wynd into a quiet court. Over the main entrance is the porte-cochère that graced the old Guild House of the ancient city of Hereford. In the southwest wing you see the front of a fine old Yorkshire manor house woven into the long and beautiful facade. At still another point may be made out the lines of what was once John Harvard's home. Stop and study it. You have only just left the whirl of metropolitan life outside the wall, and instantly you have come upon a scene whose dominant note is peace and real repose. You feel yourself suddenly halted in your accustomed race; and if at all responsive to the picture, you will presently begin to feel something in the nature of a benediction. The slings and arrows of today are flying only beyond the gates.

Practically all of our most widely-distributed modern flesh-bearing breeds originated in England. John Bull has ever had a weakness for the toothsome viands. There is nothing much the matter with his stomach or his appetite. He has for generations preferred life in the open country to a mere existence in the midst of crowds. He loves his horses and his hounds. The horn of the hunter is to him the sweetest of all sounds next to the full-throated music of the pack. He lives much among his four-footed friends. He understands them. He learned long ago how to develop them to a high state of perfection. He keeps a good table. He is a generous and particular provider. His beef and his chop must be of the sort that satisfies. He objects not at all to the liberal proportion of fat that ever lies alongside the juicy cut that nourishes the body and makes glad the heart.

He demanded something wholesome, something substantial, something good to eat and drink, not only in his home, but at the hands of "mine host" of the village inn. His business took him frequently to his nearest market town, and after the bargaining was over for the day, it was his wont to join his colleagues of the countryside, men of similar type and tastes, at the "King's Head," the "White Horse," the "Black Bull," or other local public house. Here, over bread and cheese or chop or joint—and too often perhaps the generous mug of "brown October ale"—the grand debate would start. It might take wide range, but it would inevitably turn to horses, dogs and bulls or "tups," with many a wager placed for subsequent adjudication. Out of these tap-room sessions grew the early shows where results were measured and experiences exchanged; and as the product of this or that procedure became of interest to the whole community, notes were made and the foundations of pedigree registration at length established. Why not commemorate such scenes and thus remind ourselves occasionally of the debt we owe to those who gave us our good breeds and founded the trial by jury in the open showyard? Such was the reasoning of **Arthur G. Leonard**, to whom the west is indebted for this truly artistic memorial structure.

Facing as it does the home of the International, connected as it is by steps and corridors with the **Saddle and Sirloin Club** itself, and serving daily the patrons of the greatest live-stock market of the world, the Stock Yard Inn is America's one enduring monument to these grand old men and the times in which they lived, placed in the one spot, above all others on the continent, where such a work should stand.

XXVI

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

In our tour of the club rooms we now arrive in Havana—that is to say, the smoking room, so called, of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. They are all smoking rooms, so far as I have ever observed. But, anyhow, drop here into an easy-chair, and if you enjoy the weed pull away at your Perfecto if you like, while we seek through the floating cloud-wreaths the lines of certain extraordinary scenes. The well-trained eye can see these pictures standing out in bold relief behind the canvas that carries the features of MARK W. DUNHAM. Note the passing panorama.

Under a gray old castle's frowning walls a drawbridge falls across the moat. The trumpets sound. A glittering cavalcade emerges. Pennons gay and guidons flutter in the breeze. Steel and silver—corselet, hilt and morion—glisten in the morning sun, and noble chargers, mostly white and gray, prance proudly, bearing out into the medieval world brave belted knights and their retainers faring forth to meet what ere betides.

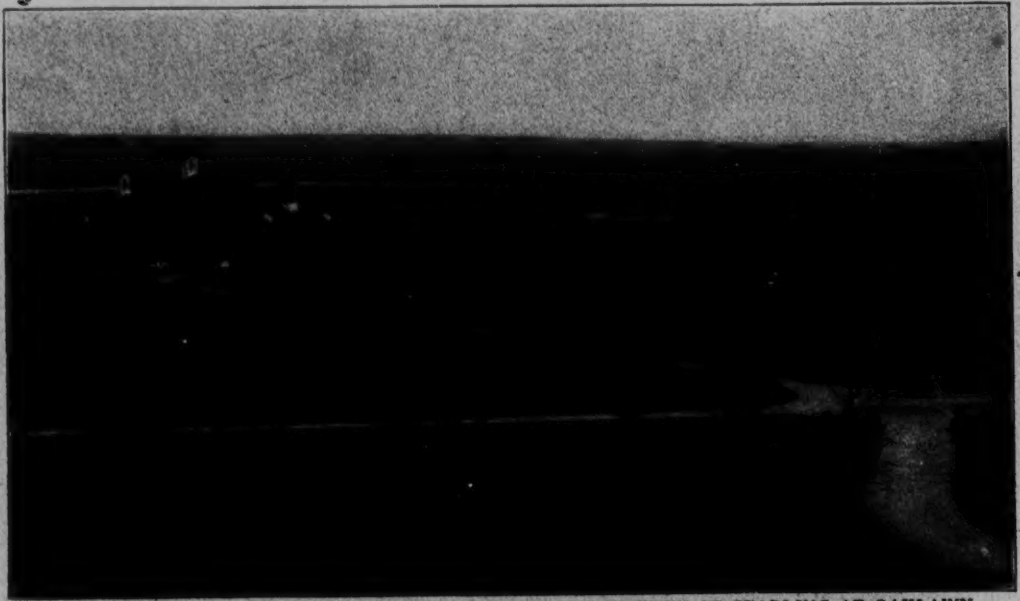
Generations pass: in the far distance the rhythmic beating of heavy hurrying hoofs! It is a highway builded by the kings of France. To the sound of the horn and the sharp note of the lash, the great diligence bearing the royal mails and laden deep with passengers and their gear comes into view. A rush, a roar of wheels, and the great freighted coach is gone.

Agriculture calls: down the long furrows see the shining plowshares deeply driven. The mellow earth awakens, and lo, the stored up riches of a fertile field await the seed. Long is the journey and repeated oft. From "early morn to dewy eve" the living shuttles travel, back and forth; but weight that wearies not is harnessed.

And yet again, last scene of all: a busy modern city street. Huge vans and trucks are rumbling ever on the granite blocks. Big grays and blacks march proudly to the music of a nation's commerce. Power, patience, dignity personified. Glory be to men who can produce such prodigies!

Such is the prologue. Now for the drama proper.

First an old brick farmhouse underneath great oaks. The town of Elgin, Ill., some five miles distant. North, east, west and south well-managed fields as far as the eye can reach. A country that knows and never loses sight of the value of golden hoofs in husbandry. Live stock has kept the dis-



THE OLD BRICK HOUSE—ON THE RIGHT—AND PARTIAL VIEW OF STABLING AT OAKLAWN trict rich for fifty years, and live stock will keep it rich forever.

The time is about 1870. A gray stallion with a long white mane is seen approaching. His name Success—happy omen of what was even then in the womb of fate—is a household word for miles around. He is given a box in the DUNHAM stables, and the foundation of the greatest triumph ever known in draft-horse breeding in the world is laid.

Presently we see groups of big gay Percherons unloaded at the little railway station, Wayne, that adjoins the farm along its northern boundary. They are freshly arrived from France. A big new barn goes up. Visitors come. Then more horses, more big red barns, more visitors. Then one by one the stallions are led away to Wayne, and shipped. Some go east, some go west. The best remain at Oaklawn. Each time we look greater numbers of horses are arriving, larger throngs of buyers, and a bigger, ever bigger equipment!

On the hill overlooking the best-tilled fields in Illinois a Norman castle with towers and battlements appears. The old brick house becomes an office. Clerks and typewriters work from January to December trying to keep track of new importations from the Perche and of Mr. DUNHAM'S

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tremendous trade with every section of the Union. Special trains pull in from time to time from Chicago. Statesmen, captains of high finance, cabinet ministers, envoys of foreign powers, dignitaries from the ends of the earth and students from abroad, as well as from our own farming communities, count it a pleasure and a privilege to spend a day at the great show place of the middle west.

And then one sad day a long funeral cortége passing down the Elgin road. Death ever loved the shining target. A band of coal-black Percheron fillies tramping in single file alongside in the pasture, stopping only at the fence that marks the end of their late master's landed possessions—an unconscious farewell from the fields!

But how shall we supply the wealth of detail necessary to complete these pictures? Impossible. We can only sketch.

As a young man I spent several short vacations at the old brick cottage—the birthplace of MARK DUNHAM, as well as of his son and successor, WIRTH. The latter was then a child romping under the oaks with a little red wagon. I grew into my own vocation during the period of Oaklawn's astounding creation, and I know of kindly acts and spoken words that angels in heaven must have entered up to MARK W. DUNHAM'S eternal credit long before the fateful day when his noble spirit winged its way homeward to the skies. Of these, however, I may not speak.

There is no mistaking the place held by the Percheron in American commerce and agriculture. There is no way of even estimating in millions of dollars the additions to the national wealth directly due to the introduction of this exceptionally sound and serviceable horse of heavy draft. And wherever the Percheron is known, not only in the United States, but in France as well, there is recognition of the fact that the man who really made the breeding and rearing of big-type Percheron horses an important national industry in both countries was MARK WENTWORTH DUNHAM. He had colleagues and competitors in the work of advising America upon the subject of the peculiar adaptability of the French horses to our soil, our rural highways, our city pavements, our climate and our general agricultural conditions; but he had infinitely greater grasp of the possibilities involved to the peoples of both nations than any of his contemporaries, and brought to the task of educating American farmers up to an appreciation of Percheron blood a mind that would have made its possessor a man of high distinction in any calling to which he might have devoted his outstanding talents.

Up to the time Mr. DUNHAM became interested in this business there had been only sporadic importations of stallions of heavy draft from various parts of northern France, and nobody in the west had given any special consideration to the matter of locating the particular district from which the material best fitted for our western uses might be most satisfactorily obtained. Many of the pioneer stallions had been picked up near Rouen or in other communities adjacent to the English Channel by early American live-stock importers, who had finished buying cattle or sheep in Great Britain and ran across to the French coast to see what might be observed, agriculturally speaking, without making any special journeys of exploration into the interior. There was then, and is yet, in the north of France a good big horse known as the Boulonnais, and undoubtedly some of the original French horses brought to America—and indeed also others brought over after the era of stud books set in—were of that race; but as buyers extended their purchases southward through the territory which once constituted the province of Normandy, they found good colts being developed by farmers and dealers that had been bought in a region of which the ancient city of Nogent-le-Rotrou was the commercial center. And so it transpired that the Perche proper—famed in song and story as "the land of good horses"—was "discovered."

Mark Dunham was a student. He took nothing for granted. He wanted to know more about the horses of the different regions, and while little in the way of authentic information was available at the time, he began, in person and by proxy, important investigations. He was not long in convincing himself that the heavier types produced in the Perche were bottomed upon blood that gave them a value for American uses beyond any other race of drafters in France. The district had for generations been noted for its big, long-distance trotters and diligence horses, capable of drawing heavy loads at a rapid pace. Tradition has it that the activity and endurance of these animals was due largely to the use of Oriental blood, but recent investigations indicate that at least some of these legendary Arabian ancestors were more or less mythical.

Gen. **W. T. Walters**, a wealthy resident of Baltimore, who had spent some years in France and was a great admirer of a good horse, had already made up his mind that the Percheron of the lighter sort would not only be unequaled for draft purposes in Maryland, but that well-matched pairs were ideal for carriage work. He imported a considerable number of these about 1866, and his private conveyances, horsed by these strong-going grays, were for some years one of the attractive features of Baltimore streets and parkways. Prior to that date practically all of the big horses brought from France had been called by their American owners "Normans"; not that anybody in the land from whence they came had ever thought of applying that title to them, but simply because they had been found and bought for the most part in the district adjacent to the Perche, called Normandy.

These "Normans" had already more than made good in the middle west. And no finer demonstration of the value of agricultural shows has to be recorded in live-stock history than is afforded by the fact that it was at an Illinois State Fair of the early seventies that this Dupage county farmer, M. W. Dunham, saw for the first time an imported "Norman" stallion, and was so greatly impressed that the beginning of his own subsequently sensational activities in this field has to be dated from that exhibition. The "Fletcher Norman Horse Co." was organized, with Mr. Dunham as one of the stockholders. Old Success and French

Emperor were purchased, and from that transaction dates the foundation of the most extraordinary achievement based upon draft-horse breeding the world has ever known.

Mr. Dunham was first of all a good farmer. Efficiency was demanded in the management of his land and crops. He knew the rewards that wait upon thorough tillage, joined with stock-keeping. The "Norman" half-bloods in front of plows, harrows, cultivators and harvesters made things move. They would be a boon inestimable to American farming. A great future loomed before them. An illimitable field opened. Others were plodding along in the business of developing what his keen eye saw could be made an important matter from a national economic standpoint, and, incidentally, a profitable form of enterprise. He bought his partners' interests, utilized his bank credit and went to his life-work with a courage and determination born of complete faith in the certainty of success, and when he had finished he had not only amassed a personal fortune in a legitimate field, but the Percheron was placed in almost every nook and corner of the northern states, and France was the richer by reason of the enormous American demand that still pours a steady stream of "Yankee" gold into the savings banks patronized by those shrewd, home-loving, thrifty farmers of the valley of the Huisne.

The Percheron Stud Books of France and America had from their first inception the powerful support of the wizard of Oaklawn. In fact, they were almost his own children. He knew that pedigree records must sooner or later be demanded in the development of these horses, as they had already been found essential in other lines, and with characteristic enterprise and breadth of outlook he set the forces in motion that led to the printing of the initial volumes in Nogent and Chicago. None knew better than he that these could be at best the mere crude beginnings of registration. Criticism, therefore, directed against errors and omissions in this pioneering work fails to detract in the least from the soundness and value of the idea which those early publications reflected. There were naught but traditions and data of a wholly unsatisfactory character to serve as a starting point. The situation in that respect differed little, however, from that which has confronted the founders of all existing pedigree registries. Those who were charged with the thankless task of assembling the foundation material in this undertaking simply did the best they could with the meager information then available. The use of the misnomer "Norman" was first of all properly abandoned. Mr. DUNHAM and his confrères had no objection to anyone buying and bringing to America horses from the Boulonnais or other breeding districts; but he believed that the Perche was the home of the best of the French local types, and concentrated his efforts upon establishing the truth of his contentions. Had he known positively what has since been established by recent researches in the archives of the French Government and of the Haras du Pin, he would doubtless have been even more forceful in his claims for his favorites.

In another volume recently prepared under the writer's direction, this and other matters of co-ordinate interest have received such full attention that they will not here be further pursued. Neither will even an outline of MARK DUNHAM's own story be here attempted. His importing and breeding operations were too extensive. His ambitious and patriotic attempt to make the west more independent of the old world by the purchase and transfer to Oaklawn of a great number of the best mares of the Perche, the disappointments attending that historic venture, his demonstration that the breed must ever depend upon the progeny of farm mares at work in the fields rather than upon large collections maintained in idleness, the marvelous effects of the Brilliant blood, the incursion into the coach horse field, the building of Oaklawn House, the entertainment of innumerable parties of distinguished visitors, the tragic death of the great architect of the Percheron fortunes—these and collateral matters of incidental interest cannot be drawn in detail into this reference. He was probably the greatest salesman the horse-breeding interests of America have ever known.

Mr. DUNHAM's death in February, 1899, at 57 years of age, in the very prime of his mature manhood, was a distinct calamity to his country. It occurred as a result of blood-poisoning from infection communicated in the course of an examination of an infected hoof. I was alone with him for an hour the afternoon before his death. His mind was clear; his facing of his fate heroic. He could not lie down, so great his suffering. Propped up in an invalid's chair he talked not of himself, but of my own little concerns, and I might here give an instance of his always self-sacrificing way, when anyone in whom he was interested was involved.

Secretary WILSON during the winter of 1898-9 had asked President McKINLEY to appoint me a member of the United States Commission to the

Paris Universal Exposition of 1900. The Commissioner-Generalship of the Commission had, however, already been offered to **Ferd. W. Peck**, another Chicagoan, and the President was finding it difficult, for political and geographical reasons, to comply in my case with **Wilson**'s request. Mr. **Dunham** had spent most of the season in France on business, and when he returned found no end of work demanding his attention at Oaklawn. He happened in "The Gazette" office one day shortly afterward, and inquired if I expected to receive the compliment of the exposition appointment. I told him I did not think it possible under the circumstances, and that I had given up all idea of it. He was silent for a moment, and then asked, "Do you suppose that it would do any good if I were to go to Washington myself?" Grateful, of course, at this manifestation of interest, I replied, "I doubt it, and what is more, I wouldn't think of asking you to do it, for you have only been home a few days." His eyes twinkled—those who knew him will know just what I mean by that—as he replied: "Well, it's probably hopeless as it stands, isn't it?" I acquiesced, but added that it was not a matter of any special importance anyhow. "Well," he rejoined, "I am going." And he did. Three days of his own valuable time were given, and at his own expense he visited the national capital in my behalf merely because he thought it would be worth something to me to receive this recognition.

Meantime, he was stricken, and the announcement of my appointment, which followed some little time after his death, had not yet been made. It was of this, not of his own fast-ebbing life, he persisted in talking, even as he was descending into the darkness. Presently he ceased speaking, and held out his hands for me to grasp. And then, after a little interval, he said, "I am not afraid to go." Our last interview had ended. He died next day, this man with the courage of a lion and the heart of a little child.

Your cigars, I see, have long since turned to ashes, and thus also now dissolves our fleeting vision of a great career back into the elusive element from whence it sprang. The portrait, however, hangs there, just as when we saw it first. Possibly if you scan it closely now you may detect a glow that was not there before.

XXVII

SOME PURELY AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENTS

The portraits of WILLIAM S. VANNATTA and TOM CLARK look lonely now in this collection because, up to date, they are the sole representatives of one of the greatest groups of cattle-breeders yet developed by the live-stock industries of the United States. The Hereford alone among all the valuable British types of improved domestic animals has been improved over his English form by American minds and methods.

One exception should be made to this general statement. The Berkshire swine have been decidedly bettered in this country, from an American point of view, very largely through the genius of Hon. N. H. GENTRY of Missouri. "NICK," as his friends love to call him, is beyond question one of the greatest constructive forces ever identified with American stock-breeding activities. His work with the Berkshire is fairly comparable with the best efforts of the most successful breeders on either side the Atlantic, and if those who are interested in the American hog as a prime factor in cornbelt prosperity do not see to it that his portrait is placed in the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN rooms, they will be failing in an obvious obligation. The story of Mr. GENTRY's production of the big, broad-ribbed, heavy-hammed, deep-sided, mellow-fleshed, early-maturing and finely-finished Berkshire hog by the concentration of the blood of old Longfellow and other porcine celebrities, will, when written, prove to be worthy of ranking with the best achievements of brainy men in other realms of stock-breeding. Here again the Bakewell scheme in the hands of a master in its application proved the touchstone of a triumphant success.

The Hereford is playing such a stellar role in the range cattle business in North America that it is high time that this fact find more adequate recognition in our embryonic national gallery. In my judgment there could be no greater service rendered those who are perpetuating the great Herefordshire grazing breed than the immediate authorization of portraits of Ben Tomkins, John Price of Ryall, the Hewers, Monkhouse, Rogers, Tudge, Turner, His Grace of Coventry, Arkwright, and other Hereford fathers. And when we recall the wonderful work done in our own middle west by Culbertson, Gudgell and Simpson, Funkhouser, Adams Earl, Charles B. Stuart, and their contemporaries and successors, it is self-evident that a grand Hereford room is to be one of the inspiring features of the Saddle and Sirloin Club of our imagination!

I do not hesitate to advance the claim, realizing fully its sweeping nature, that the evolution and fixing of the modern American Hereford type, through adroit manipulation of the imported material, has been one of the most notable achievements in all the annals of cattle-breeding, ancient or modern. In their successful execution of a well-conceived plan, in the extraordinary accomplishments following the blending of the Anxiety, Garfield, Wilton, Sir Richard 2d and other bloods, the Hereford cattle-breeders of the cornbelt have given proof of a skill and capacity for original work in type modification and development not surpassed by any like group in the old world at any period, and not yet equaled on this side the Atlantic, in so far as the records of the flesh-bearing breeds of cattle are concerned.

I have personal recollection of what the English Hereford was in the late seventies and early eighties. I knew the Anxietys, "old Grove," Tregrehan and "old Dick." I saw Garfield when first imported. I saw the Wiltons in all their Royal showyard beauty. Year in and year out I made the rounds of the pastures and paddocks in which the English ingredients were being mixed, and year by year I watched the ever-rising standard of the American product as the beautiful show herds came forward for public praise. The grace of Lord Wilton, the substance of old Horace, the mellowness of The Grove 3d, the quarters and loin of Anxiety 4th, fused by the fires of an enthusiasm and zeal fairly unparalleled in animal breeding, gave the western world the most uniformly excellent type of cattle adapted to a particular purpose as yet credited to American breeding.

True, we were indebted to Herefordshire for the original seed, and truly we must credit something of all this to Herefordshire men who became Americans in time to participate in this high achievement. Likewise we cheerfully concede that even yet we find it helpful to return now and then to the old home for revivifying influences. It is meet, therefore, that the pictures of WILLIAM VANNATTA as a rare type of the constructive American, and TOM CLARK, as a stamp of the English-born contingent that so loyally supplemented American efforts with the "white faces," should hang side by side upon SADDLE AND SIRLOIN walls.

The development of the Club along broad lines will naturally call for a complete exposition of the origin and growth of the range business. That phase of the upbuilding of our biggest American industry is of course the most spectacular of all. The portraits of CONRAD KOHRS and MURDO MACKENZIE alone now serve to remind us of this vital part of our live-stock production. I hope that some day the pen of a JOHN CLAY may be turned loose upon an account of the introduction and dissemination of the herds and flocks throughout the grassy empire of the plains and mountain meadows, and that the future will find a great SADDLE AND SIRLOIN hall filled with reminders of the men who have subdued the western wild, and made it a prolific source of profit and supply to the American people. In so far as the northern range is concerned CONRAD KOHRS stands out like one of the snowy peaks of the land he has helped to civilize. The Panhandle has known no greater master of range cattle strategy than MURDO MACKENZIE. He is at present devoting his mature judgment touching ranch management to a big Brazilian syndicate, but a glad welcome awaits his return to the Rocky Mountain states.

Fortunes have been won and lost in this western land and cattle business. Some men had success quickly thrust upon them only to see the glittering prize slip as rapidly from their grasp. Others attained the summits of eminence and wealth only after long and trying experiences in the foothills and the deserts that barred their progress. KOHRS and MACKENZIE may well be taken as representative men of the latter class.

What men of British descent have done in Australia and New Zealand, what men of Spanish blood have accomplished on subtropical ranges, is a part of the history of live-stock progress of which all may well be proud; but if we consider the original discouragements and the steadily restrictive operation of our national policies in respect to meat and wool production in our own arid west, it must be said that nowhere else have men wrested more in the way of animal production, for the general good of a great people, than have those who, at both personal and financial peril, planted and still maintain the standard of pastoral husbandry from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan. Big men have been developed in this big man's field, but the nation and the people have dealt none too generously by them.

Speaking of things stock-wise that represent distinctively American work of an original character, it is never to be overlooked that the mortgage-lifting, home-building lard hog is one of the natural products of this fat land of the Indian corn. We have already said that the Berkshire has been palpably improved in the middle states from the point of view of adaptability to American purposes. The Poland-China, the Duroc-Jersey, the Chester White and the Hampshire are real American types, and their products figure a huge total in any analysis of American sources of wealth. Great Britain has evolved nothing in the animal kingdom more nearly meeting a national need than these marvelous swine of ours.

While it is not our purpose to exploit in this connection all the triumphs of American stock-breeding as contrasted with old Britain, we should not in this relation fail to refer to our harness and saddle horses—matchless in all the world for the special purposes they were designed to serve—our old-time work with the Vermont Merino sheep, and our triumphs in the poultry world. Enough, and more than enough, has been worked out upon American soil to demonstrate that when necessity or impulse spurs them on, our people can be quite as clever and capable in the application of scientific principles along untried paths as their brethren beyond the seas.

This fact is here brought out to show that the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB has at its very doors a field in which recognition should be freely and indeed lavishly extended. There can be no higher stimulus to the American stock-breeder of the future than contemplation of the careers of the great American stock-breeders of the past. Where is there any fit collection of their portraits and suitable mementos of what they have created? Where is fitting public record of their service to the country?

NETHERHALL

XXVIII

THE LAIRD OF NETHERHALL

Since first its doors were opened the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB has entertained no greater figure in the animal-breeding world than the late ANDREW MONTGOMERY of Netherhall. We are perhaps not yet far enough removed from the field he occupied to take the full measure of his greatness. A succeeding generation with the right perspective will in all human probability write his name near the very top of the list of those who in comparatively recent years have improved upon the work of the original breed-builders of Great Britain. The "classy Clydesdale" that captivates so many showyard visitors by his matchless grace is not the sole creation of any one man's brain. Like the Aberdeenshire Shorthorn, the Aberdeen-Angus, the Galloways, Ayrshires, West Highlanders and the Black-Faced Mountain Sheep, he is numbered among the many treasured types of improved domestic animals given by Caledonia to the farming world. The story of the Clyde has yet to be written. It will match that of the other leading modern breeds, and it will be a long roll of honor that lists the names of those who first differentiated this Scottish type from the sturdy cart horse found south of Berwick and Carlisle; but wherever the Clydesdale horse has gone during the present generation of men—and that means wherever men of British birth live upon the lands bounded by the seven seas—there is the name and the work of ANDREW MONTGOMERY already known and recognized.

In his selection of Macgregor as a yearling at £65 and his immediate insistence that he had acquired possession of the one best asset of the breed at that date in Scotland, we have practically a repetition of the case of BATES and Belvidere. Asked by DAVID RIDDELL of Blackhall, owner of Darnley—Macgregor's sire—what he would take for the newly-purchased colt, ANDREW promptly replied, "£1,000 and Darnley." And then began that doubling in of the blood of Darnley and old Prince of Wales that has since been little less than a revelation to the Clydesdale breeding world. At about the same time he picked Macgregor, Mr. MONTGOMERY had the discernment and good fortune to buy for £100 a yearling filly called Moss Rose that was destined to acquire a celebrity second to no other draft mare known to equine records. His contemporaries were not long now in discovering that a new Richmond was indeed in Bosworth field, and that all had to reckon not only with his show-yard entries, but his judgments. LAWRENCE DREW of Merryton and Prince of Wales were names to conjure with in the Valley of the Clyde prior to ANDREW MONTGOMERY's powerful advocacy of "a thick horse, richt at the grun." The upstanding type with short ribs, no matter how nice in their "kits" and hoofs, never appealed to him except as good crossing material for the heavier-bodied Darnleys.

And ANDREW, like AMOS CRUICKSHANK, had a brother who gave him stanch and ever intelligent support. The partnership that became a familiar one the world over as "A. & W. MONTGOMERY" was formed, and the purchase of the famous Baron's Pride, which proved the real foundation of the greatest successes scored by the MONTGOMERYS, is credited by Mr. MACNEILAGE, the keeper of the Scottish Clydesdale seals, to WILLIAM. Doubtless, however, this happy selection really represented a joint judgment. Together they pressed actively the Clydesdale claims in every direction. They succeeded in interesting certain of the nobility and large landed proprietors of England. They personally visited and made sales in continental Europe, Canada and the United States, assisting conspicuously in the procuring of great geldings to be exhibited at Toronto, Chicago and elsewhere. Horses of their production were fitted and shown for years at all the leading

British and North American shows, and were always in the very first flight.

Personally a man of fine presence, a born judge of animal form, skilled perhaps beyond all his contemporaries in the blending of Clydesdale types, shrewd and diplomatic enough to have graced any chancellery in Europe, ANDREW MONTGOMERY easily stood at the head of his profession at the time of his death at 64 years of age, in 1912. To him Scotland is indebted more than to any other one man for the great Clydesdale activity and advance that set in during the early seventies. The study of how the best Clydesdales have been produced since the MONTGOMERY era was inaugurated is one that is at the present time interesting deeply a large number of devoted admirers of the breed, who find the latter-day accomplishments in this field intensely fascinating.

XXIX

A LOVER OF THE LAND

In a preceding sketch entitled "From Sire to Sons" attention has been drawn to a typical English case of inherited farm properties splendidly carried on by a succeeding generation. This following of the son in the footsteps of the father comes as nearly being the rule in Great Britain in all walks of life as it is the exception in the United States. Our notes on the career of Capt. JAMES N. BROWN remind us, however, that we too have some striking instances of filial carrying out of paternal plans in our own country. In fact there can be no finer illustration held up to the rising generation of farmers' sons than that of Capt. BROWN's son WILLIAM, whose death occurred in 1908 at the age of 69 years. His case fairly falls within the purview of this work, not perhaps by reason of any striking individual achievement in the realm of farming and cattle-breeding on the part of the deceased, but rather because he stood out in bold relief as a fine representative of a type the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB delights to honor—a type which unfortunately has been all too rare along the trail that began in the flowery prairies and woodlands of the early days and leads up to the vortex of contemporary western business life.

Inheriting, along with his brothers CHARLES and BENJAMIN, a princely domain in the very heart of the cornbelt, gifted by nature with a fine mind and subjected to the usual allurements of young men of his class in the middle west, he yet clung to the simple life, resisting steadfastly to the end the ceaseless calls of the city. In the noonday and in the evening of his years the soft, cool touch of the blue grass, the rustle of the ripening corn, the chatter of the squirrels in the giant oaks, the highly-bred cattle in the park, the burly bullocks grazing in luxurious pastures, provided for him a sure and safe defense against all the vicissitudes inevitably attending the passage of man's allotted three score years and ten. Happy indeed the man who is permitted to live out a long life in sweet content, honored and respected far and near in the midst of such prodigal pastoral wealth and beauty as surrounded WILLIAM BROWN at Grove Park from the cradle to the grave.

He might have won success, as the world measures success, in law or medicine or politics. He might have sought, as so many others born under similiar conditions have done, "the bubble reputation" even at the cost of forsaking the ancestral acres; but the lure of the land, an heritage perhaps from his soil-loving parents, saved him from what would have been to one of his tastes a fatal error. Some people have said he was lacking in ambition and enterprise. Well, perhaps that was true in a way. He did not possess that overflowing vitality and restlessness that make a man "get up and go" in spite of all obstacles. To him the eternal mystery of the variation of animals and plants was a world close at hand well worth exploring. He may have been something of a dreamer. If close communion with nature in field, garden, forest or paddock is idling, he spent hours which others might have passed more actively, but not perhaps in the end more profitably. He was wedded to the old home; to his own vine and fig tree; to the wonders wrought by the subtle alchemy of the elements; to the tranquil beauty of the star-lit night; to the glory of the sunset and the dawn; to the roar of the wind through the noble woods of Island Grove; to the pageantry of the passing storm—a man of sentiment as well as sense.

William Brown often bewailed the fact that corn-state farmers did not breed more good cattle. As high as eight hundred to one thousand head of bullocks were annually required to consume the wealth of grass produced on the estate, but it unfortunately became impossible to buy these direct from the farmers of Illinois, Iowa or Missouri. Believing, nevertheless, that it was the duty of those who occupied a conspicuous position in the agricultural community to set a proper example in this regard, pedigreed cattle were steadily maintained in addition to the extensive feeding operations carried on, and the herd which had been the first to be founded in the state continued to be a dependable source of supply for those who appreciated the importance of good cattle as an essential adjunct to proper soil conservation in the middle west.

For forty years WILLIAM BROWN was a regular buyer of feeding cattle in the Chicago market. From 1870 until about 1890 the plan was to buy three-year-old steers each autumn and graze them for twelve months, no grain whatever being used. It became apparent latterly, however, that it would not pay on such high-priced land to compete with the range on grass-fed beef, and so the plow was put through some of the richest blue-grass sod ever seen in the west and preparations made to grow and feed corn. After grain-finished bullocks began to be produced the number carried was reduced to about 400 per year. Good, well-bred two-year-old cattle were bought in the fall and carried in the stalkfields until spring. About March 1 they were put in pasture well matted with cured grass, and the feeding of ear corn was commenced. The grain was thrown out daily from the wagons onto the grass, but never in the same place on consecutive days. Hogs, of course, followed the cattle. The beef thus made in the orthodox corn-belt fashion was of prime quality, and the Grove Park cattle were in eager request whenever they were offered in the market.

It is perhaps unfortunate for the state and for the farming community at large that WILLIAM BROWN did not devote more of his time to public affairs. He was too modest and unassuming to push himself forward, and too fond of the clover blossoms and the cattle to permit his friends to saddle upon him any irksome responsibilities. A charming host, a reserved yet genial companion, not readily drawn out, but talking easily and entertainingly, he was a man of great natural refinement and mental grace.

In these days when men are so prone to lease their lands to be farmed by tenants who usually leave the soil poorer than they found it; when so many fickle-minded folk are coming and going in the cattle-breeding world; when other industries are absorbing so much of the best blood of our western land-owning families, it may be well to pause a moment, as we contemplate the trend from the farm to the counting-room, to note this instance of one who throughout a long and useful life proved that a man possessing gentle birth, classical education and qualities fitting him to shine almost anywhere in the busy haunts of men, can be prosperous, contented and eminently useful in his day and generation, even though far removed from daily contact with those things which so many seem to regard as essential to their happiness.

XXX

FIAT LUX

We approach now another type. You will find the pictures in the main corridor as you enter the Club. I am not quite sure that journalists, scientists, teachers, authors or even cabinet officers have any special claims to the conspicuous recognition here accorded them. That the breed-makers and their disciples are entitled to first and best consideration in this general scheme goes without saying. However, as the object of it all is educational, I suppose that active promoters and forwarders of the cause fall legitimately within the general scope of SADDLE AND SIRLOIN purposes. The darkness that once dwelt upon the face of the agricultural deep is disappearing. That the light is breaking is due in large measure to the type of men here represented. Each of those whose portrait here appears has helped to bear aloft the torch of knowledge somewhere along the highways or byways of our progress.

The first of our great collegians to stir the country deeply upon the subject of animal feeding along scientific lines was Dean HENRY, whose portrait, as already recorded, was the beginning of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN memorial galleries. It is indeed difficult to measure the far-reaching influence of Prof. Henry's work. His writings have been for years the subject of study and discussion in every land. Earnestness, sincerity, honesty and a perennially effervescing enthusiasm made him a tremendous power in the field of higher agricultural training, at a time when the cause had not yet felt the full force of the popular support since accorded the great movement which has been well reflected in the corridor of which we speak by portraits of Profs. Craig, Curtiss, Carlyle, Davenport, Plumb, Waters, Skinner, Babcock and their colleagues, presented to the Club through subscriptions made up by members of the student body at the respective institutions represented.

As a matter of fact, the state of Wisconsin has been exceptionally prolific of men who have fairly won the shoulder-straps of high distinction in the service of the live stock and farming world. In the old days George Murray of Racine, Jerome I. Case, George Harding, Rufus B. Kellogg, the Brockways, H. D. McKinney, I. J. Clapp and their contemporaries kept the fires of good breeding burning brightly, and into the service of the people at large there came that diamond in the rough, the Hon. Jere Rusk, first Governor, and then Secretary of Agriculture under

President Ben Harrison. Then there is William D. Hoard, editor, Governor and evangelist-extraordinary in the world-wide realm of modern dairying. Dr. Babcock, the great agricultural chemist of the University of Wisconsin, who gave millions of dollars to the world when he discovered the test for butterfat, is a late and welcome addition to this outer corridor collection. His work has added immeasurably to the prestige of applied science throughout the farming world.

"Tama Jim" Wilson of Iowa needs no special introduction at our hands. The three-time Secretary is a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, and has had exceptional opportunities of promoting scientific agriculture, which he has utilized to the fullest possible extent. Near him you will find the Hon. John Dryden, late Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, a man who was much more than an efficient public official in a responsible position. He was one of the best farmers in a district famous for its tillage, its Shorthorns, Clydes and Shropshires—that same part of Canada that gave the Millers and the Davidsons to North America. His picture may well be here preserved, and space awaits the portraits of his countrymen, James I. Davidson and rare old "Willie" Miller. These and other Canadians played conspicuous roles during the revolution in western cattle-breeding, discussed in the pages devoted to the work of Senator HARRIS.

Dean CURTISS of Ames has judged the draft horses in harness at the International for so many years, and with such universal satisfaction to the talent, that nobody knows what would happen in that sensational annual competition if he were to be suddenly translated to some other sphere. CURTISS is one of the real ornaments of his profession. His knowledge of the breeds is broad; his acquaintance among breeders, feeders and dairymen nation-wide, and his poise has carried him safely through many a hot contention.

Poor patient plodding CRAIG! None was ever better at planning scientific experimentation with live stock. At Madison, at Ames and in Texas he left his impress upon important animal husbandry work, and died, a great but uncomplaining sufferer, in the harness. As a member of the United States Tariff Board in 1909 I had esteemed myself specially fortunate in engaging CRAIG to conduct the inquiry into production-cost of wool upon the western ranges; but troubles at that time were fast engulfing him in their toils, and before the inquiry could be started he was stricken cruelly, and gathered to his fathers. If there was ever a self-sacrificing moral hero it was this same brave, frail, crippled JOHN A. CRAIG.

Dean DAVENPORT, of the University of Illinois, the little giant of one of the hardest-fought battles in the history of western agricultural college work, will ever be remembered as the man who has made the Illinois institution, over which he still presides, one of the greatest of all existing schools of its class. How he did it none but himself will ever really know. Surrounded by such able, conscientious co-workers as MUMFORD, COFFEY, and a faculty of altogether exceptional strength, he lives to enjoy his richly-merited success as he plans still greater things for Illinois.

The portraits of Dean HENRY, JERE RUSK, JOHN DRYDEN and JAMES WILSON look down upon me as I pass and seem to say, "There is one of our company here we would not wish you to ignore. We knew him well, and in the old days labored often side by side. Forget not the days of thy youth." My father! Yes, it is true he is also here. To be sure the artist has not done as well with this portrait as he did in the case of the one that hangs in my own private office; but it serves. But what am I to say and where am I to begin? I can only yield myself to the occult influences of the hour and place, sink into that "comfy" corner chair, and drift without compass or rudder into the circling seas of introspection. Spirits of a day lang syne are surely hovering round about. Mystic voices from across wide waters seem to speak. The past rises even as a dream, from which I awake in boy-land.

THE OLD HOME IN IOWA

XXXI

THE CALL OF A DISTANT PAST

It was in the year 1868 that James Harvey Sanders—then engaged in banking and railway construction work designed to give adequate transportation facilities to a comparatively isolated community in Keokuk county in the state of Iowa—found himself in a position to indulge his inherited fondness for farming and well-bred domestic animals. Born in central Ohio from Virginia parentage, he had not forgotten the impress made in the Sciota Valley and in the "Darby Plains" country in the Buckeye State by the first stallions of heavy draft brought into those regions from the ancient French province of Normandy. The first cross of these big horses upon the native mares had been so successful in increasing the size and selling value of the colts produced, as compared with the ordinary types prevalent in those early days, that he determined to introduce the blood into that part of the newer west in which he had taken up his residence.

At that date there were but few horses of pure French origin available. Old Louis Napoleon had been brought out from Ohio into Illinois, and had already laid the foundation for the subsequent popularity of the so-called "Norman" horse in the middle west. Revisiting the old home in quest of a stallion carrying as much of the desired blood as was obtainable, he was fortunate enough to acquire by purchase a seven-eighths-bred horse called Victor Hugo, sired by the famous old-time imported stallion Count Robert, known locally in central Ohio as "the Baker Horse," and shipped him out to Iowa. The nearest railway station was some 30 miles distant, but the big, good-tempered iron-gray was as active as a cat, in fact, a prodigious "walker," and, led by the halter along the country roads, there was no difficulty experienced in landing him safely at the little village county seat of Sigourney. I was a lad of less than 10 at the time, but I have a distinct recollection of the sensation Victor Hugo made upon his arrival in the midst of a farming community where a 1,600-pound drafter was an absolute revelation. Following the first introduction of French horses into Iowa by A. W. Cook of Charles City a few years previous, this was, so far as I can ascertain, the second "importation" of this type into the state. It may be of interest to Percheron breeders to add that this pioneer horse was out of a mare by "Old Bill," also called the "Valley Horse," and his grandam was a mare by old Louis Napoleon.

Victor Hugo at once became the pet and pride, not only of the family, but of the entire countryside. I have since that time had the pleasure of riding and driving many a good horse. I have experienced since then divers and sundry "thrills" incident to connection with various events of one kind or another; but if I were to live to be a hundred years old I do not imagine that I could ever experience again anything approaching the sense of supreme and of course exaggerated importance I used to feel when as a small boy I was set astride the broad bare back of this great horse, the reins of his fine bridle—bedecked at brow-band with red rosettes—placed in my hands, and started around the village streets or public highways. He was as gentle as a dog, and only once, on the occasion of a county fair, was I ever unhorsed as a result of my fondness for poor old Victor Hugo. I say "poor," because after several successful years, in the course of which he was patronized to the limit by the farmers of Keokuk and adjoining counties, he bled to death as a result of the rupture of a blood vessel in his head or nostril. I know I wept for days and would not be comforted.

Then came the great imported horse Dieppe, and also Diligence, both bought from the DILLONS of Bloomington, the former at $3,000 and the latter at $2,500; the former probably one of the greatest sires of draft colts that ever crossed the Atlantic. He had no imported mares, but he revolutionized the farm horse stock of that part of Iowa in the early seventies, and was the direct cause of the subsequent embarkation into the draft-horse breeding and importing trade on a liberal scale by the Messrs. SINGMASTER.

Meantime, JAMES H. SANDERS had noted the vast extension of good breeding that began sweeping over the Mississippi Valley states during the years following the close of the Civil War, and looked about for some means of keeping himself informed as to what was going on in that important branch of western agricultural development. At the State Fair he saw a few Shorthorns and certain other types of well-bred cattle, horses, sheep and swine. Still all this was merely incidental. He had been successful in business, and the major part of his time was still employed in buying right-of-way and materials for a railway to connect Cedar Rapids and Ottumwa. He had an interest in the local printing office, and as a result of his reading of DARWIN'S, HUXLEY'S, TYNDALL'S, SPENCER'S and other scientific works determined to found and edit with his own hand a periodical to be devoted to the interest of blood-stock breeding. The little monthly "Western Stock Journal" thus came into being, printed upon a hand-power press, and each individual copy stitched with an ordinary thread and needle by the members of his own household, of which I was a junior with my first pair of long trousers. I couldn't stitch as many copies in an hour as my seniors, but I loved the little paper, and with my awkward fingers did what I could to help get the precious little messenger ready for distribution. It does not look particularly imposing as I gaze upon those initial issues now after the lapse of more than forty years, but it "took" instantaneously in Iowa and neighboring states, because it satisfied a genuine demand for reading matter of that description. It was the first purely live-stock periodical ever issued in the world, and never was enterprise launched from more disinterested or more essentially altruistic motives.

The first purebred bull introduced into Keokuk county agriculture was a Shorthorn bought by my father from W. J. NEELEY, an old-time breeder at Ottawa, Ill., for account of T. A. MORGAN. I shall never forget the first impression made by this straight-lined, level-quartered red yearling as I first saw him being led from the unloading chute down the roadway leading out to Mr. MORGAN'S place.

When the American Indians first saw a white man their wonder must have been somewhat similar to my own at seeing my first beast of a highly improved character belonging to the bovine species. Nothing like this had ever before walked on earth—in my judgment. The bull was as great a creation of his kind as was Victor Hugo, but he did not belong to us—much to my disappointment—and I went back to our own cowyard to milk my quota of the native "fill-pails" assembled every evening, wondering how such beautiful animals as this proud young Shorthorn ever happened. I think now that this was clearly the beginning of an admiration for fine cattle that in after years led me into a lot of hard work, in fact, into a vocation.

Having now started his community squarely upon the road to draft horse and cattle improvement, and having through the "Western Stock Journal" called the entire west to arms in the cause of better breeding, my father went after the lanky, long-snouted swine of that period. This was in the days when David M. Magie was building so wisely at Oxford, O., the foundations of the Poland-China breed. A. C. Moore, his great antagonist of Canton, Ill., was also producing black-and-white spotted hogs that were having a wide vogue among the farmers of Illinois and Iowa. Father, with his natural leaning towards Buckeye State productions, sent to headquarters for a good boar, and MAGIE shipped out a hog that I can still see as plainly as though it were but yesterday he was uncrated—long, deep, heavy-boned, great "lop" ears and some sandy spots along with the black-and-white. The black predominated, but the white spots were far more extensive than would have been accepted in Poland-China circles a few years later. This boar proved a good producer, and all of the half-blood pigs were quickly bought up by the neighboring farmers for breeding purposes. Later on a pair of Essex were bought, but they lacked the size demanded by the feeders of that district, and the blood never became popular. An English type of whites, known then, and yet where bred, as Cheshires, next engaged attention, and with these was scored one of the most marked successes of that period. They had finish, weight and quality, and the fine fat litters captivated everybody on sight. These "chubby" pink-skinned pigs were the one special joy of my own youthful heart. The truth is I have never seen anything quite so attractive since. What a great thing indeed it is to be a live, healthy boy with all the world yet a terra incognito, with new marvels revealing themselves at every bend in the river! And how my brother and I pampered the chosen specimens selected for the county fair! In clean pens, away from the midsummer heat, they were stuffed several times a day almost to the bursting point with cooked corn-meal "mush," boiled potatoes and milk, and, to take the place of grazing, the choicest weeds that pigs' palates ever knew were gathered in the garden and supplied in great profusion for their delectation. Grow? Fatten? Such porcine prodigies had surely not been seen before in that community! And one great day, one summer when our pig crop was uncommonly excellent, it was decided to show at the State Fair at Cedar Rapids, and "we boys" were to be taken along! Oh joy! Oh rapture unconfined! For weeks we slept but little, and our waking dreams were all of the grand experience ahead. I think I wore out two or three of the premium lists that August devouring them and all their contents daily. I knew the list of officers and directors "by heart." I knew who was to be grand marshal, although I did not know exactly what duties that functionary had to discharge. Had I known at the time that he was to be a kingly figure on a noble charger wearing a crimson sash, I should have died I fear of sheer excitement. I knew all the rules and regulations, and the money prizes in sight seemed to me enormous. You can rest assured, dear reader, that those pigs did not suffer for lack of food during those wonderful weeks of preparation. Scrubbed? Well, I should be almost ashamed to tell you how many times a week we climbed into those pens armed with brushes and hot "suds"! We ran a regular "beauty parlor" for our coming champions. And at last—it seemed to us the day would never come—the building of the shipping crates began, and then we knew that we were really going soon.

Our county was still without a railroad. Progress from the south was slow, and delays and disappointments interminable supervened to impede the completion of the line in which the paternal fortune had been invested. So when this Cedar Rapids expedition was arranged it called for a thirty-mile haul to the town of Washington on the Rock Island's Kansas City line. Old Dieppe, the imported "Norman," was to go. Also two or three alleged trotters that had a trainer and sulkies and harnesses and boots and blankets and bandages galore, and could go just fast enough to lose every race in which they were ever started. We all knew that this outfit was unprofitable; but father loved a good road team and harness racing, and indulged his fondness for the sport at considerable cost. He was entirely serious and altogether practical in his efforts with the drafters, the Shorthorns and the pigs, but warned everybody against the allurements of the turf. Often I have heard him say, "If you will go and buy a cow that has formed the habit of sucking herself, you will have a piece of property of about the same value as one of these trotters."

The great day dawned at last. The pigs had all been crated the evening before, and at sunrise the caravan started—one great wagon load of swine, another filled with feed, camp equipment and luggage of various kinds. The trotters drew the high-wheeled "sulkies" and Dieppe was led. It was a merry party that took the road that morning, I assure you, and the evening found us putting up for the night at a wayside tavern a few miles from the town of Washington. Early the next morning we drove to the railway depot, and loaded the whole outfit into a Rock Island box car. I have since crossed the Atlantic and our continent many times, but never was there such a great adventure as this railway journey of the backwoods country boy of eleven to the great city of Cedar Rapids and the Iowa State Fair of 1871. Father took a room downtown at a "swell" hotel, and gave me my choice of making headquarters there with him or stopping with "the boys" out on the fair grounds. I of course elected to stay with "the big show." An extra stall was rented in the horse barns, and an extra pen in the swine department. These were well bedded down with nice clean straw, and a bountiful stock of blankets served to convert them straightway into sleeping quarters fit for kings. I stayed with those pet pigs. A primitive cooking outfit had been taken, and never were there such banquets as were served that week. At night we would sit around the camp fire and speculate on the morrow's doings. It was somewhat disconcerting, to be sure, to find that other folks had good pigs also. In fact, we began to worry mightily about what would happen when we had to meet in the sweepstakes rings certain perfect Poland-Chinas that looked as if they too had not lacked preparation. But we scrubbed our entries until they were simply immaculate, curled their hair and set them before the judges in such perfect condition that most of the class prizes and a few championships finally came our way, greatly to our relief and infinite satisfaction. The trotters, needless to add, did not give such a good account of themselves.

ELLIOTT & KENT of Des Moines had a herd of BATES and BATES-topped Shorthorns on exhibition, all red as cherries and nicely fitted, and I found myself wandering around to their stalls every day absolutely lost in admiration. P. R. MCMILLAN & SON of Washington were showing Poland-Chinas. The son was a lad named HORACE, destined in his mature years to lead the Percheron horsemen of the United States out of the mazes of a Stud Book registration tangle such as no other important breed ever had to face in the history of American stock breeding. They had been as successful with their pigs as we had been with ours. The Illinois State Fair was to be held on the following week at Peoria, and the feelings of both HORACE and myself can better be imagined than described when it was announced that both herds were to be shipped and shown there, and we were to be allowed to go! Father and MCMILLAN père went on ahead to arrange the entries and the necessary accommodations, and we were to go by freight with the live stock. No trip around the world ever yielded any human beings greater excitements than did this expedition to these two Iowa youngsters. I was not just sure that the great steel bridge over the Mississippi at Burlington was going to stand up under the strain of our heavily-laden cars, but it did, and presently we were in Peoria. All was bustle and confusion. Adam Rankin of Monmouth was unloading a show herd of Berkshires when we arrived at the fair ground siding, and a lot of his pigs were uncrated on the platform to be driven across to the swine department by way of exercise. They got it. So did our entire party. Overjoyed, I suppose, at their unexpected liberty, with heads and tails up, they broke away from all control, and steeple-chased all over the fair grounds with our whole company in hot pursuit. That was my first real demonstration of Berkshire activity, cunning and real agility. Needless to say it took the ringleaders in this escapade three or four days to recover from their "spree," much to their owner's disgust.

Such was my father's entrance into showyard campaigning. Such was my own first taste of life in the great world that had been discovered outside of Keokuk county. Several happy and prosperous years followed, so far as the stock-keeping ventures were concerned; but the financial panic of '73 wrecked the St. Louis and Cedar Rapids railway corporation, and the savings of twenty years went by the board. Meantime, George W. Rust and John P. Reynolds of Chicago, noting the possibilities opened up by the field partially covered by the "Western Stock Journal," had established a monthly magazine called "The National Live Stock Journal," and now made overtures looking toward a consolidation of the two publications. The deal was consummated, and JAMES H. SANDERS agreed to become an associate editor of the Chicago periodical. At first he prepared his copy at home and mailed it in to the head office. He early pressed me into such altogether minor and clerical service as I was able to render in the matter of assisting with the collection of the news of the business and the handling of his proofs.

Those were indeed trying days for one who had until now been uniformly successful in other fields; but the big horses earned enough to provide a respectable support for a considerable family. A famous Clydesdale show horse, Donald Dinnie, had been bought from GEORGE MURRAY of Racine for $5,000, and was added to the Percheron stud, and a liberal patronage was accorded. Those were the days of $20, $25 and $30 fees, and the aggregate bookings of all the stallions totaled a very tidy sum. But hard times now pressed heavily. Debts arising from the railway crash hung like a nightmare with no relief from their crushing weight in sight. GEORGE

WILKES, the brilliant editor and proprietor of the great New York sporting weekly of that era, had noticed father's editorial work, and engaged him to attend and report the Grand Circuit races, beginning at Cleveland and running for some weeks down through Buffalo, Rochester, Utica and other eastern cities. Those were the halcyon days of harness-horse racing in America. Fortunes were up in purses, the attendance was enormous, the sport royal, and an excitement and enthusiasm which can now scarce be realized followed the great contests of speed and endurance as the campaign progressed to its apotheosis. I have heard it said that the accounts of these memorable trotting meetings published from week to week as DOBLE and MACE and MARVIN and other celebrated drivers fought their various battles, have not to this day been surpassed. As examples of descriptive writing, they were so generally appreciated that Mr. WILKES immediately offered the western writer the turf editorship of the "Spirit of the Times." The proposition was accepted, the old home in Iowa given up, the live stock sold, and removal to New York followed. While the salary was a liberal one, and the work congenial enough, the idea of selling all his time to someone else did not appeal specially to a man who had been his own master throughout many successful years, so that after the lapse of some twelve months, negotiations were undertaken which resulted in his acquiring an interest in the "National Live Stock Journal," and assuming at the same time its managing editorship.

Thus was JAMES H. SANDERS embarked upon the work which ever after claimed his undivided attention. It was a hard struggle at first. The income failed to meet the Chicago cost of living, and at 16 years of age a desk was set aside for me, in order that I might begin an apprenticeship and incidentally bring home $10 every Saturday night. The most active breeding interests at that date, 1876, were those which centered in Shorthorn cattle and trotting-bred horses. Father had the latter well in hand, and set me the task of "checking" the proofs of the many herd and sale catalogues being printed at the "Journal" office for the leading Shorthorn breeders of the west. This was not only a "demnition grind," on account of its particularly tedious character, but called for most scrupulous and painstaking care, in order to avoid errors in names or registration numbers. Those were the days of "fashionable" and "unfashionable" pedigrees. It made all the difference in the world, for example, in the selling value of an animal if one of the "crosses" in the pedigree read "Duke of Airdrie 2743" or "Duke of Airdrie (12730)." The one was taboo, the other a name to be paraded with pride. Each and every name and number in the body of the pedigrees as well as in all the footnotes had to be carefully verified by reference to the English or American Herd Books before we put the "forms" to press. The whole Shorthorn world had gone stark mad on the subject of pedigrees and fashion. No one who had any special pride in his herd thought his equipment complete until he had an elaborately worked-out catalogue compiled and printed at the "National Live Stock Journal" office. GEORGE RUST was their biographer and historian. At first I could not, of course, be trusted to prepare any "copy" for these important publications. I could read proofs and "check" numbers, though, until I was blue in the face. And so after many weary months I perforce acquired a familiarity with the pedigree records and the breeding of the different herds that was subsequently to be turned to some account. This work was only for the vacation months, however. During the winter I went to school: first in Chicago, then—for one year only—at Cornell University, and later taking a LL.B.

degree at the Union College of Law in the class of 1881, of which our present distinguished Chicago congressman, Hon. JAMES R. MANN, was a member. I was to be a lawyer or a newspaper man—one or the other; I did not know which. I preferred the attractions of the law at that time, and pursued its study accordingly; but fate ordered my course otherwise. All through my law course I worked "on the side" on the Shorthorn catalogues, and as an assistant to the editor of the "Journal," and one day something happened.

It was the custom of the office to publish in the paper an editorial review of each catalogue prepared. These were, of course, written by the editors; but it so happened that when one which I had just finished compiling for the late Hon. WILLIAM M. SMITH of Lexington, Ill., was due to be reviewed, no editor was on hand to do the work. The paper was about to go to press, and what was to be done about it? The business manager came to me and asked if I thought I could do it. I was naturally gratified, as well as very much surprised, that anyone should think me qualified to discuss such delicate questions as those touching the breeding of the Shorthorns of that period. I would try. The manager, STEPHEN G. BRABROOK, knew nothing whatever himself about such things, but he had a very keen realization of the necessity of having the work bomb-proof. The "Journal" was the great authority by this time, and its editorial utterances must be carefully weighed before being expressed. I am quite sure that he at first looked upon the proposal that I tackle this job as more or less of a joke. And yet he evidently thought it possible that in a pinch I might get out something that it would do to print. So a few days later I handed in my maiden effort. I was sure enough of my facts. I had not slaved for several years over those interminable rows of herd books all for nothing. I had pedigrees drilled into my head so mercilessly that to this day, after nearly forty years, the numbers of all the more important breeding bulls from the time of Hubback down to 14th Duke of Thornedale come into my mind instantly at the mere mention of the animal's name; and in most instances I could fill in if required, without consulting the books, both the English and American numbers in cases where bulls were recorded on both sides the water. This is mentioned, not as anything specially remarkable, but merely by way of emphasizing the thoroughness of the "grinding" process through which I passed in this work from 1876 to 1880.

"The review reads all well enough," said Mr. Brabrook, "but are you sure you have not made any 'breaks'?" I had courage enough to assure him that I believed it was O. K., and so with some little trepidation the business manager in the absence of the editors put the stuff in type, and slipped it into the last form going to press. As for myself, I was frightened half out of my wits. There would be the devil to pay, sure enough, if I had "fallen down." The paper appeared, and a few days later in walked "Uncle Billy" Smith himself. My desk was in the business office, and when the dear old man took a chair and said, with mock severity, "Brabrook, who wrote that matter about my cattle?" I knew the end had come. I felt myself growing smaller and smaller every moment, and would have been truly thankful if the floor had mercifully opened and let me through where no one could witness my impending humiliation and Brabrook's wrath. The latter was quite as sure as I myself that mortal offense had been committed through his and my own stupidity, and a good customer's further business lost forever. So he turned red and then white, and finally stammered, in tones absolutely apologetic in their quality: "Well, I believe that in the absence of our regular editors it was written by one of the young men here in the office." And then we both waited for the bolt to strike. It came swiftly enough, and when it was delivered one man's career in this world was settled.

William M. Smith was one of the big men of his day in the state of Illinois, prominent in political and financial circles, an inveterate joker and retailer of good stories, beloved by everybody. His laugh was worth going blocks to hear, so hearty and so brimming with good nature. I suppose that the comment he made that morning in the office of the "National Live Stock Journal" in the old Honoré Block—pulled down years ago to make room for the beautiful Marquette Building on the corner of Adams and Dearborn Streets—should perhaps not here be put on record. It meant nothing much at the time it was uttered to anybody but a poor boy, wavering as to what he should do with himself. It is of no consequence now to anybody, and yet it may serve to demonstrate anew the power of an appreciative word, spoken at a psychological moment. It may possibly lead someone else to turn on the inexpensive current of a kindly encouragement at some crucial period in some other boy's life. Such situations, as a matter of fact, are not infrequent in the lives of most of us as we journey through this vale of smiles and tears. This is what happened:

"Mr. Brabrook, who is the young man who did it?"

"There he is over there, up to his ears in the Herd Books."

"Well, I simply want to say that this review of my catalogue is the best one you have ever printed."

That was all. But it was enough. When he had gone the office manager came over to where I sat, took me by the hand, congratulated ourselves upon the wholly unanticipated dénouement of our little incursion into the editorial field, went to the safe, opened a cash drawer—none too well lined—took out a new ten-dollar bank note and brought it to me as extra money earned. And, believe me, any who may have had patience enough to follow so personal a narrative thus far, that "X" looked bigger to me that day than any money I have yet seen in my business experiences up to date. I can assure you that there was nothing at all wonderful about the article itself, but, nevertheless, thereafter all the catalogue reveiws were given me to do, and as each appeared in turn a "ten" was added to my little monthly wage. And that is how one American came to take up and follow his father's calling.

My old Latin school reader contained a lot of Aesop's fables, the concluding paragraph of each narration beginning with the expression, "hic fabula docet." And so, with this little leaf from the book of my own experience, the moral is plain: sooner or later opportunity comes to us all—suddenly perhaps, or quite by chance, and usually with no time to prepare one's self to meet the test. And when the hour arrives, then truly what has up to that moment seemed a dull and aimless round of drudgery becomes the solid bridge upon which one has the chance to cross at once to better things. Despise not, therefore, the days of dry detail, the hours of unconscious preparation. The responsible heads will surely be away sometime when something happens, and then you get your day in court.

XXXII

SOME STEPS IN LIVE-STOCK JOURNALISM

The years just prior to 1880 witnessed rapid progress in the distribution of good blood throughout the central states. The Herefords were winning their way throughout the corn country, and becoming the acknowledged regenerators of the range. Shorthorns had the call with the "fanciers," and were changing hands at high prices. Holstein-Friesians, Jerseys, Guernseys and Brown Swiss cattle were entering the dairy districts, and draft horses of the various French and British types were becoming popular. There was activity in all importing and breeding lines, and the "National Live Stock Journal" office was a sort of clearing-house for the reception and dissemination of news and ideas. Various organizations were formed to promote public interest. Pedigree registry associations were projected, and in almost every case the advice and co-operation of J. H. Sanders was invited and secured. He participated actively in the formation of various societies, and was especially prominent in the draft-horse breeding field. When the matter of establishing a stud book for the misnamed "Norman" horse was under consideration, he was induced to undertake the preparation of the initial volume. He had not delved very deep, however, in this interesting field before he learned that the heart of French draft-hôrse production, aside from the Boulonnais district, was the Perche, and at once pointed out the absurdity of the word "Norman" in connection with the French draft types, changing the title of the proposed stud book to "Percheron-Norman," retaining the latter word only as a tub to the whale of American usage. Subsequently this meaningless hyphenated compromise was abandoned entirely, and the Percheron Stud Book of America was builded from the crude foundations thus laid in the late seventies.

Mr. Sanders was ever a devotee of the turf, and was, during this same period, President of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, which owned and operated a well-appointed course upon ground just west of the southern extension of Garfield Park, Chicago. He was also elected President of the Chicago Fair Association, which held great live-stock shows on this property in 1880 and 1881. While all this was going on the business of the "National Live Stock Journal" had been growing rapidly. Its patronage came very largely from the editor's personal friends and fellow-workers in the realm of live-stock improvement, and in the fall of 1881, as he had been only a minority stockholder, he decided to engage in the publication of a weekly to be under his own ownership, devoted to these same interests, and sever his former connection.

The Chicago Fair of that year rivaled in every particular any state fair ever held in Illinois up to that date. I had just been admitted to the bar in Chicago, and was preparing to go west in the fall of that year to grow up with Colorado; but it seems that "the boss" had other plans, which were shortly to be revealed. He resigned his position as editor of "The National" during the summer months, and devoted all his energies to the show scheduled to be held in September. It had been impossible all these years, after providing for his family and the education of his children, to save money out of his editorial salary, and now even that was voluntarily relinquished! But he took the chance. I spent my vacation months working as a clerk in the Fair Association's office. After the show was over I had some $85 of my wages still in my pocket, and it so eventuated that this slender fund was destined to help "start something." After conferences with friends during the fair, he had decided to begin late in the fall the publication of "The Breeder's Gazette." One leading breeder declared promptly that he would advance a few thousand dollars when the time came, with the understanding that the debt would be liquidated by advertising space in the new paper. Another promised $500 upon the same basis; in fact, encouragement was met on every hand. The general traveling agent of the old monthly, HENRY F. EASTMAN, had also expressed in the meantime a desire to cast in his fortunes with the new paper. A little prospectus was prepared, with a schedule of proposed advertising rates, and it was planned to put the whole venture to a test by sending EASTMAN to the "great St. Louis Fair" with this formal announcement, and if he succeeded in making tentative advertising contracts sufficient to serve as a basis of credit, then cash would be borrowed to buy the necessary type and office furnishings to set "The Gazette" up in business.

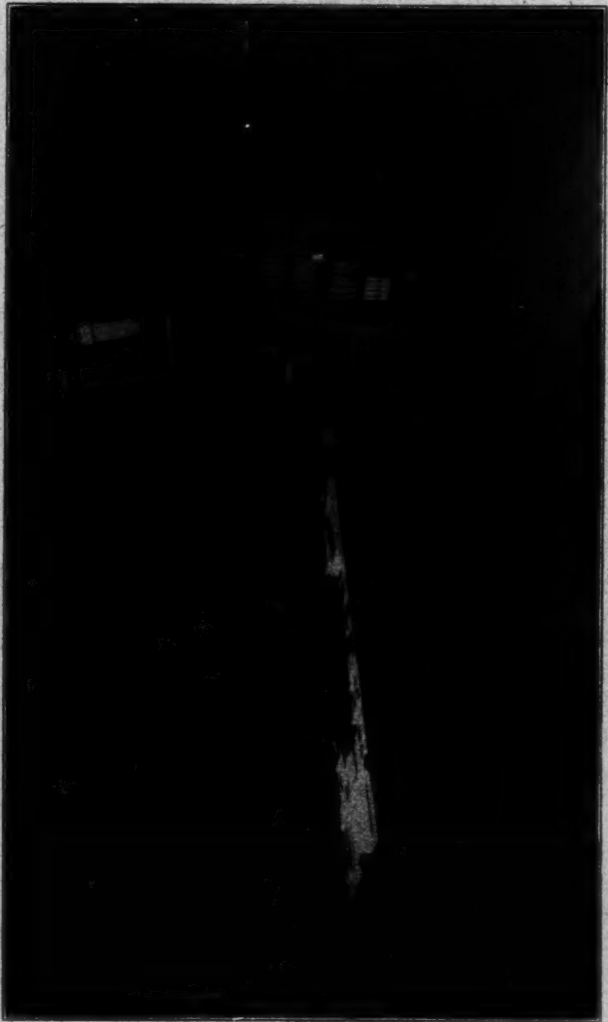
It was at this stage of the proceedings that my little "eighty-five" came into requisition. It so happened that at this particular juncture there was no money in sight to pay EASTMAN's expenses. Happily my own little savings were available, and within a week he was back with several thousand dollars' worth of perfectly good contracts. The venture was evidently to be a success from the very first. There was no longer doubt upon that point. The founder then asked me to "call off" my western plans, and to stick to the ship. I assented upon one condition, to wit: that when "The Gazette" was once well upon its legs I should be allowed to pull out and go on my way to some fancied goal in the realm of jurisprudence. And so the co-partnership of J. H. Sanders & Co. was formed. The actual cash required for the first lease in the old Merchant's Building on the northwest corner of La Salle and Washington Streets, and for the purchase of a modest equipment, was advanced by the late Jerome I. Case of Racine, who took a chattel mortgage on the concern as security for the loan. Mr. Case was a millionaire manufacturer of agricultural implements, a patron of the turf and a warm friend of my father's. Thus was the infant "Gazette" first financed.

There was no question of father's ability to command the patronage of the stockmen of the country generally; but could we attract specially to our support the cattle business in competition with the older paper? That was the crux of the situation, and again those grinding years, to which allusion has already been made, began once more to bear a little fruit. There was one, and only one, way of getting the attention of the great powers in western cattle-breeding at that period. In some way "The Gazette" office must be made a necessary source of information. Our equipment for answering pedigree questions and compiling herd and sale catalogues must be made superior to any other available. But how was this to be accomplished? I thought I knew. When George W. Rust was forced by failing health to sell out of the "National Live Stock Journal" and remove to Colorado, he had taken with him a rare, and to us at this juncture, infinitely valuable collection of books, historic catalogues, manuscripts and documents of various kinds throwing a flood of light on cattle-breeding operations in the United States from the earliest periods. Would he sell the collection, and if so, would it be within our reach with our limited means? He was living quietly at Boulder. In response to a letter he expressed a willingness to sell, and in twenty-four hours I was on a train bound for Denver. This was in November. The first "Gazette" was not to appear until Dec. 1. I had not been among those precious records fifteen minutes before I felt certain that with that mass of original information at our disposal we could make a cattle paper of "The Breeder's Gazette" that would compel recognition in influential circles. It was a gold mine. The price was $1,500 cash. That staggered me a little; but I posted back to Chicago and recommended the purchase, even if we had to curtail expenditures in other directions. The deal was closed by wire, the draft forwarded and the material shipped. Hence the announcement appearing in the very first issue of "The Gazette" to the effect that the RUST collection was to be a part of our library, and that cattle matters in the new paper would be in my special charge. Before the winter had passed the paper was upon a paying basis.

A little later J. H. SANDERS was named by the President of the United States as one of a commission authorized by Congress to locate lands adjacent to certain Atlantic seaboard cities for the establishment of quarantine stations for the detention of cattle then being imported in large numbers from England, Scotland, the Netherlands and the Channel Islands. Prof. JAMES LAW of Cornell University and the Secretary of the Treasury were the other members. This served to bring "The Gazette" into still closer relationship with its patrons. In

1883 Mr. SANDERS went abroad to study Percheron horse-breeding in France, assisting in the founding of the Stud Book for the race in its native land. He also held a special commission from the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate and report upon certain conditions surrounding our export trade in live cattle and meats with Europe. During his absence the writer hereof found himself for the first time charged with the entire responsibility of editing and publishing the weekly issues of "The Gazette." I was then 23 years of age, and my reward for that summer's work was a gold watch, carrying inside the case an inscription which I value at the present moment quite as much as anything I possess. By this time the paper's patronage was so well established that I could have then carried out my original plan of engaging in the practice of law, but in the face of the situation then existing it seemed folly to relinquish a work with which I had now become closely identified; and so here I am, after a lapse of more than thirty years, still shoving a pencil in the same old service, and with no regrets.

The work of J. H. SANDERS as author and editor has long since been concluded. It is a part of the history of the development of our American agriculture. There may have been others in his day whose influence was farther-reaching in the matter of broadening and strengthening our live-stock industries—more stimulating in the matter of causing two good animals to be grown where but one or none had been previously produced. It is perhaps not for me to undertake to enter up any verdict upon his long and arduous labors, often in the teeth of circumstances most emphatically adverse, and I do not, therefore, assume to do more than submit the foregoing outline of how he came to engage originally in stock-breeding; how he became the founder of live-stock journalism, and how, incidentally, this sequence of events set me upon my own little journey.



THE LIBRARY—SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

XXXIII

WHERE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION MEET

In all these ramblings up and down the countryside, at home and in foreign fields as well, we have merely been traversing the stepping-stones that lead at last to the practical business of utilizing in a big commercial way the output of myriad pastures and yards in the supplying of the world's necessities. To the men whose accomplishments are commemorated by the Stock Yard Inn and the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN gallery—to the men who annually make the International Exposition—we are indebted for the seed that bears its never-failing harvest in the form of thousands of heavily-freighted trains annually unloaded in our great central markets. To the men who receive and find an outlet for all this product of farm and range, we are indebted for the facilities without which the nation's biggest industry could never have attained its present gigantic proportions.

The library of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB, cornering, as it does, upon Dexter Park and Exchange Avenues, overlooks scenes that serve to remind us that we are in the immediate vicinity of the Yards—a fact that recalls us from our wanderings among the producers far afield, and brings us at once in touch with the present. We have left the world of CHARLES COLLING, HUGH WATSON and BEN TOMKINS and enter a domain in which such men as J. OGDEN ARMOUR, JAMES J. HILL, LOUIS and EDWARD F. SWIFT and TOM WILSON of MORRIS & CO. are towering figures.

The largest body of productive soil in all this world is that which would fall within the circumference of a circle, say 1,000 miles in diameter, the approximate center of which might be the campus of the University of Illinois. I presume that one may safely say that in respect to the number of comfortable homes, distribution of property, high average intelligence of the people and the independent character of its citizenship, history has no record of conditions at all comparable, extent of territory considered, with those existing today throughout the vast region that would be encompassed within a radius of about 500 miles measured from Dean DAVENPORT's office. But harvests however bountiful, herds and flocks however countless, surplus soil products however abundant, merely cumber the earth as waste material until touched by the magic wand of someone able and willing to buy. In a land, therefore, like ours, where the very cornerstone of all prosperity lies in an adequate demand for the products of the farm, one should not underestimate the influence upon our agriculture of those to whose breadth of vision, to whose master minds, to whose powerful personalities, to whose untiring industry and daring enterprise, we are so largely indebted for the broad outlets that have made the central west the seat of the most opulent agriculture the world has ever known.

At the very base of the pyramid of our prosperity is blue grass. No sooner had the plowshares of the pioneers pierced the bosom of our western prairies, turning under the wild grasses and the flowers of a virgin world, than this sturdy invader and its kindred crept slowly but surely from beyond the Ohio into every nook and corner of the newly-settled west, supplying the first green herbage of the spring, resting throughout the torrid summer months, only to rise into luxuriant profusion again with the autumn rains, supplying needed provender up to the very latest locking of the land in the grip of the northern winter. Permanent, persistent, perennial, the enduring basis of our pastoral wealth still lies securely hidden in its roots.

And with the blue grass we have that marvel of all marvels, the Indian corn! Outside the limits of Argentina, there is no great area of cornland in all the world save our own. There has been no one product of either farm, mine or factory developed by any other nation that compares in value and volume with the mountains of maize piled up, even in comparatively unfavorable years, by our great sisterhood of western states. Texas heaped upon Oklahoma! Their stores piled on top of Kansas' and Nebraska's! South Dakota and Minnesota swelling the huge yields of Iowa and Missouri! The states east of the Mississippi River lifting the harvest up to Himalayan heights! Tennessee joined with Kentucky, Ohio with Indiana, and Michigan with Wisconsin, completing the endless chain of this unparalleled production! In the center of it all, the state of Illinois! Within the boundaries of Illinois, imperial Chicago! At the bottom of the prosperity of that metropolis, the interests that make the Union Stock Yards; and its heart, its very core, "Packingtown!"

In the days of old the breed-makers with whom we have been visiting sold their fatted bullocks on the streets of their local market towns to some village SWIFT. Later on the beasts were driven to some central fair, where buyers whose requirements were on a larger scale came to barter for the big old-fashioned steers. And when the "Rocket"—the primal locomotive that stands at Darlington, the ancient Shorthorn capital—and its successors came along, then little vans were requisitioned, and the fat stock sent away by rail, maybe as far as London. So in our own country. The business of cattle-feeding, originating in the south branch of the Potomac, drifted over the Blue Ridge into the Ohio Valley, and the men who first used corn and blue grass on an extensive scale in the making of beef as a commercial proposition drove their herds over the mountains to find a market in the seaboard cities. Then came the settling of the cornbelt proper, the first lard hog, the purebred bull and steel highways. Then, too, arrived men of keen commercial instincts at the future hubs of western lake and rail transportation—men like JAMES J. HILL, PHILIP D. ARMOUR, GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT and NELSON MORRIS. Corn and wheat without hogs, cattle and quick transportation had, in the early days, but little value. Beef and lard on the hoof in large quantities without a market, or means of getting to market, were a waste. A place where buyer and seller could be brought together was a prime necessity. Hence the stock yards; hence the packing houses; hence the "granger" railways;

hence the present vast-extended business of producing, marketing and distributing the meats that feed the nations.

The enterprise of the pioneer packers and railway builders has supplemented admirably the work of the Sanctum Sanctorum fathers. Great markets for the American steer and the American hog have been found that did not formerly exist. The men whose portraits adorn the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN library have made possible a live-stock husbandry in these United States more extensive than any elsewhere in the world.

Studied in the light of this relationship to the development of the middle west we will assuredly find in P. D. ARMOUR one of the colossal figures upon the canvas that portrays the rise of our greatest industry. His story may serve to typify the achievements of the men whose pictures may be found in the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN's main lounging room.

Born upon a farm in Oneida County, N. Y., in 1832, he died in Chicago in 1901, so that he practically attained the traditional three score years and ten. As a young man he set out, with a stout heart, a few hundred dollars in his pocket and a pack on his back, bound for the goldfields of distant California. We are told that he walked most of the way across the continent. He began life there, digging ditches for those seeking the precious metal, at $5 a day. Soon he took contracts for ditching, and in this way accumulated in the course of five years the sum of $8,000. He then returned to Oneida County, intending to buy a farm, but not finding one to his liking he recalled that on his way home he had passed through a promising town on the shores of Lake Michigan known as Milwaukee, even then an important loading point for vessels carrying western products eastward. He had seen enough of the prairies and the plains to stir his imagination. The west had a destiny. He would stake his fortunes upon its development. And so in 1859 he formed a partnership with Mr. Fred B. Miles to enter the produce and commission business at Milwaukee.

This was in the days when the farmers of these parts smoked and cured their own meats and hauled their surplus, along with hides and pelts and bags of wheat, to Milwaukee or Chicago. There were thousands of homeseekers and an endless procession of people passing through, seeking locations or opportunities for entering business. These "overlanders" required provisions for their journeyings that would keep until used. The hour for the beginnings of the modern packing plant had therefore struck.

JOHN PLANKINTON was operating in a small way at Milwaukee. Young ARMOUR became his junior partner. This was in 1864. The business prospered. Meantime, Chicago loomed larger and larger on the map. The lake-carrying and the general outfitting trade began centering there, and in 1870 ARMOUR & Co. entered the field of pork-packing at this point. For the first eight years the business was confined to pork-packing, and the immediate effect of this large buying was a pronounced stimulation of stock-keeping throughout the cornbelt.

The Union Stock Yard Co. had commenced operations in 1865. Other men of enterprise and vision saw the dawn of a wonderful era of expansion in food production in the central west. GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT and NELSON MORRIS, giants both in the making, began about 1875. Mr. ARMOUR started killing cattle in 1878 and sheep in 1880. The open ranges of the arid west were by that time becoming the seat of extensive grazing operations, and Mr. ARMOUR, his colleagues and followers, now feeling assured of steady supplies from farm and ranch, began developing new markets in all directions. At the same time they commenced to work out with infinite patience and at large expense that marvelous line of by-products which has now become of such tremendous economic importance to the world.

It would require hours to introduce at this point a complete review, giving dates, processes and figures, summarizing the evolution of the extraordinary business in fresh, cured and canned meats, lard, beef extract, glue, fertilizer, soap, bone novelties, hides, pelts, wool, leather, ammonia, pepsin, curled hair and other products of the modern packing plant. We would need still other hours to trace the beginnings of the development of the science of refrigeration as applied to the business of transporting and distributing food products. It would be a wondrous story if one could tell the particulars of the campaign waged for foreign markets. Suffice it to say that these men are selling food products to all the world. Their goods have been cached within both the arctic and antarctic circles, and a story is told of an unopened Chicago tin once found by African hunters safely stowed away inside a crocodile killed on the Zambezi River.

The aggregate value of the animals passed through the Chicago Union Stock Yards during the first forty-eight years of their existence totaled the unthinkable sum of $9,706,643,548! And there are other markets, and other SWIFTS and ARMOURS. It is true that prices rise and prices fall, now as always—the producers ever bearing the larger risk, and sometimes meeting loss. Would that greater stability in values could be assured; would that the sunshine and the rain could always be rightly distributed. But since time began this has not been vouchsafed to those who plow and sow and reap.

An undoubted element of chance enters always into the operations of tillers of the soil and feeders for stock-yard markets. There is no denying that. Feasts are sometimes followed by famine; high values succeeded by falling quotations; but the conservation of our soil demands imperatively the steadfast maintenance of our live-stock industries, and the forces that can best insure the permanent prosperity of the growers meet in the library of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. Packers, producers, bankers and kings of the transportation world are alike welcomed and honored under its roof. This is as it should be, for their interests are incontestably identical.

MAIN CORRIDOR OF THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

THE SMOKING ROOM—SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

XXXIV

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

Reference has already been made to MORTIMER LEVERING and HOWARD DAVISON as men who not only were instrumental in founding the International Live Stock Exposition, but subsequently contributed largely to the creation of the atmosphere that has placed the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB distinctly in a class by itself. Both were members of what has been termed "The Old Guard." The former was unhappily called hence before his allotted time, but his portrait speaks to us still of golden hours when congenial spirits met to cultivate the joys of friendships based upon mutual interests.

"MORT" came to us from Indiana. A devoted admirer of highly-bred animals, wherever the nation's choicest specimens were gathered for competition there would you find him. At Madison Square Garden, at Toronto, Chicago, or at leading state exhibitions, in Kentucky or Virginia, or mayhap at an English Royal, he might be seen among the real enthusiasts. For years secretary and general manager for the American Shropshire Sheep Breeders' Association, he drew into that organization one of the largest memberships ever enjoyed by any similar society. Jersey cattle also appealed to him with special force, and his interest in and expert knowledge of harness and saddle horses and ponies resulted in his being called often to officiate in the judge's box. He was secretary at different times of more different live-stock associations than any other man of his generation. It was as an officer of the International, and of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB after his removal from Indianapolis to Chicago, that his rare social gifts brought him conspicuously forward in the circles that centered in those two organizations. A willing and efficient worker when there were serious matters to be disposed of, it was in his leisure hours about the Club that his wit and his occasional impromptu impersonations commonly rendered him the life of any company. His place in SADDLE AND SIRLOIN life will never be entirely filled.

HOWARD DAVISON of Altamont Farm, New York, a man of engaging personality and an official of the International Live Stock Exposition from its inception, has perhaps never received his just dues at the hands of the American stock-loving public. His intimates know and appreciate him as one who has rendered outstanding service in the rise and progress of the Shropshire sheep on this side the water. For years ardently devoted to their cause, he bought heavily of England's best, and has the unique distinction of being the only American who ever had the courage to send lambs of his own production to the English Royal Show, where his entries received official recognition in the ancient home of the breed in competition with the very flower of the old-world flocks. None but those who have seen the extraordinary Shropshire classes at an English national show can fully comprehend what it means thus to beard the British lion in his lair with animals of this particular type. DAVISON also had a deep-rooted interest in Guernsey cattle and in ponies of the larger types. He stirred New York City to the point of holding a national show at Madison Square Garden, modeled along our own International Exposition lines, but his Herculean labors in behalf of such an event unfortunately were not properly seconded in the great metropolis.

I have said that DAVISON's real services have not yet been fully acknowledged. This, I believe, to be due primarily to the fact that he has always been such a prolific source of entertainment to his friends and associates that they have in many cases failed to get the more serious side of his nature. Once let a man gain a reputation as a humorist, and he has to work harder than anybody else in order to be taken seriously. The mere fact that "DAVY" has a convulsing repertoire of songs and stories does not lessen in the least the value of his work in behalf of American live-stock husbandry. His portrait is soon to be put in the place where it belongs, by LEVERING's side.

JOHN CLAY is another one of the pillars of the International Show. Scottish Borderer by birth, he hails from that historic region where the Teviot's "silver tide" is lost in "Tweed's fair river broad and deep." He has spent many a strenuous winter there in recent years raiding the red fox, one day with the North Northumberland hounds, and on the next riding hard and fast on the other side with the Duke of Buccleuch's. In fact, he was master of the first-named pack when the great clash of arms put an end to the "mimic warfare of the chase." Early in the organization of the International Show it was decided to bring out each year an old-country judge to help place the prizes on our Christmas cattle, and it has fallen to the lot of Mr. CLAY and myself to extend these invitations.

It is generally conceded that nothing has added more to the dignity and the prestige of the International than the bringing out of these gentlemen to give us the benefit of unbiased outside expert opinion upon our best-fitted grade and cross-bred bullocks. Although in several notable instances prominently identified in their own country with particular breeds, in no case has any one of these visitors permitted that fact to warp his Chicago judgments. It has come to be an unwritten law that these distinguished guests shall arrive in Chicago on Friday or Saturday prior to the opening of the show, and be delivered, presumably for safe keeping away from all temptations, into the hands of WILLIAM R. GOODWIN, whose portrait you will find greeting you, by the way, among other familiar faces in what is commonly called the reception hall of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. Mr. GOODWIN has been a "Breeder's Gazette" editor since time whereof the memory of the oldest "rail-bird" runneth not to the contrary. The dean of all show reporters living or dead, he keeps our British judges safe and sound at Oakhurst, where designing exhibitors or over-zealous friends may not get at them before they enter the great arena to undertake their trying task.

These judges to date, in the order of service rendered, have been as follows: 1900, J. B. ELLIS, Walsingham, England. 1901, JAMES PETER, Berkeley, England. 1902, JAMES BIGGAR, Dalbeattie, Scotland.

1903, W. S. FERGUSON, Perth, Scotland. 1904, JOHN ROSS, Meikel Tarrel, Scotland. 1905, THOMAS B. FRESHNEY, Lincolnshire, England. 1906, A. P. TURNER, Herefordshire, England. 1907, JAMES DURNO, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. 1908, GEORGE SINCLAIR, Dalmeny, Scotland. 1909, WILLIAM HEAP, Manchester, England. 1910, H. M. KIRKHAM, London, England. 1911, J. J. CRIDLAN, London, England. 1912, R. H. KEENE, Westfield, Medmenham, England. 1913, J. R. CAMPBELL, Lairg, Sutherland, Scotland.

TOM CLARK, whom I have already mentioned in these notes, by reason of his long and sensationally successful showyard experience has steadily been the International directory's choice as general superintendent of cattle at the December shows. He came from Herefordshire as a young man, now near fifty years ago. You will scarcely credit this statement when you see him. You will swear it is an error when you talk with him. He wears lightly indeed the years that have passed over his head since he became a butcher's apprentice in Cleveland on his first arrival in the States, and no trick in the showman's trade is likely to escape his vigilance.

Prof. C. F. CURTISS has sat in the International's councils continuously as the special representative of the colleges. Probably no member of his profession has had so extended an experience in dealing with live-stock competitions. It has been the steady aim of the management of the International Show, as well as of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB, to lend every possible encouragement to the colleges, their faculties, their graduates and the undergraduates, and Dean CURTISS, needless to say, has served as an admirable connecting link in the consideration and execution of every plan touching educational topics.

The Hon. A. J. LOVEJOY, big chief in the Berkshire camp, one of the ablest and most experienced fair managers in America, has worked hard in the International harness from the opening show. His management of the swine department has been continuous and successful, and he has served the association also as its President.

EMIL INGWERSEN's name must be included in any reference to men who have given freely of their time and practical judgment to the fortunes of the big show, and the Club as well. No man is more conversant with our live-stock industries, and few could have been so eminently useful and dependable in helping to meet and solve the problems arising in connection with both International and

SADDLE AND SIRLOIN affairs. His services in the handling of the carload-lot exhibits, and his advocacy of the "short-fed special" prizes in connection therewith, entitle him to the grateful thanks of American stockmen.

JAMES W. MARTIN is another "wheel horse" in International team work. For years one of the most esteemed members of the directorate, a man whose "horse sense" is always in evidence, Mr. MARTIN has acted with EMIL INGWERSEN in the carlot section of the fat stock show, and always in the light of practical knowledge of his subject and with justice and fairness ever uppermost in the working of his practical mind. In the field of blood-stock production he has left a powerful impress for good through his intelligent and persistent work with the Red Polled Norfolks—one of England's best dual-purpose types of cattle.

Col. JOHN S. COOPER, one of the martial figures of the Yards and known to nearly every horseman in America, has been a director of the International from the beginning, sharing with OGILVIE in the honors that have attached to the creation and upbuilding of the greatest equine displays now to be seen in any American showyard, and he is one of the faithful devotees of SADDLE AND SIRLOIN shrines. May he long be spared to a community in the conduct of whose affairs he has borne a distinguished and honorable part.

O. E. Bradfute of Aberdeen-Angus fame; T. F. B. Sotham, known to all admirers of the Herefords; I. M. Forbes, a leader in Shorthorn circles; James Brown of Armour & Co.; G. B. Van Norman and M. P. Buell, prominent in the commission trade; Fred Pabst, whose activities in connection with Wisconsin stock-breeding have made him a national figure; W. S. Dunham of Oaklawn; W. C. Brown, ex-President of the New York Central Railway; Frank Harding of the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, Overton Harris, President of the Hereford Association; Robert Miller, one of Ontario's best-known stockmen, and R. A. Fairbairn of New Jersey are also upon the honor roll of those who have served as International directors. Senator Harris, Richard Gibson and William E. Skinner have already been referred to at some length.

I speak feelingly of these men, because it was my fortune to sit with them for many years at International business meetings. I know of their unselfish and invaluable service. I have seen them for so long, not only in council, but in action, that I realize more fully perhaps than the average patron

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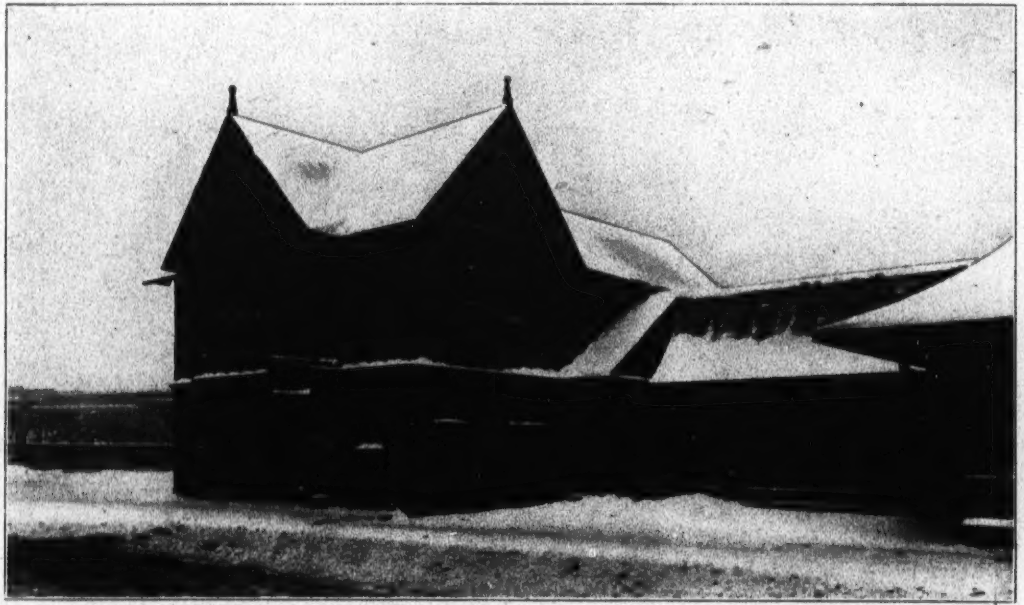
of the Chicago exhibition how much our people are really in their debt. They have helped to carry the burden of the undertaking at a time when success was largely dependent upon their judgment and fidelity to the work in hand. These men are, in the natural course of events, being succeeded by others who will, I am sure, when we get out from under the curse of the "foot-and-mouth," carry the International to still higher levels.

It would be almost criminal, in closing, not to speak of TOM BELL's masterly work in the ring in the handling of the elaborate evening programs. Such parades have probably never before been staged elsewhere in any showyard in all animal history, and the cleverness with which they have been managed has been the subject of SADDLE AND SIRLOIN comment many a time and oft. Mr. HENKLE, Mr. LEONARD's successor as General Manager of the Yards, has from behind the throne spent many a weary hour working out details that have been essential to right results. BARNEY HEIDE, placid and patient, saddled with the secretaryship and general superintendency, works fifty-two weeks in the year for everybody concerned. Statistician HORINE, too, comes in for honorable mention, and ye who know something of the importance of a master mechanic in devising and carrying out "while-you-wait" plans for the suitable housing and handling of a world's animal fair, forget not BILL RAY.

GEORGE HARDING & SON were the first to take advantage of the facilities offered by the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB for entertaining on a large scale. On the eve of an important auction sale at the Yards they properly christened the main hall of the Club by giving a banquet to several hundred invited guests. This was really the dedicatory service celebrating the consecration of the Pedigree Record Building to its present uses, and in accepting Mr. HARDING's invitation to occupy the toastmaster's chair for that evening, I had the pleasure of reviewing the sequence of events leading up to the results that had then materialized, and of felicitating the breeders of America upon coming into so valuable an heritage at that time. Since then innumerable luncheons and "get-together" dinners have been given at the Club, at which matters relating to various important interests have been effectively promoted.

Old acquaintance should indeed not be forgot, and I must not close without some reference to everybody's friend JACK HILL, long time steward of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. If the world goes not well with you; if work or worry gets you on the run; if the heavens be hung with black; if "blue devils" are on your trail, then as the shades of night fall deep o'er Packingtown, hie ye to HILL, and let him make prescription. There is cheer a-plenty in the dinner of which he consents to be the architect.



R. B. OGILVIE'S QUAINT OFFICE—WINTER WITHOUT BUT A BIG "BACK-LOG"
IS GLOWING WITHIN

XXXV

A WAYSIDE SHRINE

Still another successful effort at throwing an ameliorating influence around the business at the Yards has to be recorded, and our task is done. And here again is seen the handiwork of Arthur Leonard. I refer to the office fitted up just outside the main entrance to the Yards for the personal use of Robert Ogilvie in recognition of services rendered in connection with the rehabilitation program so splendidly carried out by the present management.

As Secretary of the American Clydesdale Breeders' Association, Mr. Ogilvie required room for the transaction of the business of that organization. You will recognize the place as you near the railway tracks on the right-hand side as you approach the stone arch leading into the greatest live-stock market in the world, and if you will enter the doorway of the unpretentious structure with the plastered and timbered second-story exterior you will find yourself inside the room where, in the evening of his life, Mr. Ogilvie not only discharges his secretarial duties, but where in the midst of surroundings peculiarly unique and characteristic he welcomes every man whose heart beats responsive to the traditions and inspirations of the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB.

The dominating feature of this place is a great broad-breasted chimney-place of good red bricks. Not one of those feeble imitations of the fine old fire-places of our fathers so often seen in these degenerate days, but a wide, deep, generous construction with a capacity that tells of solid comfort when old Boreas howls around outside and the big back-log is wrapped in cheery flames. Furnishings of solid oak stand upon a red-tiled floor. The walls bear photographs of various celebrities. As might be expected of a man who represents one of Britain's favorite breeds, portraits of the late KING EDWARD VII and his present majesty of England—whose interest in good breeding at Sandringham and Windsor is a matter of pride with every man of British antecedents—occupy conspicuous positions. Clydesdale champions at the Highland, the Royal, Toronto or the International challenge your attention on every hand. Back of the massive table upon which the Secretary does his work photos of men whose names stand high on the scroll of live-stock fame keep watch and ward. Nearby is a treasured replica of ROMANELLI's heroic memorial bust of Senator HARRIS.

The mantelpiece bears this inscription:

"DEDICATED TO THE
DIGNITY OF HUSBANDRY, THE CULTIVATION OF THE
HEART, THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP, AND
GOOD WILL AMONG MEN."

It is all in delightful contrast to the conventional business office, and here the Secretary sometimes sits and dreams. Here, and at the Club, he seeks as best he may to lead men to forget at times the lure of gold, and devote an occasional hour, at least, to thoughts of things outside the counting-room or market-place. He has proved the truth that mere financial gains have been reaped, many a time and oft, like TAM O'SHANTER's joys, "ower dear"—at too great a sacrifice of health and happiness.

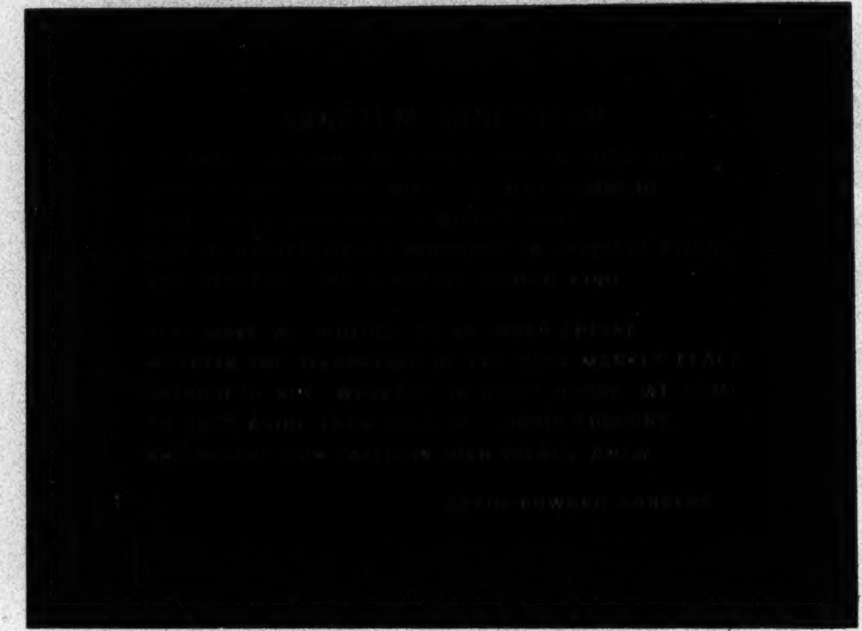
Oh, yes, I know! Sentiment, they say, butters nobody's bread; but my good friend, if ye are a stranger to it and inclined to call it weakness, hearken to this, my admonition! You may yet live to see the day when your heart will feed upon it fondly, and find in its proper exercise a sweeter solace than was ever drawn by living man from bonds or mortgages. I am sure that if some of us had a little less of the one in our make-up we might have acquired more of the other forms of wealth; but, speaking for myself, I am content.

XXXVI

FALLING LEAVES

The preparation of these notes has occupied various idle hours during my summer in the country. Opposite my window in the edge of a wood the oaks had just put forth their leaves as these recollections first began to take on the form of a settled purpose. Meantime, another seed time and harvest have come and gone.

Last night there was an unmistakable note in the wind that tossed the branches overhanging the cottage roof. It was ominous of sleet and snows to come. Today the leaves are falling fast. One by one they silently part from the parent twigs and find rest upon the bosom of the earth that gave them birth. They have fulfilled their mission and the bare arms that bore them stand out now in bold relief against the autumn sky, awaiting the resurrection of another April's sun and showers. And as the maple, elm and oak cast aside their wondrous raiment, word comes that a comrade-in-arms, one who for more than twenty years has marched closely by my side, has put off that which is corruptible and put on incorruption. JOE WING is dead. He too has spent many happy hours in and about the International showyard and the Club.



BRONZE TABLET INSTALLED BY THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB

In the early watches of the night, like the leaf that is hurried away by a passing storm into the depths of the forest, he has departed. And he will no more return. He loved the whole SADDLE AND SIRLOIN world, and contributed through his unique mentality to its enrichment.

We have been dealing here in large degree with men of the long ago; but I now begin to realize that, as a matter of fact, the charmed circle of those with whom I have walked and talked and worked within my own lifetime is rapidly narrowing. One by one the oldest and the best of friends are taking their way silently into the shades; and year after year the SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB will become to me more and more a place of memories. Happily, however, the pictures and the scenes and incidents which they recall exert, not a feeling of depression, but of deep and mellow satisfaction. These men have not really gone on and left nothing of themselves for our comfort and consolation. Here they have met and exchanged words and sentiments that live. Each has given something of himself to what I can only call again the "atmosphere" of these rooms. Nowhere else have these splendid types of men come together so intimately. No other spot has been the rendezvous of so many who have helped to build and shape our live-stock history in recent years, and the larger grows the list of those who have gone to join the great majority, the more sacred will these portrait-covered walls become.